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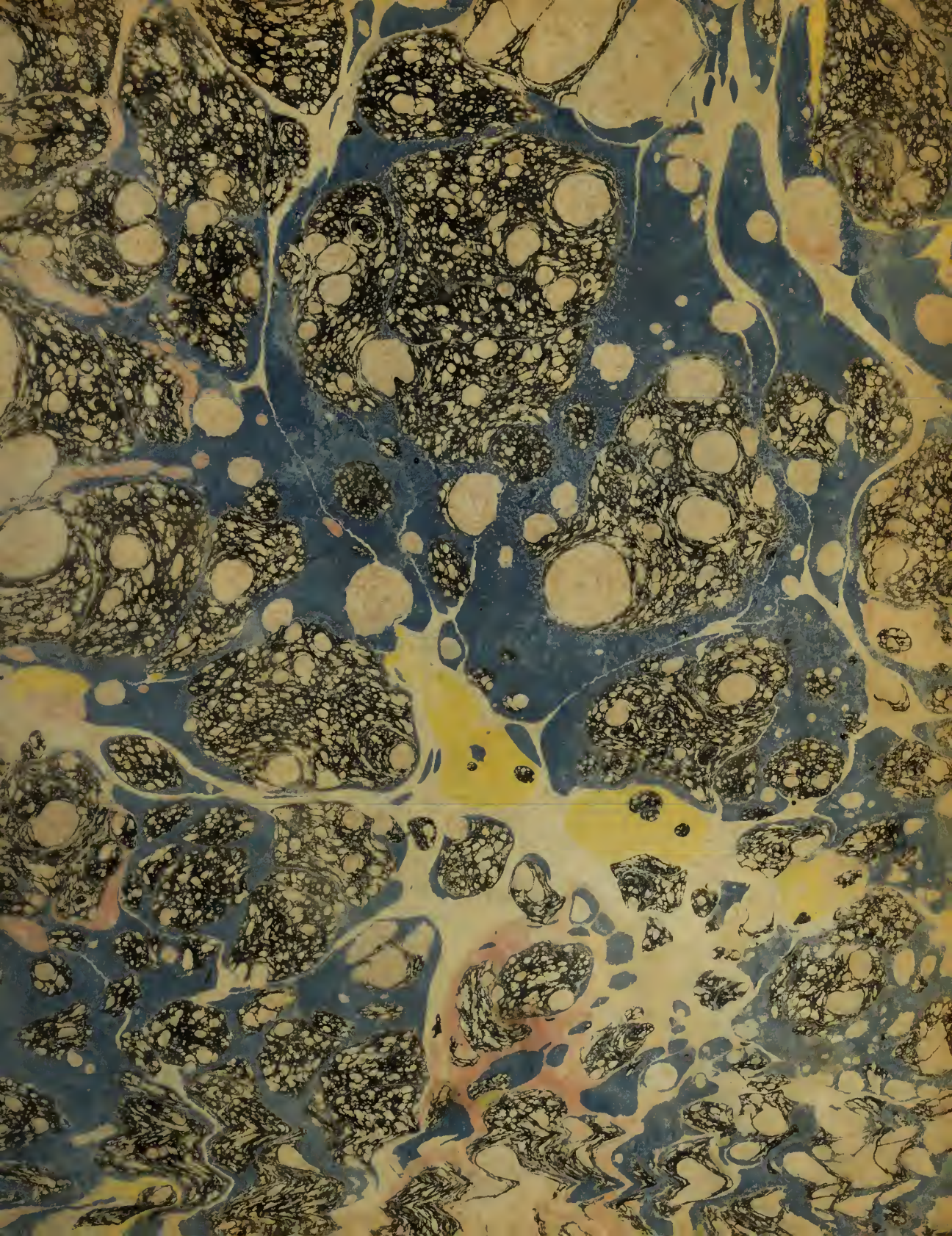
JULIUS S. HELD



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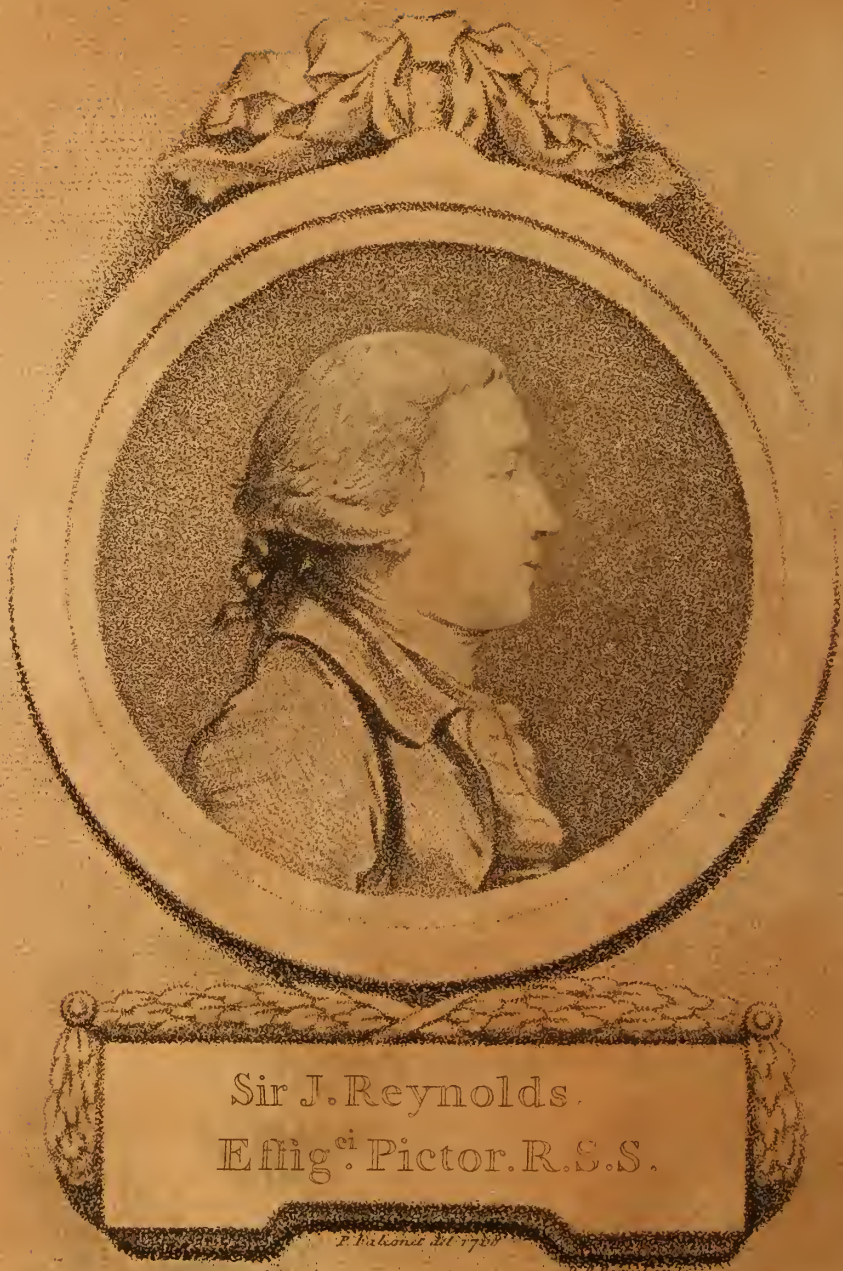
1 Sir Joshua Reynolds
2 Raphael
3 Correggio
4 Salvator Rosa
5 Nicolo Poussin
6 Peter da Cortona
7 Leonardo Da Vinci
8 Holbein
9 Luca Giordano


Sir J. Reynolds
Effig.ci Pictor. R.S.S.

THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

CONTAINING

I. THE THEORY OF PAINTING.

II. ESSAY ON THE ART OF CRITICISM,
(So far as it relates to PAINTING).

III. THE SCIENCE OF A CONNOISSEUR.

A NEW EDITION, corrected, with the Additions of
An ESSAY on the KNOWLEDGE OF PRINTS, and CAUTIONS to COLLECTORS.

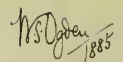
Ornamented with Portraits by WORLIDGE, &c. of the moſt eminent PAINTERS mentioned.

Dedicated, by Permiſſion, to SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Whole intended as a Supplement to the Anecdotes of Painters and Engravers.

PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.

Sold by B. WHITE and SON, *Fleetſtreet*; T. and J. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; J. DEBRETT, *Piccadilly*; R. FAULDER, and W. MILLER, *New Bond-Street*; J. CUTHELL, *Middle-Row, Holborn*; J. BARKER, *Ruſſell-Court*; and E. JEFFERY, *Pall-Mall*. 1792.


W.S. Ogden
1885

TO

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

Preſident of the Royal Academy, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

SIR,

A New and improved Edition of the Works of JONATHAN RICHARDSON cannot be inſcribed with ſo much Propriety to any Body as to you.

The Author has in his THEORY OF PAINTING diſcourſed with great Judgment on the Excellencies of this divine Art, and recommended the Study of it with a Warmth approaching to Enthuſiaſm. His Ideas are noble, and his Obſervations learned. I am emboldened to ſay this from a Converſation which I had the Honour to have with you on this ſubject.

Had

Had RICHARDSON lived to ſee the inimitable Productions of your Pencil, he would have congratulated his Country on the Proſpect of a School of Painting likely to contend ſucceſsfully with thoſe of Italy.

At the ſame Time he would have confeſſed that your admirable Diſcourſes would have rendered his own Writings leſs neceſſary.

I am, with the greateſt Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and obliged

Humble Servant,

May 4, 1773.

The EDITOR.

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THEORY OF PAINTING.

BECAUSE pictures are univerſally delightful, and accordingly make one part of our ornamental furniture, many, I believe, conſider the art of Painting but as a pleaſing ſuperfluity; at beſt, that it holds but a low rank with reſpect to its uſefulneſs to mankind.

If there were in reality no more in it than an innocent amuſement; if it were only one of thoſe ſweets that the Divine Providence has beſtowed on us, to render the good of our preſent being ſuperior to the evil of it; or whether it be or no, to render life ſomewhat more eligible, it ought to be conſidered as a bounty from Heaven, and to hold a place in our eſteem accordingly. Pleaſure, however it be depreciated, is what we all eagerly and inceſſantly purſue; and when innocent, and conſequently a divine benefaction, is to be conſidered in that view, and as an ingredient in human life, which the Supreme Wiſdom has judged neceſſary.

Painting is that pleaſant, innocent amuſement, and as ſuch it holds its place amongſt our enjoyments. But it is more; it is of great uſe, as being one of the means whereby we convey our ideas to each other, and which, in ſome reſpects, has the advantage of all the reſt. And thus it muſt be ranked with theſe, and accordingly eſteemed not only as an enjoyment, but as another language, which completes the whole art of communicating our thoughts,

one of thoſe particulars which raiſes the dignity of human nature ſo much above the brutes; and which is the more conſiderable, as being a gift beſtowed but upon a few even of our own ſpecies.

Words paint to the imagination, but every man forms the thing to himſelf in his own way; language is very imperfect: there are innumerable colours and figures for which we have no name, and an infinity of other ideas which have no certain words univerſally agreed upon as denoting them: whereas the painter can convey his ideas of theſe things clearly, and without ambiguity; and what he ſays every one underſtands in the ſenſe he intends it.

And this is a language that is univerſal; men of all nations hear the poet, moraliſt, hiſtorian, divine, or whatever other character the painter aſſumes, ſpeaking to them in their own mother tongue.

Painting has another advantage over words, and that is, it pours ideas into our minds, words only drop them. The whole ſcene opens at one view, whereas the other way lifts up the curtain by little and little. We ſee (for example) the fine proſpect at Conſtantinople, an eruption of Mount Ætna, the death of Socrates, the battle of Blenheim, the perſon of King Charles I. &c. in an inſtant.

The Theatre gives us repreſentations of things different from both theſe, and a kind of compoſition of both: there we ſee a ſort of moving, ſpeaking pictures, but theſe are tranſient; whereas Painting remains, and is always at hand. And what is more conſiderable, the ſtage never repreſents things truly, eſpecially if the ſcene be remote, and the ſtory ancient. A man that is acquainted with the habits and cuſtoms of antiquity, comes to revive or improve his ideas relating to the misfortune of Œdipus, or the death of Julius Cæſar, and finds a ſort of fantaſtical creatures, the like of which he never met with in any ſtatue, bas-relief, or medal; his juſt notions of theſe things are all contradicted and diſturbed. But Painting ſhews us theſe brave people as they were in their own genuine greatneſs, and noble ſimplicity.

The

The pleaſure that Painting, as a dumb art, gives us, is like what we have from muſic; its beautiful forms, colours and harmony, are to the eye what ſounds, and the harmony of that kind are to the ear; and in both we are delighted in obſerving the ſkill of the artiſt in proportion to it, and our own judgment to diſcover it. It is this beauty and harmony which gives us ſo much pleaſure at the ſight of natural pictures, a proſpect, a fine ſky, a garden, &c. and the copies of theſe, which renew the ideas of them, are conſequently pleaſant: thus we ſee Spring, Summer, and Autumn, in the depth of Winter; and froſt and ſnow, if we pleaſe, when the Dog-ſtar rages. By the help of this art we have the pleaſure of ſeeing a vaſt variety of things and actions, of travelling by land or water, of knowing the humours of low life without mixing with it, of viewing tempeſts, battles, inundations; and in ſhort, of all real, or imagined appearances in heaven, earth, or hell; and this as we ſit at our eaſe, and caſt our eye round a room: we may ramble with delight from one idea to another, or fix upon any as we pleaſe. Nor do we barely ſee this variety of natural objects, but in good pictures we always ſee nature improved, or at leaſt the beſt choice of it. We thus have nobler and finer ideas of men, animals, landſcapes, &c. than we ſhould perhaps have ever had. We ſee particular accidents and beauties which are rarely, or never ſeen by us; and this is no inconſiderable addition to the pleaſure.

And thus we ſee the perſons and faces of famous men, the originals of which are out of our reach, as being gone down with the ſtream of time, or in diſtant places: and thus too we ſee our relatives and friends, whether living or dead, as they have been in all the ſtages of life. In picture we never die, never decay, or grow older.

But when we come to conſider this art as it informs the mind, its merit is raiſed; it ſtill gives pleaſure, but it is not merely ſuch. The painter now is not only what a wiſe orator who is a beautiful

perſon, and has a graceful action, is to a deaf man, but what ſuch a one is to an underſtanding audience.

And thus Painting not only ſhews us how things appear, but tells us what they are. We are informed of countries, habits, manners, arms, buildings civil and military, animals, plants, minerals, their natures and properties; and in fine, of all kinds of bodies whatſoever.

This art is moreover ſubſervient to many other uſeful ſciences; it gives the architect his models; to phyſicians and ſurgeons, the texture and forms of all the parts of human bodies, and of all the phœnomena of nature. All mechanics ſtand in need of it. But it is not neceſſary to enlarge here the many explanatory prints in books, and without which, thoſe books would in a great meaſure be unintelligible, ſufficiently ſhew the uſefulneſs of this art to mankind.

I pretend not to go regularly through all particulars, or here, or elſewhere, throughout this whole undertaking, to ſay all that is to be ſaid on the ſubject; I write as the ſcraps of time I can allow myſelf to employ this way will permit me; and I write for my own diverſion, and my ſon's improvement (who well deſerves all the aſſiſtance I can give, though he needs it as little as moſt young men; to whom I muſt do this further juſtice, as to own that I am beholden to him, in my turn, for ſome conſiderable hints in this undertaking.) And if, moreover, what I write may hereafter happen to be of uſe to any body elſe; whether it be to put a lover of art in a method to judge of a picture (and which in moſt things a gentleman may do altogether as well as a painter) or to awaken ſome uſeful hints in ſome of my own profeſſion; at leaſt to perſuade ſuch to do no diſhonour to it by a low or vicious behaviour; if theſe conſequences happen, it will be a ſatisfaction to me over and above. But to return, and to come to what is moſt material.

Painting gives us not only the perſons, but the characters of great men. The air of the head, and the mein in general, gives ſtrong indications

indications of the mind, and illuſtrates what the hiſtorian ſays more expreſsly and particularly. Let a man read a character in my Lord Clarendon (and certainly never was there a better painter in that kind) he will find it improved, by ſeeing a picture of the ſame perſon by Van Dyck. Painting relates the hiſtories of paſt and preſent times, the fables of the poets, the allegories of moraliſts, and the good things of religion: and conſequently a picture, beſides its being a pleaſant ornament, is uſeful to inſtruct and improve our minds, and to excite proper ſentiments and reflections, as a hiſtory, a poem, a book of ethics, or divinity: the truth is, they mutually aſſiſt one another.

By reading, or diſcourſe, we learn ſome particulars which we cannot have otherwiſe; and by Painting we are taught to form ideas of what we read; we ſee thoſe things as the painter ſaw them, or has improved them, with much care and application; and if he be a Rafaelle, a Giulio Romano, or ſome ſuch great genius, we ſee them better than any one of an inferior character can, or even than one of their equals, without that degree of reflection they had made, poſſibly could. After having read Milton, one ſees nature with better eyes than before; beauties appear, which elſe had been unregarded: ſo by converſing with the works of the beſt maſters in Painting, one forms better images whilſt we are reading or thinking. I ſee the divine airs of Rafaelle when I read any hiſtory of our Saviour, or the Bleſſed Virgin; and the awful ones he gives an apoſtle when I read of their actions, and conceive of thoſe actions, that he and other great men deſcribe in a nobler manner than otherwiſe I ſhould ever have done. When I think of the great action of the Decii, or the three hundred Lacedemonians at Thermopylæ, I ſee them with ſuch faces and attitudes, as Michelangelo or Giulio Romano would have given them; and Venus and the Graces I ſee of the hand of Parmeggiano; and ſo of other ſubjects.

And

And if my ideas are raiſed, the ſentiments excited in my mind will be proportionably improved. So that ſuppoſing two men perfectly equal in all other reſpects, only one is converſant with the works of the beſt maſters (well choſen as to their ſubjects) and the other not; the former ſhall neceſſarily gain the aſcendant, and have nobler ideas, more love to his country, more moral virtue, more faith, more piety and devotion than the other; he ſhall be a more ingenious, and a better man.

To come to portraits; the picture of an abſent relation, or friend, helps to keep up thoſe ſentiments which frequently languiſh by abſence, and may be inſtrumental to maintain, and ſometimes to augment friendſhip, and paternal, filial, and conjugal love, and duty.

Upon the ſight of a portrait, the character, and maſter-ſtrokes of the hiſtory of the perſon it repreſents, are apt to flow in upon the mind, and to be the ſubject of converſation: ſo that to ſit for one's picture, is to have an abſtract of one's life written and publiſhed, and ourſelves thus conſigned over to honour or infamy. I know not what influence this has, or may have, but methinks it is rational to believe, that pictures of this kind are ſubſervient to virtue; that men are excited to imitate the good actions, and perſuaded to ſhun the vices of thoſe whoſe examples are thus ſet before them; uſeful hints muſt certainly be frequently given, and frequently improved into practice. And why ſhould we not alſo believe, that conſidering the violent thirſt of praiſe which is natural, eſpecially in the nobleſt minds, and the better ſort of people, they that ſee their pictures are ſet up as monuments of good or evil fame, are often ſecretly admoniſhed by the faithful friend in their own breaſts, to add new graces to them by praiſe-worthy actions, and to avoid blemiſhes, or deface what may have happened, as much as poſſible, by a future good conduct. A flattering mercenary hand may repreſent my face with a youth, or beauty, which belongs not to me, and which I am not one jot the younger, or the handſomer for, though I may

be

be a juſt ſubject of ridicule for deſiring, or ſuffering ſuch flattery: but I myſelf muſt lay on the moſt durable colours, my own conduct gives the boldeſt ſtrokes of beauty, or deformity.

I will add but one article more in praiſe of this noble, delightful, and uſeful art, and that is this: the treaſure of a nation conſiſts in the pure productions of nature, or thoſe managed, or put together, and improved by art: now there is no artificer whatſoever that produces ſo valuable a thing from ſuch inconſiderable materials of nature's furniſhing, as the painter, putting the time (for that alſo muſt be conſidered as one of thoſe materials) into the account: it is next to creation. This nation is many thouſands of pounds the richer for Van Dyck's hand, and which is as current money as gold in moſt parts of Europe, and this with an inconſiderable expence of the productions of nature; what a treaſure then have all the great maſters here, and elſewhere given to the world!

It is nothing to the purpoſe to ſay, by way of objection to all this, that the art has alſo been ſubſervient to impiety, and immorality; I own it has; but am ſpeaking of the thing itſelf, and not the abuſe of it: a misfortune to it in common with other excellent things of all kinds, poetry, muſic, learning, religion, &c.

Thus painters, as well as hiſtorians, poets, philoſophers, divines, &c. conſpire in their ſeveral ways to be ſerviceable to mankind; but not with an equal degree of merit, if that merit is to be eſtimated according to the talents requiſite to excel in any of theſe profeſſions.

But, by the way, it is not every picture-maker that ought to be called a painter, as every rhymer, or Grub-ſtreet tale-writer is not a poet, or hiſtorian: a painter ought to be a title of dignity, and underſtood to imply a perſon endued with ſuch excellencies of mind, and body, as have ever been the foundations of honour amongſt men.

He that paints a hiſtory well, muſt be able to write it; he muſt be thoroughly informed of all things relating to it, and conceive it clearly,

clearly, and nobly in his mind, or he can never expreſs it upon the canvaſs: he muſt have a ſolid judgment, with a lively imagination, and know what figures, and what incidents ought to be brought in, and what every one ſhould ſay, and think. A painter, therefore, of this claſs muſt poſſeſs all the good qualities requiſite to an hiſtorian; unleſs it be language, which however ſeldom fails of being beautiful, when the thing is clearly, and well conceived. But this is not ſufficient to him, he muſt moreover know the forms of the arms, the habits, cuſtoms, buildings, &c. of the age, and country, in which the thing was tranſacted, more exactly than the other needs to know them. And as his buſineſs is not to write the Hiſtory of a few years, or of one age, or country, but of all ages, and all nations, as occaſion offers, he muſt have a proportionable fund of ancient, and modern learning of all kinds.

As to paint a hiſtory, a man ought to have the main qualities of a good hiſtorian, and ſomething more; he muſt yet go higher, and have the talents requiſite to a good poet; the rules for the conduct of a picture being much the ſame with thoſe to be obſerved in writing a poem; and Painting, as well as poetry, requiring an elevation of genius beyond what pure hiſtorical narration does; the painter muſt imagine his figures to think, ſpeak, and act, as a poet ſhould do in a tragedy, or epic poem; eſpecially if his ſubject be a fable, or an allegory. If a poet has, moreover, the care of the diction and verſification, the painter has a taſk perhaps at leaſt equivalent to that, after he has well conceived the thing over and above what is merely mechanical, and other particulars, which ſhall be ſpoken to preſently, and that is, the knowledge of the nature and effects of colours, lights, ſhadows, reflections, &c. And as his buſineſs is not to compoſe one Iliad, or one Æneid only, but perhaps many, he muſt be furniſhed with a vaſt ſtock of poetical, as well as hiſtorical learning.

Beſides

Beſides all this, it is abſolutely neceſſary to a hiſtory-painter that he underſtand anatomy, oſteology, geometry, perſpective, architecture, and many other ſciences which the hiſtorian or poet has little occaſion to know.

He muſt, moreover, not only ſee, but thoroughly ſtudy the works of the moſt excellent maſters in painting and ſculpture, ancient and modern; for though ſome few have gone vaſt lengths in the art by the ſtrength of their own genius, without foreign aſſiſtance, theſe are prodigies, the like ſucceſs is not ordinarily to be expected; nor have even theſe done with the advantages the ſtudy of other mens works would have given them. I leave Vaſari and Bellori to diſpute whether Rafaelle was beholden to Michaelangelo's works for the greatneſs of his ſtyle, but that he improved upon his coming to Rome, and made advantages from what he ſaw there is inconteſtable. Nor am I certain that Coreggio ſaw the St. Cecilia of Rafaelle at Bologna, as has been aſſerted, but that he would have been the better for it if he had ſeen that, and other works of that maſter, I can eaſily believe.

To be a good face-painter, a degree of the hiſtorical and poetical genius is requiſite, and a great meaſure of the other talents and advantages which a good hiſtory-painter muſt poſſeſs. Nay ſome of them, particularly colouring, he ought to have in greater perfection than is abſolutely neceſſary for a hiſtory-painter.

It is not enough to make a tame inſipid reſemblance of the features, ſo that every body ſhall know who the picture was intended for, nor even to make the picture what is often ſaid to be prodigious like (this is often done by the loweſt of face-painters, but then it is ever with the air of a fool, and an unbred perſon.) A portrait-painter muſt underſtand mankind, and enter into their characters, and expreſs their minds as well as their faces: and as his buſineſs is chiefly with people of condition, he muſt think as a gentleman, and

a man of ſenſe, or it will be impoſſible for him to give ſuch their true, and proper reſemblances.

But if a painter of this kind is not obliged to take in ſuch a compaſs of knowledge as he that paints hiſtory, and that the latter upon ſome accounts is the nobler employment, upon others the preference is due to face-painting; and the peculiar difficulties ſuch a one has to encounter will perhaps balance what he is excuſed from. He is chiefly concerned with the nobleſt, and moſt beautiful part of human nature, the face, and is obliged to the utmoſt exactneſs. A hiſtory-painter has vaſt liberties; if he is to give life, and greatneſs, and grace to his figures, and the airs of his heads, he may chuſe what faces, and figures he pleaſes; but the other muſt give all that (in ſome degree at leaſt) to ſubjects where it is not always to be found, and muſt find, or make variety in much narrower bounds than the hiſtory-painter has to range in.

Add to all this, that the works of the face-painter muſt be ſeen in all the periods of beginning, and progreſs, as well as when finiſhed, when they are not, oftener than when they are fit to be ſeen, and yet judged of, and criticized upon, as if the artiſt had given his laſt hand to them, and by all ſorts of people; nor is he always at liberty to follow his own judgment. He is, moreover, frequently diſappointed, obliged to wait till the vigour of his fancy is gone off, and to give over when it is ſtrong, and lively. Theſe things, and ſeveral others which I forbear to mention, often times try a man's philoſophy, and complaiſance, and add to the merit of him that ſucceeds in this kind of Painting.

A painter muſt not only be a poet, an hiſtorian, a mathematician, &c. he muſt be a mechanic; his hand, and eye, muſt be as expert as his head is clear, and lively, and well ſtored with ſcience: he muſt not only write a hiſtory, a poem, a deſcription, but do it in a fine character; his brain, his eye, his hand, muſt be buſied at the ſame time. He muſt not only have a nice judgment to diſtinguiſh betwixt

twixt things nearly reſembling one another, but not the ſame, (which he muſt have in common with thoſe of the nobleſt profeſſions) but he muſt, moreover, have the ſame delicacy in his eye to judge of the Tincts of colours, which are of infinite variety, and to diſtinguiſh whether a line be ſtrait, or curved a little; whether this is exactly parallel to that, or oblique, and in what degree; how this curved line differs from that, if it differs at all, of which he muſt alſo judge; whether what he has drawn is of the ſame magnitude with what he pretends to imitate, and the like; and muſt have a hand exact enough to form theſe in his work, anſwerable to the ideas he has taken of them.

An author muſt think, but it is no matter how he writes, he has no care about that, it is ſufficient if what he writes be legible; a curious mechanic's hand muſt be exquiſite, but his thoughts are commonly pretty much at liberty, but a painter is engaged in both reſpects. When the matter is well thought and digeſted in the mind, a work common to painters and writers, the former has ſtill behind a vaſtly greater taſk than the other, and which, to perform well, would alone be a ſufficient recommendation to any man who ſhould employ a whole life in attaining it.

And here I muſt take leave, to endeavour to do juſtice to my profeſſion as a liberal art.

It was never thought unworthy of a gentleman to be maſter of the Theory of Painting. On the contrary, if ſuch a one has but a ſuperficial ſkill that way, he values himſelf upon it, and is the more eſteemed by others, as one who has attained an excellency of mind beyond thoſe that are ignorant in that particular. It is ſtrange, if the ſame gentleman ſhould forfeit his character, and commence mechanic, if he added a bodily excellence, and was capable of making, as well as of judging of a picture. How comes it to paſs, that one that thinks as well as any man, but has, moreover, a curious hand, ſhould therefore be eſteemed to be in a claſs of men at all

inferior? *an animal that has the uſe of hands, and ſpeech, and reaſon*, is the definition of a man: the painter has a language in common with the reſt of his ſpecies, and one ſuperadded peculiar to himſelf, and exerciſes his hands, and rational faculties to the utmoſt ſtretch of human nature; certainly he is not leſs honourable for excelling in all the qualities of a man as diſtinguiſhed from a brute. Thoſe employments are ſervile, and mechanical, in which bodily ſtrength, or ability, is only, or chiefly required, and that becauſe in ſuch caſes the man approaches more to the brute, or has fewer of thoſe qualities that exalt mankind above other animals; but this conſideration turns to the painter's advantage: here is indeed a ſort of labour, but what is purely human, and for the conduct of which the greateſt force of mind is neceſſary.

To be employed at all will not be thought leſs honourable than indolence, and inactivity: but perhaps, though for a gentleman to paint for his pleaſure without any reward is not unworthy of him, to make a profeſſion of, and take money for this labour of the head and hand is the diſhonourable circumſtance, this being a ſort of letting himſelf to hire to whoſoever will pay him for his trouble. Very well! and is it more unbecoming for a man to employ himſelf ſo as that he ſhall thereby be enabled to enjoy more himſelf, or be more uſeful to his family, or to whomſoever elſe he ſees fit, than ſo as it ſhall turn to leſs account, or none at all? And as to letting ourſelves to hire, we painters are content to own this is really the caſe; and if this has ſomething low and ſervile in it, we muſt take our place amongſt men accordingly. But here we have this to comfort us, we have good company, that is, all thoſe that receive money for the exerciſe of their abilities of body or mind. And if a man looks abroad in the world, he may obſerve a great many of theſe; they are in the courts of princes, and of judicature, in camps, in churches, in conventicles, in the ſtreets, in our houſes; they abound everywhere: ſome whereof are paid for each particular piece

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of ſervice they do, and others have yearly ſalaries, and perquiſites. or vails; but this alters not the caſe.

Nor is it diſhonourable for any of us to take money: he that ſtipulates for a reward for any ſervice he does another, acts as a wiſe man, and a good member of the ſociety: he gives what is pleaſant, or uſeful to another, but conſidering the depravity of humane nature, truſts not to his gratitude, but ſecures himſelf a return; and money being in effect every thing that is purchaſeable, he takes that as chuſing for himſelf what pleaſure or conveniency he will have; as he to whom he performs the ſervice alſo does when he employs him.

Thus painters, as the reſt buſy themſelves, and make advantage to themſelves, as well as to others, of their employments; they let themſelves out to hire much alike; and one is a more honourable way than another in proportion to the kind, and degree of abilities they require, and their uſefulneſs to mankind. What rank a painter (as ſuch) is to hold amongſt theſe money-takers, I ſubmit to judgment, after what I have ſaid has been conſidered; and I hope it will appear, that they may be placed amongſt thoſe whom all the world allow to be gentlemen, or of honourable employments, or profeſſions.

And in fact by the politeſt people, and in the beſt ages, paſt, as well as preſent, the art has been much eſteemed, and painters have liv'd in great reputation, and ſome of them with much magnificence; nor has thoſe of the ſublimeſt quality thought them unworthy of conſiderable additional honours, and amongſt the reſt of their converſation, and friendſhip: of which I might give many inſtances.

'Tis true, the word painter does not generally carry with it an idea equal to that we have of other profeſſions, or employments not ſuperior to it: the reaſon of which is, that term is appropriated to all ſorts of pretenders to the art, which being numerous, and for the moſt part very deficient, (as it muſt needs happen, ſo few having abilities

lities and opportunities equal to ſuch an undertaking) theſe conſequently have fallen into contempt; whether upon account of ſuch deficiency, or the vices or follies which were in part the occaſions, or effects of it; and this being viſible in a great majority, it has diminiſhed the idea commonly applied to the term I am ſpeaking of; which, therefore, is a very ambiguous one, and ought to be conſidered as ſuch, if it be extended beyond this, that it denotes one practiſing ſuch an art, for no body can tell what he ought to conceive farther of the man, whether to rank him amongſt ſome of the meaneſt, or equal to the moſt conſiderable amongſt men.

To conclude: to be an accompliſhed painter, a man muſt poſſeſs more that one liberal art, which puts him upon the level with thoſe that do that, and makes him ſuperior to thoſe that poſſeſs but one in an equal degree: he muſt be alſo a curious artificer, whereby he becomes ſuperior to one who equally poſſeſſes the other talents, but wants that. A Rafaelle, therefore, is not only equal, but ſuperior to a Virgil, or a Livy, a Thucydides, or a Homer.

What I now advance may appear chimerical: in that caſe I only deſire it may be conſidered, whether it is not a neceſſary conſequence of what went before, and was, and muſt be granted. This I alſo inſiſt upon as my right, if any thing elſe appears to be exaggerated: for my own part, I write as I think.

I thought fit to do juſtice to the art of Painting in the firſt place; and before I entered upon the rules to be obſerved in the conduct of a picture, to tell the painter what qualities he himſelf ought to have. To which I will add (but not as the leaſt conſiderable) that as his profeſſion is honourable, he ſhould render himſelf worthy of it by excelling in it; and by avoiding all low, and fordid actions, and converſation; all baſe, and criminal paſſions; his buſineſs is to expreſs great, and noble ſentiments: let him make them familiar to him, and his own, and form himſelf into as bright a character as any he can draw. His art is of a vaſt extent, and he ſtands in need

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of all the time, and all the vigour of body, and mind, allowed to humane nature; he ſhould take care to huſband, and improve theſe as much as poſſible, by prudence and virtue. The way to be an excellent painter, is to be an excellent man; and theſe united make a character that would ſhine even in a better world than this.

But as a picture may be eſteemed a good and a valuable one, in which all the good qualities of a picture are not to be found (for that never happens) and thoſe that are, but in a degree ſhort of the utmoſt; nay, if a picture have but one of them in a conſiderable degree it is to be valued; painters have a right to the ſame indulgence, and have had it in paſt ages, as well as in the preſent; for whether for their own ſakes, or from principles of reaſon, virtue, good-nature, or whatever other motive the world is not wanting to cheriſh, and reward merit, though in a narrow compaſs, and inferior degrees. We have no reaſon to complain.

Only give me leave to add, that a painter that holds but a ſecond or third rank in his profeſſion, is entitled to an equal degree of eſteem with one in the firſt in another, if to arrive at that inferior ſtation, as many good qualities are requiſite as to attain to the higheſt in that other.

The whole Art of PAINTING conſiſts of theſe Parts:

INVENTION, EXPRESSION, COMPOSITION, DRAWING, COLOURING, HANDLING, *and* GRACE, *and* GREATNESS.

WHAT is meant by theſe terms, and that they are qualities requiſite to the perfection of the art, and really diſtinct from each other, ſo that no one of them can be fairly implied by the other, will appear when I treat of them in their order; and this will juſtify my giving ſo many parts to Painting, which ſome others who have wrote

wrote on it have not done. As to thoſe properties in a picture ſo much ſpoken of, ſuch as force, ſpirit, the underſtanding of the Clairobſcure, or whatever other there may be, they will be taken notice of hereafter, as being reducible to one or more of theſe principal heads.

The art in its whole extent being too great to be compaſſed by any one man in any tolerable degree of perfection, ſome have applied themſelves to paint one thing, and ſome another: thus there are painters of faces, hiſtory, landſcapes, battles, drolls, ſtill-life, flowers, and fruit, ſhips, &c. but every one of theſe ſeveral kinds of pictures ought to have all the ſeveral parts, or qualities, juſt now mentioned; though even to arrive at that, in any one kind of Painting, is beyond the reach of any man. Even in drolls, there is a difference; there is a grace and greatneſs proper to them, which ſome have more than others. The hiſtory-painter is obliged oftentimes to paint all theſe kind of ſubjects, and the face-painter moſt of them; but beſides that, they in ſuch caſes are allowed the aſſiſtance of other hands, the inferior ſubjects are in compariſon of their figures as the figures in a landſcape, there is no great exactneſs required, or pretended to.

Italy has unqueſtionably produced the beſt modern Painting, eſpecially of the beſt kinds, and poſſeſſed it in a manner alone, when no other nation in the world had it in any tolerable degree; that was then conſequently the great ſchool of Painting. About a hundred years ago there were a great many excellent painters in Flanders; but when Van-Dyck came hither he brought face-painting to us; ever ſince which time, that is for above fourſcore years, England has excelled all the world in that great branch of the art, and being well ſtored with the works of the greateſt maſters, whether paintings or drawings, here being, moreover, the fineſt living models, as well as the greateſt encouragement. This may juſtly be eſteemed as a complete, and the beſt ſchool for face-painting now in the world;

world; and would probably have been yet better, had Van Dyck's model been followed: but ſome painters poſſibly finding themſelves incapable of ſucceeding in his way, and having found their account in introducing a falſe taſte, others have followed their example, and forſaking the ſtudy of nature, have proſtituted a noble art, chuſing to exchange the honourable character of good painters for that ſordid one of profeſſed mercenary flatterers, and ſo much worſe than the meaneſt of theſe, in that they give under their hands, and to be ſeen of every body, what thoſe only utter in words, and to thoſe chiefly who they find weak enough to be their dupes.

As for the other branches of Painting, ſome few of ſeveral nations have been excellent in them; as the Borgognone for battles, Michelangelo the Battaglia and Campadoglio for fruit; Father Segers, Mario del Fiori, and Baptiſt for flowers; Salvator Roſa, Claude Lorrain, and Gaſper Pouſſin for landſcapes; Brower and Hemſkirk for drolls; Perſellis and Vande-Velde for ſea-pieces; and ſeveral others. But I am not diſpoſed to enlarge on this article.

Of INVENTION.

BEING determined as to the hiſtory that is to be painted, the firſt thing the painter has to do, is to make himſelf maſter of it as delivered from hiſtorians, or otherwiſe; and then to conſider how to improve it, keeping within the bounds of probability. Thus the ſculptors imitated nature; and thus the beſt hiſtorians have related their ſtories. No body can imagine (for example) that Livy, or Thucydides, had direct, expreſs authorities for all the ſpeeches they have given us at length, or even for all the incidents they have delivered to us as facts; but they have made their ſtories as beautiful, and conſiderable as they could; and this with very good reaſon,

for not only it makes the reading of them the more pleaſant, but their relations with ſuch additions are ſometimes more probably the truth, than when nothing more is ſuppoſed to have happened than what they might have had expreſs warrant for. Such an improvement Rafaelle has made in the ſtory of our Saviour's directing St. Peter to feed his flock, commonly called the Giving him the Keys. Our Lord ſeems, by the relation of the Evangeliſt (at leaſt a Roman Catholic, as Rafaelle was, muſt be ſuppoſed to underſtand it ſo) to commit the care of his church to that apoſtle preferably to the reſt, upon the ſuppoſition of his loving him better than any of them: Now, though the hiſtory be ſilent, it is exceeding probable that St. John, as he was the beloved diſciple, would have expected this honour, and be piqued at his being thought to love his maſter leſs than Peter. Rafaelle, therefore, in that carton, makes him addreſs himſelf to our Lord with extreme ardour, as if he was entreating him to believe he loved him no leſs than St. Peter, or any of the other apoſtles. And this puts one upon imagining ſome fine ſpeeches, that it may be ſuppoſed, were made on this occaſion, whereby Rafaelle has given a hint for every man to make a farther improvement to himſelf of this ſtory.

The ſame liberty of heightening a ſtory is very commonly taken in pictures of the crucifixion; the Bleſſed Virgin is repreſented as ſwooning away at the ſight, and St. John, and the women, with great propriety, dividing their concern between the two objects of it, which makes a fine ſcene, and a conſiderable improvement; and probably was the truth, though the hiſtory ſays no ſuch thing.

In like manner, when the ſacred body was taken from the croſs, the Virgin-mother is frequently introduced as ſwooning away alſo, when even her being preſent is not authrized by the ſacred hiſtory; yet it being very probable, that ſhe that could ſee her ſon crucified (which the ſcripture ſays ſhe did) would ſee him alſo after he was dead, it is a liberty the painter not only may, but ought to take.

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An improvement much of the ſame nature is the angels that are frequently introduced in a nativity, or on other occaſions, the noble, though not rich habit of the Virgin, and the like, though perhaps not altogether in the ſame degree of probability.

But that circumſtance of the Bleſſed Virgin-mother being a ſpectator of the crucifixion of her ſon, ought not to have been introduced, notwithſtanding any advantage it might give the picture, without expreſs warrant from the hiſtory for reaſons that are obvious; and the like reſtrictions are neceſſary in other ſuch caſes.

As the painter may add to the ſtory for the advantage of it, he may, to improve his picture, leave out ſome things. I have a drawing of Rafaelle, wherein he has taken the liberties of both theſe kinds; the ſtory is the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt on the day of Pentecoſt (a moſt amazing event! and worthy to be deſcribed by the firſt painter of the world) the tongues of fire on the heads of the inſpired, would have been ſufficient to have informed us of the ſtory, and what part the Holy Spirit had in the affair, and is all the ſacred hiſtory relates; but he has added the dove hovering over all, and caſting forth his beams of glory througout all the void ſpace of the picture over the figures, which gives a wonderful majeſty, and beauty to the whole. This is his addition. On the other hand, becauſe there were (as the ſcripture ſays) about one hundred and twenty perſons, the whole number of the infant church, and which would not have had a good effect to have been all, or a crowd like that brought into the picture, he has only taken the twelve, and the Bleſſed Virgin, with two other women, as repreſentatives of all the reſt. This deſign is graved by Marc Antonio, but is very rare.

Under the preſent rule is comprehended all thoſe incidents which the painter invents to enrich his compoſition; and here, in many caſes, he has a vaſt latitude, as in a battle, a plague, a fire, the ſlaughter of the Innocents, &c. Rafaelle has finely imagined ſome of theſe (for example) in his picture called the Incendio il Borgo. The

ſtory is of a fire at Rome miraculouſly extinguiſhed by S. Leo IV. Becauſe a fire is ſeldom very great but when there happens to be a high wind, he has painted ſuch a one, as is ſeen by the flying of the hair, draperies, &c. There you ſee a great many inſtances of diſtreſs, and parternal, and filial love. I will mention but one, where the ſtory of Æneas and Anchiſes was thought of; they were already out of the great danger, and the ſon carries the old man, not only as commodiouſly as poſſible, but with the utmoſt care, leſt he ſhould ſtumble or fall with his precious burthen. I refer you to the print, for there is one of this picture.

The ſame Rafaelle, in the ſtory of the delivery of St. Peter out of priſon (which by the way is finely choſen to complement his patron Leo X. the then Pope, for it alludes to his impriſonment and enlargement, when he was Cardinal Legate) has contrived three ſeveral lights, one from the angel, a ſecond from a torch, and the other the moon gives; which being attended with proper reflexions, and all perfectly well underſtood, produces a ſurpriſing effect; eſpecially where it is painted, which is over a window. There are other circumſtances finely invented in this picture, for which I refer you to Bellori's deſcription of it. One might give innumerable inſtances to this purpoſe, but let theſe ſuffice.

A painter is allowed, ſometimes, to depart even from natural, and hiſtorical truth.

Thus in the carton of the draught of fiſhes, Rafaelle has made a boat too little to hold the figures he has placed in it; and this is ſo viſible, that ſome are apt to triumph over that great man as having nodded on that occaſion; which others have pretended to excuſe, by ſaying, it was done to make the miracle appear the greater; but the truth is, had he made the boat large enough for thoſe figures, his picture would have been all boat, which would have had a diſagreeable effect; and to have made his figures ſmall enough for a veſſel of that ſize, would have rendered them unſuitable to the reſt of the

the ſet, and have made thoſe figures appear leſs conſiderable; there would have been too much boat, and too little figure. It is amiſs as it is, but would have been worſe any other way, as it frequently happens in other caſes. Rafaelle, therefore, wiſely choſe this leſſer inconvenience, this ſeeming error, which he knew the judicious would know was none; and for the reſt he was above being ſolicitous for his reputation with them. So that upon the whole, this is ſo far from being a fault, that it is an inſtance of the great judgment of that incomparable man, which he learned in his great ſchool the Antique, where this liberty is commonly taken.

He has departed from hiſtorical truth in the pillars that are at the beautiful gate of the temple; the imagery is by no means agreeable to the ſuperſtition of the Jews at that time, and all along after the captivity, Nor were thoſe kind of pillars known even in antique architecture in any nation; but they are ſo nobly invented by Rafaelle, and ſo prodigiouſly magnificent, that it would have been a pity if he had not indulged himſelf in this piece of licentiouſneſs, which undoubtedly he knew to be ſuch.

But theſe liberties muſt be taken with great caution and judgment; for in the main, hiſtorical, and natural truth muſt be obſerved, the ſtory may be embelliſhed, or ſomething of it pared away, but ſtill ſo as it may be immediately known; nor muſt any thing be contrary to nature, but upon great neceſſity, and apparent reaſon. Hiſtory muſt not be corrupted, and turned into fable, or romance: every perſon, and thing muſt be made to ſuſtain its proper character; and not only the ſtory, but the circumſtances muſt be obſerved, the ſcene of action, the country, or place, the habits, arms, manners, proportions, and the like, muſt correſpond. This is called the obſerving the Coſtûme. The ſtory of the woman taken in adultery muſt not be repreſented in the open air, but in the temple. If that of Alexander coming to Diogenes, and the cynick deſiring him not to deprive him of what he could not give, the light of the ſun; I ſay, if this be painted,

ed, the light muſt not be made to come the contrary way, and Diogenes in the ſun beams. Nor muſt our Saviour be made to help put himſelf into his ſepulchre, as I have ſeen it repreſented in a drawing, otherwiſe a good one. Theſe things are too obvious to need being enlarged on.

But there is one important inſtance which I cannot paſs over; and that is, when the Supreme Being is repreſented in picture: I will not enter into the queſtion whether this ſhould be done at all, or no, becauſe our church diſlikes it; but certainly thoſe that do undertake to delineate God in a humane form, ought to carry it up to the greateſt dignity they poſſibly can. This Rafaelle was as capable of as ever man was, but Rafaelle has not always been equal to himſelf in this particular, for ſometimes the figure appears to be not only as one would deſcribe the ancient of days, but feeble, and decrepit. Giulio Romano, in a drawing I have of him, of the delivery of the law to Moſes, has avoided this fault, but fallen into another; he has made the face of a beautiful vigorous old man, but (what one would not have expected from him) there wants greatneſs, and majeſty. In the hiſtories of the Bible, which Rafaelle painted in the vatican, there are ſeveral repreſentations of the Deity, which have a wonderful ſublimity in them, and are perfectly well adapted to the Moſaical idea, ſome of them eſpecially; but this god is not our God, he appears to us under a more amiable view. When the Bleſſed Trinity is drawn, eſpecially when the Virgin-mother of God is alſo introduced, it is ſomething too much favouring of polytheiſm. I have a drawing of Rafaelle, where the idea he ſeems to have intended to give us his majeſty, and awfulneſs, together with great benignity; not, however, ſo laviſh of his benefits, but that with our good things there is a mixture of unhappineſs; though ſtill the good abundantly preponderates, and manifeſts the great Lord of the univerſe to be an indulgent, and wiſe father. This is an idea worthy of the mind of Rafaelle. The drawing is a ſingle figure of a beautiful old man, not decayed, or impaired

impaired by age; there is majeſty in his face, but not terror; he ſits upon the clouds, his right-hand liſted up, giving his benediction; the left arm is wrapped in his drapery, and unemployed, only that hand appears, and reſts on the cloud near his right elbow. A man cannot look upon, and conſider this admirable drawing without ſecretly adoring, and loving the Supreme Being, and particularly for enduing one of our own ſpecies with a capacity ſuch as that of Rafaelle.

Every hiſtorical picture is a repreſentation of one ſingle point of time; this then muſt be choſen; and that in the ſtory that is moſt advantageous muſt be it. Suppoſe, for inſtance, the ſtory to be painted is, that of the woman taken in adultery, the painter ſeems to be at liberty to chooſe whether he will repreſent the Scribes and Phariſees accuſing her to our Lord; or, our Lord writing on the ground: or pronouncing the laſt of the words, *let him that is among you without ſin caſt the firſt ſtone at her.* Or laſtly, his abſolution, *go thy way, ſin no more.* The firſt muſt be rejected, becauſe in that moment the chief actors in the ſtory are the Scribes, and Phariſees; it is true, Chriſt may appear there with the dignity of a judge, but that he does afterwards, and with greater advantage. In the ſecond, our Lord is in action; but ſtooping down, and writing on the ground makes not ſo graceful, and noble an appearance as even the former would have done; nor have we here the beſt choice of the actions of the accuſers; the firſt, and moſt vigorous moments of the accuſation being already paſt. When our Saviour ſays the words, *let him that is without ſin caſt the firſt ſtone,* he is the principal actor, and with dignity; the accuſers are aſhamed, vexed, confounded, and perhaps clamorous; and the accuſed in a fine ſituation, hope and joy ſpringing up after ſhame, and fear; all which affords the painter an opportunity of exerting himſelf, and giving a pleaſing variety to the compoſition. For beſides the various paſſions, and ſentiments naturally ariſing, the accuſers begin to diſperſe, which will occaſion a fine contraſt in the attitudes of the figures being in profile, ſome fore-right, and ſome with

with their backs turned: ſome preſſing forward, as if they were attentive to what was ſaid, and ſome going off: and this I ſhould chuſe; for as to the laſt, though there our Lord pronounces the deciſive ſentence, and which is the principal action, and of the moſt dignity in the whole ſtory; yet now there was no body left but himſelf, and the woman; the reſt were all dropped off one by one, and the picture would be diſfurniſhed.

The picture being to repreſent but one inſtant of time, no action muſt be repreſented which cannot be ſuppoſed to be doing in that inſtant. Thus the Scribes and Phariſees, in the ſtory juſt now mentioned, muſt not be accuſing when our Lord was ſpeaking; that was then over, and they muſt appear in that ſituation as they might be then imagined to be in.

Theſe two laſt mentioned rules are finely obſerved by Rafaelle, in his carton of giving the keys, and the death of Ananias, to name no more. In the firſt, the moment is choſen of our Lord's having juſt ſpoken, and St. John's addreſſing himſelf to ſpeak; and in the other, the inſtant of Ananias's fall, and before all the people were appriſed of it; in both which, as they are the moſt advantageous that could poſſibly have been imagined, nothing is doing but what might be ſuppoſed to be doing at that inſtant.

It has been attempted to bring a whole ſeries of hiſtory into one picture, as that of the prodigal ſon's going out, his voluptuous way of living, his diſtreſs, and return, which I have ſeen thus managed by Titian; but this is juſt ſuch a fault as crowding a whole year into one play, which will always be condemned, though done by Shakeſpear himſelf.

There muſt be one principal action in a picture. Whatever under-actions may be going on in the ſame inſtant with that, and which it may be proper to inſert, to illuſtrate, or amplify the compoſition, they muſt not divide the picture, and the attention of the ſpectator. O divine Rafaelle, forgive me, if I take the liberty to ſay, I cannot approve

approve in this particular of that amazing picture of the transfiguration, where the incidental action of the man's bringing his ſon poſſeſſed with the dumb devil to the diſciples, and their not being able to caſt him out, is made at leaſt as conſpicuous, and as much a principal action as that of the transfiguration. The unity of time is indeed preſerved, and this under-ſtory would have made a fine epiſode to the other (though the other would not properly to this, as being of more dignity than the principal ſtory in this caſe) but both together mutually hurt one another.

Rafaelle has managed an epiſode differently on other occaſions. In the carton of the death of Ananias the principal action is that ſurprizing event, and accordingly that is what immediately takes the eye, and declares itſelf to be the ſubject of the picture; but there are alſo ſome people offering money, and others receiving it, which are ſo intent upon what they are about, as not to ſeem (at that inſtant) to know any thing of the matter, though of that eclat. Which epiſode is very juſt, and agreeable to the hiſtory, but by no means comes in competition with the principal action. In a holy family of the ſame Rafaelle (an admirable copy of which I have, done by Perino del Vaga, as is judged) the Chriſt, and Virgin are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed, and appear with infinite beauty, grace, and dignity; but becauſe St. Elizabeth, and St. Joſeph ſhould not be idle, or not employed worthily (which is frequently the caſe in ſuch pictures) he has a book before him as having been reading, and ſhe is ſpeaking to him as aſſiſting his underſtanding, and he attending to her expoſition, which he ſeems to ſtand in need of. This diſcourſe is carried on behind the principal figures, and is an action the moſt worthy, and proper that could poſſibly be imagined for theſe perſons, but apparently inferior to that of the principal figures; the Virgin being employed in careſſing, ſuſtaining, and taking care of the Divine Child; and he, with as great dignity, as an infant God incarnate can be ſuppoſed to do, careſſing, and rejoicing with his holy mother.

Here are two diſtinct actions, but no manner of diſtraction, ambiguity or competition.

Nor muſt the attention be diverted from what ought to be principal, by any thing how excellent ſoever in itſelf. Protogenes, in the famous picture of Jaliſſus, had painted a partridge ſo exquiſitely well, that it ſeemed a living creature. it was admired by all Greece; but that being moſt taken notice of, he defaced it entirely. That illuſtrious action of Mutius Scævola's putting his hand in the fire, after he had by miſtake killed another inſtead of Porſenna, is ſufficient alone to employ the mind: Polydore, therefore, in a capital drawing I have of him of that ſtory, (and which by the way was one of his moſt celebrated works) has left out the dead man; it was ſufficiently known that one was killed, but that figure, had it been inſerted, would neceſſarily have diverted the attention, and deſtroyed that noble ſimplicity, and unity which now appears.

Every action muſt be repreſented as done, not only as it is poſſible it might be performed, but in the beſt manner. In the print, after Rafaelle, graved by Marc Antonio, you ſee Hercules gripe Anteus with all the advantage one can wiſh to have over an adverſary: ſo in the picture deſigned by Michelangelo, and painted by Annibale Caracci, the eagle holds Ganymede to carry him up commodiouſly, and withal to make a beautiful appearance together; the print of which is amongſt thoſe of the pictures of Duke Leopold. Daniele da Volterra has not ſucceeded ſo well in his famous picture of the deſcent from the croſs, where one of the aſſiſtants, who ſtands upon a ladder drawing out a nail, is ſo diſpoſed as is not very natural, and convenient for the purpoſe.

Nor is Rafaelle himſelf ſo juſt in his management of the ſame ſtory as he uſually is; St. John is upon a ladder to aſſiſt, and is receiving the body with great affection, and tenderneſs, but it is evident the whole weight of it will fall upon him, which is too much for any one man to manage, eſpecially ſtanding upon a ladder: nor is there any

below

below to receive the ſacred load, or to aſſiſt him; ſo that ſuppoſing every figure in the poſition as Rafaelle has repreſented them, the dead body of our Lord muſt fall upon the heads of the Bleſſed Virgin, and the women that are with her. The picture is that graved by Marc Antonio.

No ſupernumerary figures, or ornaments ought to be brought into a picture. A painter's language is his pencil, he ſhould neither ſay too little, nor too much, but go directly to his point, and tell his ſtory with all poſſible ſimplicity. As in a play there muſt not be too many actors, in a picture there muſt not be too many figures. Annibale Caracci would not allow above twelve; there are exceptions to this rule, but certainly all the management in the world cannot put together a great number of figures, and ornaments, with that advantage as a few.

Where the ſtory requires that there be a crowd of people, there may be ſome figures without any particular character, which are not ſupernumerary, becauſe the ſtory requires a crowd. In the cartons there are very few ſuch figures: and the others are finely varied; the ſame paſſion ſhall run through the whole picture, but appear differently in the ſeveral perſons in whom it it ſeen. Nor are all thoſe figures idle that may ſeem to be ſo; there are two in the carton of St. Paul preaching, that are walking at a diſtance amongſt the buildings, but theſe ſerve well to intimate that there were ſome, who, like Gallio, cared for none of theſe things.

So far ſhould the painter be from inſerting any thing ſuperfluous, that he ought to leave ſomething to the imagination. He muſt not ſay all he can on his ſubject, and ſo ſeem to diſtruſt his reader, and diſcover he thought no farther himſelf.

Nothing abſurd, indecent, or mean; nothing contrary to religion, or morality, muſt be put into a picture, or even intimated or hinted at. A dog with a bone, at a banquet, where people of the higheſt characters are at table; a boy making water in the beſt company, or

the like, are faults which the authority of Paulo Veroneſe, or a much greater man cannot juſtify.

Rafaelle, in the picture of the donation of Conſtantine in the Vatican, has put a naked boy aſtride upon a dog in a void ſpace in the fore-ground: what reaſon he had for it I cannot comprehend: it ſeems to be brought in only to fill up that ſpace, which it had been better (at leaſt I think ſo) to have left empty: but certainly in ſuch company, and on ſo ſolemn an occaſion as the Emperor making a preſent of Rome to the Pope, ſuch a light incident ſhould not have been inſerted, much leſs made ſo conſpicuous. I confeſs I have not ſeen the picture, but a drawing of this, by Battiſta Franco, and two other old copies I have, who all agree in this circumſtance, though Bellori, in his deſcription of this picture, takes no notice of it, as neither has he of ſeveral other particulars.

There is ſomething lower yet than this, in the carton of giving the keys, which I have often wondered Rafaelle could fall into, or ſuffer in his picture; and that is, in the landſcape, there is a houſe on fire, and in another place, linen drying on the hedges.

Polydore, in a drawing I have ſeen of him, has made an ill choice with reſpect to decorum; he has ſhewn Cato with his bowels guſhing out, which is not only offenſive in itſelf, but it is a ſituation in which Cato ſhould not be ſeen, it is indecent; ſuch things ſhould be left to imagination, and not diſplayed on the ſtage. But Michelangelo, in his laſt judgment, has ſinned againſt this rule moſt egregiouſly.

Methinks it would not be amiſs if a painter, before he made the leaſt drawing of his intended picture, would take the pains to write the ſtory, and give it all the beauty of deſcription, with an account of what is ſaid, and whatever elſe he would relate, were he only to make a written hiſtory; or if he would deſcribe the picture he deſigned as if it were already done. And, perhaps, though it may ſeem at firſt to be too much trouble, it may in the main ſave him ſome, as well as advance his reputation.

There

There are pictures repreſenting not one particular ſtory, but the hiſtory of philoſophy, of poetry, of divinity, the redemption of mankind, and the like: ſuch is the ſchool of Athens, the Parnaſſus, the picture in the Vatican, commonly called the Diſpute of the Sacrament, all of Rafaelle, and the large one of Frederico Zuccaro, of the Annunciation, and God the Father, with a heaven, and the prophets, &c. Such compoſitions as theſe being of a different nature, are not ſubject to the ſame rules with common hiſtorical pictures; but here muſt be principal, and ſubordinate figures and actions. As the Plato and Ariſtotle in the School of Athens, the Apollo in the Parnaſſus, &c.

Now I have mentioned this deſign, I cannot paſs it over without going a little out of my way, to obſerve ſome particulars of that admirable group of the three poets, Homer, Virgil, and Dante; (for I conſider it as it is in the print, engraved by Marc Antonio: in the painting, Rafaelle has put himſelf with them; beſides that, it is different in ſeveral other things.)

The figure of Homer is an admirable one, and managed with great propriety: he is grouped with others, but is nevertheleſs alone: he appears to be raiſed in contemplation, repeating ſome of his own ſublime verſes, which he does with a moſt becoming action. And that peculiarity of his works having been taken from his mouth as he happened to utter them, and ſo remembered, and written, and afterwards the ſcattered parts collected, and connected together, and formed into the volumes we have, is finely intimated by a young man attending to him, and ready to write what he ſays.

Behind this great, this ONLY man, ſtands Virgil, and Dante, the former directing the other to Apollo. This is a compliment Rafaelle has made to Dante, by whoſe direction he has done this: for in his firſt canto of hell, he ſays,

O de

O de gli altri poeti honore e lume
Vagliami il lungo ſtudio, el grande amore
Che mha fatto cercar lo tuo volume
Tu ſei lo mio maeſtro, el mio autore:
Tu ſei ſolo colui; da tui io tolſi
Lo bello ſtilo, che mha fatto honore.

In the ſame canto he makes Virgil ſay,

Ondio per lo tuo me penſo e diſcerno,
Che tu me ſegni; & io ſaro tua guida.

Soon after Dante ſays,

Et io a lui; Poeta io ti richieggio
Per quello Dio ———
Che tu mi meni, &c.

And ends the canto,

Allhor ſi moſſe; & io li tenni dietro.

But Rafaelle has made his beloved Dante ſtill a greater compliment, in placing him with Homer, and Virgil; for though he was an excellent poet, his was another, and a very inferior kind of poetry: but this too Rafaelle did by Dante's own direction, in his fourth canto of hell.

Coſi vidi adunar la bella ſcuola;
Di quel Signor de laltiſſimo canto;
Che ſoura gli altri, comaquila uola.
Da Chebber ragionato inſieme alquanto;
Volſerſi a me con ſaluteuol cenno;
El mio maeſtro ſorriſe di tanto
E piu dhonore ancor aſſai mi fenno:
Cheſſi mi fecer de la loro ſchiera.

It appears that Rafaelle was fond of Dante; for beſides what he has done here, he has put him amongſt the divines in his diſpute of the Sacrament, to which he had very little pretence; beſides that, he calls the three parts of his poem Heaven, Earth, and Hell. To return.

In pictures repreſenting the character of ſome perſon, if that perſon is in the picture, it is the principal figure; if not, the virtue he is intended to be chiefly celebrated for as the principal part of the character is it.

In pictures of humane life, or where ſome particular leſſon is to be taught, or the like; that which a writer would chiefly inſiſt upon is to be the principal figure, or group.

In all theſe kinds of pictures, the painter ſhould avoid too great a luxuriancy of fancy, and obſcurity. The figures repreſenting any virtue, vice, or other quality, ſhould have ſuch inſignia as are authorized by antiquity, and cuſtom; or if any be neceſſarily of his own invention, his meaning ſhould be apparent. Painting is a ſort of writing, it ought to be eaſily legible. There are fine examples of theſe in the palace of Chigi, or the little farneſe in Rome; Rafaelle has there painted the fable of Cupid and Pſyche, and intermixed little loves with the ſpoils of all the gods; and laſtly, one with a lion, and a ſea-horſe, which he governs as with a bridle, to ſhew the univerſal empire of love. Signior Dorigny has made prints of the whole work.

In portraits, the invention of the painter is exerciſed in the choice of the air, and attitude, the action, drapery, and ornaments, with reſpect to the character of the perſon.

He ought not to go in a road, or paint other people at he would chooſe to be drawn himſelf. The dreſs, the ornaments, the colours, muſt be varied in almoſt every picture. I remember a good obſervation of an ingenious gentleman concerning two painters; one (he

(he ſaid) could not paint an impudent fellow, nor the other a modeſt one.

That admirable family-picture* of the ſenators of Titian, which the Duke of Somerſet had, is finely invented: the eldeſt of the three is apparently the principal figure, and has the action, and manner of an old man; the two others are well placed, and in proper attitudes: the boys are got upon the ſteps, with a dog amongſt them; a rare amuſement for them while the old gentlemen are at their devotions, which is their buſineſs! The girls are more orderly, and attend in appearance to the affair in hand: the attitudes of the figures in general are juſt, and delicate; the draperies, the ſky, every thing throughout the whole picture is well thought, and conducted.

Some ſubjects are in themſelves ſo diſadvantageous as to ſtand in need of ſomething to raiſe their character. Of this, I have a fine example in a head of marble, which ſeems to have been done for a monument, the face itſelf is ſomething poor, and though never ſo well followed, would not have pleaſed; the ſculptor, therefore, has raiſed the eye-brows, and opened the mouth a little, and by this expedient has given a ſpirit, and a dignity to a ſubject not conſiderable otherwiſe; beſides that, probably the perſon was accuſtomed to give himſelf ſome ſuch air, and then this has this farther advantage, that it makes the reſemblance more remarkable.

I need not go through the other branches of Painting; as landſcapes, battles, fruit, &c. what has been already ſaid is (*mutatis mutandis*) applicable to any of theſe. Nor ſhall I concern myſelf with them hereafter, when I treat of the other parts of Painting, for the ſame reaſon.

Only I ſhall obſerve here, that there are an infinity of artifices to hide defects, or give advantages, which come under this head of Invention; as does all caprices, groteſque, and other ornaments, maſks,

* Now in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Northumberland.

maſks, &c. together with all uncommon and delicate thoughts: ſuch as the cherubims attending on God, when he appeared to Moſes in the burning buſh, which Rafaelle has painted with flames about them inſtead of wings; an angel running, and holding up both arms as juſt raiſing herſelf for flight, of which I have a drawing of Parmeggiano, as well as many other examples of theſe kinds, in drawings of Raſaelle, Michelangelo, Giulio, Leonardo da Vinci, &c. They are to be found perpetually in the works of the great maſters, and add much to their beauty, and value.

The mention of groteſques, ſuggeſts a rule to my mind which I will inſert: it is this, That all creatures of imagination ought to have airs, and actions given them as whimſical and chimærical as their forms are. I have a drawing of the ſchool of the Caracches of a male and female ſatyr ſitting together: there is a great deal of humour in it, ſo as to be a fine burleſque upon Corydon and Phillis. The anatomy figures in Veſalius, ſaid to be deſigned by Titian, are prettily fancied: there is a ſeries of denuding a figure to the bone, and they are all in attitudes, ſeeming to have moſt pain as the operation goes on, till at laſt they languiſh and die: but Michelangelo has made anatomy figures, whoſe faces and actions are impoſſible to be deſcribed, and the moſt delicate that can be imagined for the purpoſe. Mr. Fontenelle, in his dialogue betwixt Homer and Æſop, after Homer had ſaid he intended no allegory, but to be taken literally, makes the other demand how he could imagine mankind would believe ſuch ridiculous accounts of the gods; O (ſays he) you need be in no pain about that; if you would give them truth, you muſt put that in a fabulous dreſs, but a lye enters freely into the mind of man in its own proper ſhape. Why then, ſays Æſop, I am afraid they will believe the beaſts have ſpoken as I have made them. Ah (ſays Homer) the caſe is altered, men will be content, that the gods ſhould be as great fools as themſelves, but they will never bear that the beaſts ſhould be as wiſe. It would be well, if

painters could repreſent gods, heroes, angels, and other ſuperior beings, with airs, and actions more than humane; but to give ſatyrs, and other inferior creatures a dignity equal to men, would be unpardonable.

In order to aſſiſt, and improve the invention, a painter ought to converſe with, and obſerve all ſorts of people, chiefly the beſt, and to read the beſt books, and no other: he ſhould obſerve the different and various effects of mens paſſions, and thoſe of other animals, and in ſhort, all nature, and make ſketches of what he obſerves to help his memory.

So ſhould he do of what he ſees in the works of great maſters, whether painters, or ſculptors, which he cannot always ſee, and have recourſe to.

Nor need any man be aſhamed to be ſometimes a plagiary, it is what the greateſt painters, and poets have allowed themſelves in. Rafaelle has borrowed many figures, and groupes of figures from the antique; and Milton has even tranſlated many times from Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Taſſo, and put them as his own; Virgil himſelf has copied. And indeed it is hard, that a man having had a good thought, ſhould have a patent for it for ever. The painter that can take a hint, or infert a figure, or groupes of figures from another man, and mix theſe with his own, ſo as to make a good compoſition, will thereby eſtabliſh ſuch a reputation to himſelf, as to be above fearing to ſuffer by the ſhare thoſe to whom he is beholden will have in it.

Rafaelle, and Giulio Romano are eſpecially excellent for invention: amongſt their other works, thoſe of the former, at Hampton-court, and in the Vatican; and of the latter, the palace of T. near Mantua, are ſufficient proofs of it. There are prints of almoſt all theſe; and Bellori has deſcribed thoſe in the Vatican, as Felibien has that ſtupendious work of Giulio, which in the laſt wars in Italy, has been almoſt deſtroyed.

Of

Of EXPRESSION.

WHATEVER the general character of the ſtory is, the picture muſt diſcover it throughout, whether it be joyous, melancholy, grave, terrible, &c. The nativity, reſurrection, and aſcenſion, ought to have the general colouring, the ornaments, back-ground, and every thing in them riant, and joyous, and the contrary in a crucifixion, interment, or pietà. [The Bleſſed Virgin with the dead Chriſt.]

But a diſtinction muſt be made between grave, and melancholy, as in the copy of a holy family which I have, and has been mentioned already; the colouring is brown, and ſolemn, but yet all together, the picture has not a diſmal air, but quite otherwiſe. I have another holy family of Rubens, painted as his manner was, as if the figures were in a ſunny room: I have conſidered what effect it would have had, if Rafaelle's colouring had been the ſame with Ruben's on this occaſion, and doubtleſs it would have been the worſe for it. There are certain ſentiments of awe, and devotion, which ought to be raiſed by the firſt ſight of pictures of that ſubject, which that ſolemn colouring contributes very much to, but not the more bright, though upon other occaſions preferable.

I have ſeen a fine inſtance of a colouring proper for melancholy ſubjects in a pietà of Van Dyck: that alone would make one not only grave, but ſad at firſt ſight; and a coloured drawing that I have of the Fall of Phaeton, after Giulio Romano, ſhews how much this contributes to the expreſſion. It is different from any colouring that ever I ſaw, but ſo adapted to the ſubject, as to anſwer to the great idea that every one that knows Giulio muſt have of him.

There are certain little circumſtances that contribute to the expreſſion. Such an effect the burning lamps have that are in the

carton of healing at the beautiful gate of the Temple; one ſees the place is holy, as well as magnificent.

The large fowl that are ſeen on the fore-ground in the carton of the draught of fiſhes have a good effect. There is a certain ſea-wildneſs in them that contributes mightily to expreſs the affair in hand, which was fiſhing. They are a fine part of the ſcene.

Paſſerotto has drawn a Chriſt's head as going to be crucified, the expreſſion of which is marvellouſly fine; but excepting the air of the face, nothing is more moving, not the part of the croſs that is ſeen, not the crown of thorns, nor the drops of blood falling from the wounds they make, than an ignominious cord which comes upon part of the ſhoulder and neck. Raffaello Borghini, in his Ripoſo, in the Life of Paſſerotto, has given an account of this drawing, which, with others of that maſter (by him alſo ſpoken of) I have.

The robes, and other habits of the figures; their attendants, and enſigns of authority, or dignity, as crowns, maces, &c. help to expreſs their diſtinct characters, and commonly even their place in the compoſition. The principal perſons and actors muſt not be put in a corner, or towards the extremities of the picture, unleſs the neceſſity of the ſubject requires it. A Chriſt, or an apoſtle, muſt not be dreſt like an artificer or a fiſherman; a man of quality muſt be diſtinguiſhed from one of the lower orders of men, as a well-bred man always is in life from a peaſant. And ſo of the reſt.

Every body knows the common, or ordinary diſtinctions by dreſs: but there is one inſtance of a particular kind which I will mention, as being likely to give uſeful hints to this purpoſe, and moreover very curious. In the carton of giving the keys to St. Peter, our Saviour is wrapped only in one large piece of white drapery, his left arm and breaſt, and part of his legs naked; which undoubtedly was done to denote him now to appear in his reſurrection body, and not as before his crucifixion, when this dreſs would have been

been altogether improper. And this is the more remarkable, as having been done upon ſecond thought, and after the picture was perhaps finiſhed, which I know, by having a drawing of this carton, very old, and probably made in Rafaelle's time, though not of his hand, where the Chriſt is fully clad; he has the very ſame large drapery, but one under it that covers his breaſt, arm, and legs down to the feet. Every thing elſe pretty near the ſame with the carton.

That the face, and air, as well as our actions, indicates the mind, is indiſputable. It is ſeen by every body in the extremes on both ſides. For example; let two men, the one a wiſe man, and the other a fool, be ſeen together dreſſed, or diſguiſed as you pleaſe, one will not be miſtaken for the other, but diſtinguiſhed with the firſt glance of the eye; and if theſe characters are ſtamped upon the face, ſo as to be read by every one when in the utmoſt extremes, they are ſo proportionably when more, or leſs removed from them, and legible accordingly, and in proportion to the ſkill of the reader. The like may be obſerved of good, and ill-nature, gentleneſs, ruſticity, &c.

Every figure, and animal muſt be affected in the picture, as one ſhould ſuppoſe they would, or ought to be. And all the expreſſions of the ſeveral paſſions, and ſentiments muſt be made with regard to the characters of the perſons moved by them. At the raiſing of Lazarus, ſome may be allowed to be made to hold ſomething before their noſes, and this would be very juſt, to denote that circumſtance in the ſtory, the time he had been dead; but this is exceedingly improper in the laying our Lord in the ſepulchre, although he had been dead much longer than he was; however, Pordenone has done it. When Apollo fleas Marſyas, he may expreſs all the anguiſh, and impatience the painter can give him, but not ſo in the caſe of St. Bartholomew. That the Bleſſed Mary ſhould ſwoon away through exceſs of grief is very proper to ſuppoſe, but to throw her in ſuch a poſture as Daniel da Volterra has done in the deſcent from

from the croſs, is by no means juſtifiable. He has ſucceeded much better in that article, if a drawing I have which is imputed to him is really of him (it was once in the collection of Georgio Vafari, as appears by its border, which is of his hand;) there the expreſſions of ſorrow are very noble, uncommon, and extraordinary. But even Rafaelle himſelf could not have expreſſed this accident with more dignity and more affecting than Battiſta Franco, and Polydore have done in drawings I have of them: if at leaſt that laſt is of the hand to whom it is aſcribed, and not Rafaelle, or ſome other not inferior to him in this inſtance.

Polydore, in a drawing of the ſame ſubject (which I alſo have) has finely expreſſed the exceſſive grief of the Virgin, by intimating it was otherwiſe inexpreſſible: her attendants diſcover abundance of paſſion, and ſorrow in their faces, but hers is hid by drapery held up by both her hands: the whole figure is very compoſed, and quiet; no noiſe, no outrage, but great dignity appears in her ſuitable to her character. This thought Timanthes had in his famous picture of Iphigenia, which he probably took from Euripides; as perhaps Polydore might from one, or both of them.

Putting the fore-finger in the mouth to expreſs an agony, and confuſion of mind is rarely uſed. I do not remember to have ſeen it any where but in the tomb of the Naſonii, where the Sphynx is propoſing the riddle to Œdipus; and in a drawing I have of Giulio Romano, who could not have taken the thought from the other, that not being diſcovered in his time; but in both theſe this expreſſion is incomparably fine.

In that admirable carton of St. Paul preaching, the expreſſions are very juſt, and delicate throughout: even the back ground is not without its meaning: it is expreſſive of the ſuperſtition St. Paul was preaching againſt. But no hiſtorian, or orator can poſſibly give me ſo great an idea of that eloquent, and zealous apoſtle as that figure of his does; all the fine things related as ſaid, or wrote by him cannot;

not; for there I ſee a perſon, face, air, and action, which no words can ſufficiently deſcribe, but which aſſure me as much as thoſe can, that that man muſt ſpeak good ſenſe, and to the purpoſe. And the different ſentiments of his auditors are as finely expreſſed; ſome appear to be angry, and malicious, others to be attentive, and reaſoning upon the matter within themſelves, or with one another; and one eſpecially is apparently convinced. Theſe laſt are the free-thinkers of that time, and are placed before the apoſtle; the others are behind him, not only as caring leſs for the preacher, or the doctrine, but to raiſe his apoſtolic character, which would looſe ſomething of its dignity, if his maligners were ſuppoſed to be able to look him in the face.

Elymas, the ſorcerer, is blind from head to foot, but how admirably is terror, and aſtoniſhment expreſſed in the people preſent, and how variouſly, according to the ſeveral characters! the proconſul has theſe ſentiments but as a Roman, and a gentleman, the reſt in ſeveral degrees, and manners.

The ſame ſentiments appear alſo in the carton of the death of Ananias, together with thoſe of joy, and triumph, which naturally ariſes in good minds upon the ſight of the effects of divine juſtice, and the victory of truth.

The airs of the heads in my holy family after Rafaelle, are perfectly fine, according to the ſeveral characters; that of the Bleſſed Mother of God has all the ſweetneſs, and goodneſs that could poſſibly appear in herſelf; what is particularly remarkable is, that the Chriſt, and the St. John are both fine boys, but the latter is apparently humane, the other, as it ought to be, divine.

Nor is the expreſſion in my drawing of the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt leſs excellent than the other parts of it. (I wiſh it had been equally well preſerved.) The Bleſſed Virgin is ſeated in the principal part of the picture, and ſo diſtinguiſhed as that none in the company ſeems to pretend to be in competition with her; and the devotion,

tion, and modeſty with which ſhe receives the ineffable gift is worthy of her character. St. Peter is on her right-hand, and St. John on her left; the former has his arm croſſed on his breaſt, his head reclined, as if aſhamed of having denied ſuch a maſter, and receives the inſpiration with great compoſure; but St. John, with a holy boldneſs, raiſes his head, and hands, and is in a moſt becoming attitude; the women behind St. Mary are plainly of an inferior character. Throughout there is great variety of expreſſions of joy and devotion, extremely well adapted to the occaſion.

I will add one example more of a fine expreſſion, becauſe, though it is very juſt and natural, it has not been done by any that I know of, except Tintoret, in a drawing I have ſeen of him. The ſtory is our Saviour's declaration to the apoſtles at ſupper with him, that one of them ſhould betray him: ſome are moved one way, and ſome another, as is uſual, but one of them hides his face, dropped down betwixt both his hands, as burſt into tears from an exceſs of ſorrow, that his Lord ſhould be betrayed, and by one of them.

In Portraits it muſt be ſeen whether the perſon is grave, gay, a man of buſineſs, or wit, plain, genteel, &c. Each character muſt have an attitude, and dreſs; the ornaments and back ground proper to it: every part of the portrait, and all about it muſt be expreſſive of the man, and have a reſemblance as well as the features of the face.

If the perſon has any particularities as to the ſet, or motion of the head, eyes, or mouth (ſuppoſing it be not unbecoming) theſe muſt be taken notice of, and ſtrongly pronounced. They are a ſort of moving features, and are as much a part of the man as the fixed ones: nay, ſometimes they raiſe a low ſubject, as in the caſe of my marble head already ſpoken of, and contribute more to a ſurprizing likeneſs than any thing elſe. Van Dyck, in a picture I have of him, has given a briſk touch upon the under lip which makes the form, and ſet of the mouth very particular, and doubtleſs was an air which

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Don Diego de Guſman, whoſe picture it is, was accuſtomed to give himſelf, which an inferior painter would not have obſerved, or not have dared to have pronounced, at leaſt ſo ſtrongly: but this as it gives a marvellous ſpirit, and ſmartneſs, undoubtedly gave a proportionable reſemblance.

If there be any thing particular in the hiſtory of the perſon which is proper to be expreſſed, as it is ſtill a farther deſcription of him, it is a great improvement to the portrait to them that know that circumſtance. There is an inſtance of this in a picture Van Dyck made of John Lyvens, who is drawn as if he was liſtening at ſomething; which refers to a remarkable ſtory in that man's life. The print is in the book of Van Dyck's heads: which book, and the heads of the artiſts, in the lives of Giorgio Vaſari, are worth conſidering with regard to the variety of attitudes ſuited to the ſeveral characters, as well as upon other accounts.

Robes, or other marks of dignity, or of a profeſſion, employment, or amuſement, a book, a ſhip, a favourite dog, or the like, are hiſtorical expreſſions common in portraits, which muſt be mentioned on this occaſion; and to ſay more of them is not neceſſary.

There are ſeveral kinds of artificial expreſſions indulged to painters, and practiſed by them, becauſe of the diſadvantage of their art in that particular, in compariſon of words.

To expreſs the ſenſe of the wrath of God with which our Bleſſed Lord's mind was filled when in his agony, and the apprehenſion he was then in of his own approaching crucifixion. Frederico Barocci has drawn him in a proper attitude, and not only with the angel holding the cup to him (that is common) but in the back-ground you ſee the croſs, and flames of fire. This is very particular, and curious. I have the drawing.

In the carton where the people of Lycaonia are going to ſacrifice to St. Paul, and Barnabas, the occaſion of all that is finely told: the

man who was healed of his lameneſs is one of the forwardeſt to expreſs his ſenſe of the divine power which appeared in thoſe apoſtles; and to ſhew it to be him, not only a crutch is under his feet on the ground, but an old man takes up the lappet of his garment, and looks upon the limb which he remembered to have been crippled, and expreſſes great devotion, and admiration, which ſentiments are alſo ſeen in the other with a mixture of joy. When our Saviour committed the care of his church to St. Peter, the words he uſed on that occaſion are related by Rafaelle, who has made him pointing to a flock of ſheep, and St. Peter to have juſt received two keys. When the ſtory of Joſeph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams was to be related, Rafaelle has painted thoſe dreams in two circles over the figures; which he has alſo done when Joſeph relates his own to his brethren. His manner of expreſſing God's dividing the light from darkneſs, and the creation of the ſun, and moon, is altogether ſublime. The prints of thoſe laſt mentioned pictures are not hard to be found, they are in what they call Rafaelle's Bible, but the paintings are in the Vatican; the beſt treaſury of the works of that divine painter, except Hampton-court.

The hyperbolical artifice of Timanthes to expreſs the vaſtneſs of the Cyclops is well known, and was mightily admired by the ancients. He made ſeveral ſatyrs about him as he was aſleep, ſome were running away as frightened, others gazing at a diſtance, and one was meaſuring his thumb with his thyrſis, but ſeeming to do it with great caution, leſt he ſhould awake. This expreſſion was copied by Giulio Romano with a little variation. Correggio, in his picture of Danae, has finely expreſſed the ſenſe of that ſtory, for upon the falling of the golden ſhower, Cupid draws off her linen covering, and two loves are trying upon a touchſtone a dart tipped with gold. I will add but one example more of this kind, and that is of Nicolas Pouſſin, to expreſs a voice, which he has done in the baptiſm of our Saviour, by making the people look up, and about, as it is natural for

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commonly called
CORREGIO.

for men to do when they hear any ſuch, and know not whence it comes, eſpecially if it be otherwiſe extraordinary, as the caſe was in this hiſtory.

Another way practiſed by painters to expreſs their ſenſe, which could not otherwiſe be done in Painting, is by figures repreſentative of certain things. This they learned from the ancients, of which there are abundance of examples, as in the Antonine Pillar, where, to expreſs the rain that fell when the Roman army was preſerved by the prayers of the Theban Legion, the figure of Jupiter Pluvius is introduced; but I need not mention more of theſe. Rafaelle has been very ſparing of this expedient in ſacred ſtory, though in the paſſage of Jordan, he has repreſented that river by an old man dividing the waters, which are rolled, and tumbled very nobly; but in poetical ſtories he has been very profuſe of theſe, as in the Judgment of Paris, and elſewhere. The like has been commonly practiſed by Annibale Caracci, Giulio Romano, and others. And there are ſome entire pictures of this kind, as in thoſe made to compliment perſons, or ſocieties, where their virtues, or what are attributed to them, are thus repreſented.

When we ſee in pictures of the Madonna thoſe of St. Frances, St. Katherine, or others not cotemporary, nay even the portraits of particular perſons living when the pictures were made: this is not ſo blameable as people commonly think. We are not to ſuppoſe theſe were intended for pure hiſtorical pictures, but only to expreſs the attachment thoſe ſaints or perſons had for the Bleſſed Virgin, or their great piety and zeal: ſo I have ſeen families with the robe of the mother of God ſpread over their heads, doubtleſs to denote their putting themſelves under her protection. With this key a great many ſeeming abſurdities of good maſters will be diſcovered to be none.

In the hiſtory of Heliodorus, who was miraculouſly chaſtiſed when he made a ſacrilegious attempt upon the treaſure in the

Temple of Jeruſalem, Rafaelle has brought in the then Pope (Julius II.) to compliment him, who gloried in having driven out the enemies of the eccleſiaſtical ſtate.

The famous St. Cecilia at Bologna is accompanied by St. Paul, St. John, St. Auguſtin, and St. Mary Magdalen, not as being ſuppoſed to have lived together; but poſſibly thoſe being ſaints of different characters are introduced to heighten that of the ſaint, which is the principal one in the compoſition. Though Franceſco Albani thought it was done by Rafaelle, in pure compliance with the poſſitive direction of thoſe for whom the picture was made; which (by the way) is not ſeldom the occaſion of real faults in pictures, and which, therefore, are not to be imputed to the painter. My Lord Somers has a drawing of the ſame ſubject, attributed to Innocentio da Imola, which, I believe, was done after ſome former deſign of Rafaelle, for there are the ſame figures, placed juſt in the ſame manner, only the attitudes are conſiderably varied; for there the other ſaints have regard only to the heroine of the picture. This helps to explain the other.

Of all the painters, Rubens has made the boldeſt uſe of this kind of expreſſion (by figures) in his pictures of the Luxembourg Gallery; and has been much cenſured for it. The truth is, it is a little choquing to ſee ſuch a mixture of antique, and modern figures, of Chriſtianity, and Heatheniſm in the ſame pictures; but this is much owing to its novelty. He was willing not only to relate the actions done, but a great deal more than could be related any other way; and for the ſake of that advantage, and the applauſe he ſhould receive for it from thoſe who judged of the thing in its true light, he had the courage to hazard the good opinion of others. He had, moreover, another very good reaſon for what he did on this occaſion: the ſtories he had to paint were modern, and the habits, and ornaments muſt be ſo too, which would not have had a very agreeable effect in Painting: theſe allegorical additions make a wonderful

ful improvement; they vary, enliven, and enrich the work; as any one may perceive that will imagine the pictures as they muſt have been, had Rubens been terrified by the objections, which he certainly muſt have foreſeen would be made afterwards, and ſo had left all theſe heathen gods and goddeſſes, and the reſt of the fictitious figures out of the compoſition.

I will add but one way of expreſſion more, and that is, plain writing.

Polygnotus, in the paintings made by him in the Temple of Delphos, wrote the names of thoſe whom he repreſented.

The old Italian, and German maſters improved upon this; the figures they made were ſpeaking figures, they had labels coming out of their mouths, with that written in them which they were intended to be made to ſay; but even Rafaelle, and Annibale Caracci, have condeſcended to write rather than leave any ambiguity, or obſcurity in their work: thus the name of Sappho is written to ſhew it was ſhe, and not one of the muſes intended in the Parnaſſus: and in the Gallery of Farneſe, that Anchiſes might not be miſtaken for Adonis, *Genus unde Latinum* was written.

In the carton of Elymas, the Sorcerer, it does not appear that the Pro-conſul was converted, otherwiſe than by the writing; nor do I conceive how it was poſſible to have expreſſed that important circumſtance ſo properly any other way.

In the Peſt of the ſame maſter, graved by Marc Antonio, there is a line out of Virgil which, as it is very proper (the plague being that deſcribed by that poet, as will be ſeen preſently) admirably heightens the expreſſion, though without it, it is one of the moſt wonderful inſtances of this part of the art that, perhaps, is in the world in black and white, and the utmoſt that humane wit can contrive; there is not the moſt minute circumſtance throughout the whole deſign which does not help to expreſs the miſery there intended

tended to be ſhewn: but the print being not hard to be ſeen, need not be deſcribed.

Writing is again uſed in this deſign. In one part of it you ſee a perſon on his bed, and two figures by him. This is Æneas, who (as Virgil relates) was adviſed by his father to apply himſelf to the Phrygian gods, to know what he ſhould do to remove the plague, and being reſolved to go, the deities appeared to him, the moon ſhining very bright (which the print repreſents) here *Effigies Sacræ Divum Phrygiæ* is written, becauſe otherwiſe, this incident would not probably have been thought on, but the group taken to be only a ſick man, and his attendants.

The works of this prodigy of a man ought to be carefully ſtudied by him who would make himſelf a maſter in expreſſion, more eſpecially with relation to thoſe paſſions, and ſentiments that have nothing of ſavage, and cruel; for his angelic mind was a ſtranger to theſe, as appears by his Slaughter of the Innocents, where, though he has had recourſe to the expedient of making the ſoldiers naked to give the more terror, he has not ſucceeded ſo well even as Pietro Teſta, who, in a drawing I have of him of that ſtory, has ſhewn he was fitter for it than Rafaelle; but you muſt not expect to find the true airs of the heads of that great maſter in prints, not even in thoſe of Marc Antonio himſelf. Thoſe are to be found only in what his own inimitable hand has done, of which there are many unqueſtionably right in ſeveral collections here in England; particularly in thoſe admirable ones of the Duke of Devonſhire, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Lord Somers; to whom I take leave on this, as on all other occaſions, to make my humble acknowledgments for the favour of frequently ſeeing, and conſidering thoſe noble, and delicious curioſities. But Hampton-court is the great ſchool of Rafaelle! and God be praiſed, that we have ſo near us ſuch an invaluable bleſſing. May the cartons continue in that place, and always to be ſeen; unhurt, and undecayed, ſo long as the

the natare of the materials of which they are compoſed will poſſibly allow. May even a miracle be wrought in their favour, as themſelves are ſome of the greateſt inſtances of the divine power, which endued a mortal man with abilities to perform ſuch ſtupendous works of art.

After him no other maſter muſt be named for expreſſion, unleſs for particular ſubjects, as Michelangelo for infernal, or terrible airs. Amongſt others, I have the drawing he made for the caron in the famous picture of his Laſt Judgment, which is admirable in this kind; and which (by the way) Vaſari, who was well acquainted with him, ſays, he took from theſe three lines of Dante, an author he was very fond of:

Caron demonio con occhi di bragia
Loro accennando tutte le raccoglie
Batte col remo qualunque ſadagia.

Julio Romano has fine airs for maſks, a ſilenus, ſatyrs, and the like, And for ſuch ſtories as that of the Decii, the 300 Spartans, the deſtruction of the giants, &c. he is equal, if not ſuperior to his great maſter. I have ſeveral proofs of this. Others have ſucceeded well in this part of the art, as Leonardo da Vinci, Polydore, &c. but theſe are the principal only for portraits; and herein, next to Rafaelle, perhaps, no man has a better title to the preference than Van Dyck: no, not Titian himſelf, much leſs Rubens.

But there is no bettter ſchool than nature for expreſſion: a painter therefore ſhould, on all occaſions, obſerve how men look, and act, when pleaſed, grieved, angry, &c.

Of

Of COMPOSITION.

THIS is putting together, for the advantage of the whole, what ſhall be judged proper to be the ſeveral parts of a picture; and if need be, of adding ſomething for the common benefit: and moreover, the determination of the painter, as to certain attitudes, and colours which are otherwiſe indifferent.

Every picture ſhould be ſo contrived, as that at a diſtance, when one cannot diſcern what figures there are, or what they are doing; it ſhould appear to be compoſed of two, or more great maſſes, lighter, and darker, the forms of which muſt be agreeable to the eye, of whatſoever they conſiſt, ground, trees, draperies, figures, &c. and the whole together ſhould be ſweet and delightful, lovely ſhapes and colours, without a name; of which there is infinite variety.

Sometimes one maſs of light is upon a dark ground, and then the extremities of the light muſt not be too near the edges of the picture, and its greateſt ſtrength muſt be towards the centre; as in the deſcent from the croſs, and the dead Chriſt, both of Rubens, and of both which there are prints, one by Voſterman, and the other by Pontius.

I have a painting of the holy family, by Rubens, of this ſtructure; where, becauſe the maſs of light in one part would elſe have gone off too abruptly, and have made a leſs pleaſing figure, he has ſet the foot of St. Elizabeth on a little ſtool; here the light catches, and ſpreads the maſs ſo as to have the deſired effect. Such another artifice, Rafaelle has uſed in a Madonna, of which I have a copy; he has brought in a kind of an ornament to a chair, for no other end (that I can imagine) but to form the maſs agreeably.

Van

Van Dyck, that he might keep his principal light near the middle of his picture, and to advantage the body which he ſeems to have intended to exert himſelf in, has even kept the head ſombrous in an ecce homo I have of him, which makes the whole have a fine effect.

I have many times obſerved with a great deal of pleaſure the admirable compoſition (beſides the other excellencies) of a fruit piece of Michelangelo Compidoglio, which I have had many years. The principal light is near the centre (not exactly there, for thoſe regularities have an ill effect;) and the tranſition from thence, and from one thing to another, to the extremities of the picture all round is very eaſy, and delightful; in which he has employed fine artifices by leaves, twigs, little touches of lights ſtriking advantageouſly, and the like. So that there is not a ſtroke in the picture without its meaning: and the whole, though very bright, and conſiſting of a great many parts, has a wonderful harmony, and repoſe.

The drawing that Correggio made for the compoſition of his famous picture of the nativity, called La Notte del Correggio, I have, and is admirable in its kind: there is nothing one could wiſh were otherwiſe with reſpect to its compoſition, but that the full moon which he has made in one of the corners at the top had been omitted. It gives no light, that all comes from the new-born Saviour of the world, and ſweetly diffuſes itſelf from thence as from its centre all over the picture, only that moon a little troubles the eye.

The compoſition of my Holy Family of Rafaelle is not inferior to its other parts, and the tranſition from one thing to another is very artful; to inſtance only in one particular: behind the Madonna is St. Joſeph reſting his head on his hand which is placed upon his mouth, and chin; this hand ſpreads that ſubordinate maſs of light, and together with the coifure of the Virgin, and the little ring of glory round her head (which contribute alſo to the ſame end) makes

the tranſition from her face to that of St. Joſeph very graceful, and eaſy. The whole figure of St. Joſeph is connected with that of the Madonna, but ſubordinately, by one ſmart touch of the pencil artfully applied upon his drapery in the Holy Family I have of Rubens; than which there cannot be a more perfect example for compoſition, both as to the maſſes, and colour: but I will not multiply inſtances.

Sometimes the ſtructure of a picture, or the tout enſemble of its form, ſhall reſemble dark clouds on a light ground, as in the aſſumption of the Virgin by Bolſwert after Rubens. I refer you to prints, becauſe they are eaſy to be got, and explain this matter almoſt as well as drawings, or pictures.

Again: a picture ſometimes conſiſts of a maſs of light, and another of ſhadow upon a ground of a middle tint, as a ſingle figure by the life is uſually managed. And ſometimes it is compoſed of a maſs of dark at the bottom, another lighter above that, and another for the upper part ſtill lighter; (as commonly in a landſcape) ſometimes the dark maſs employs one ſide of the picture alſo. I have a copy after Paolo Veroneſe where a large group of figures, the principal ones of the ſtory, compoſe this lower brown maſs; architecture, the ſecond; more buildings, with figures and the ſky, the third; but moſt commonly in pictures of this ſtructure, the ſecond maſs is the place of the principal figures.

In a figure, and every part of a figure, and indeed in every thing elſe there is one part which muſt have a peculiar force, and be manifeſtly diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, all the other parts of which muſt alſo have a due ſubordination to it, and to one another. The ſame muſt be obſerved in the compoſition of an entire picture; and this principal, diſtinguiſhed part ought (generally ſpeaking) to be the place of the principal figure, and action: and here every thing muſt be higher finiſhed, the other parts muſt be leſs ſo gradually.

Pictures

Pictures muſt be like bunches of grapes, but they muſt not reſemble a great many ſingle grapes ſcattered on a table; there muſt not be many little parts of an equal ſtrength, and detached from one another, which is as odious to the eye as it is to the ear to hear many people talking to you at once. Nothing muſt ſtart, or be too ſtrong for the place where it is; as in a conſert of muſic when a note is too high, or an inſtrument out of tune; but a ſweet harmony and repoſe muſt reſult from all the parts judiciouſly put together, and united with each other.

Ananias is the principal figure in the carton which gives the hiſtory of his death; as the Apoſtle that pronounces his ſentence is of the ſubordinate group, which conſiſts of apoſtles. (Which therefore is ſubordinate, becauſe the principal action relates to the criminal, and thither the eye is directed by almoſt all the figures in the picture.) St. Paul is the chief figure in that carton where he is preaching, and amongſt his auditors one is eminently diſtinguiſhed, who is principal of that group; and is apparently a believer, and more ſo than any of them, or he had not had that ſecond place in a picture conducted by ſo great a judgment as that of Rafaelle's. Theſe principal, and ſubordinate groupes, and figures, are ſo apparent, that the eye will naturally fix firſt upon one, then upon the other, and conſider each in order, and with delight. I might give other examples were it neceſſary; where it is not thus, the compoſition is leſs perfect.

It is to be noted, that the ſorcerer in the carton of his chaſtiſement is the principal figure there, but has not the force in all its parts as it ought to have as ſuch, and to maintain the harmony; this is accidental, for it is certain his drapery was of the ſame ſtrength, and beauty, as that on his head, however it has happened to have changed its colour.

The ſhadows in the drapery of St. Paul alſo, in that carton where the people are about to ſacrifice to him, and Barnabas, have loſt ſomething of their force.

Sometimes the place in the picture, and not the force, gives the diſtinction; as in my drawing of the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt: the principal figure is the ſymbol of that divine perſon in the Sacred Trinity, who is the great agent, and is diſtinguiſhed both by the place it is in, and the glory which ſurrounds it. The principal of the next group is the Bleſſed Virgin, who is placed directly under the dove, and in the middle of the picture; but ſome of the apoſtles, who appear not to be the chief, have a greater force than ſhe, or any of thoſe that compoſe that group; however, the place ſhe poſſeſſes preſerves that diſtinction that the incomparable artiſt intended to give her.

In a compoſition, as well as in every ſingle figure, or other part of which the picture conſiſts, one thing muſt contraſt, or be varied from another. Thus in a figure, the arms and legs muſt not be placed to anſwer one another in parallel lines. In like manner, if one figure in a compoſition ſtands, another muſt bend, or lie on the ground; and of thoſe that ſtand, or are in any other poſition, if there be ſeveral of them, they muſt be varied by turns of the head, or ſome other artful diſpoſition of their parts; as may be ſeen (for inſtance) in the carton of giving the keys. The maſſes muſt alſo have the like contraſt, two muſt not be alike in form, or ſize, nor the whole maſs compoſed of thoſe leſs ones of too regular a ſhape. The colours muſt be alſo contraſted, and oppoſed, ſo as to be grateful to the eye: there muſt not (for example) be two draperies in one picture of the ſame colour, and ſtrength, unleſs they are contiguous, and then they are but as one. If there be two reds, blues, or whatever other colour, one muſt be of a darker, or paler tint, or be ſome way varied by lights, ſhadows, or reflections. Raſaelle, and others have made great advantage of changeable ſilks to unite the contraſting colours, as well as to make a part of the contraſt themſelves. As in the carton of giving the keys, the apoſtle that ſtands in profile, and immediately behind St. John, has a yellow

a yellow garment with red ſleeves, which connects that figure with St. Peter, and St. John, whoſe draperies are of the ſame ſpecies of colours. Then the ſame anonymous apoſtle has a looſe changeable drapery, the lights of which are a mixture of red and yellow, the other parts are bluiſh. This unites itſelf with the other colours already mentioned, and with the blue drapery of another apoſtle which follows afterwards; between which, and the changeable ſilk, is a yellow drapery ſomething different from the other yellows, but with ſhadows bearing upon the purple, as thoſe of the yellow drapery of St. Peter incline to the red; all which, together with ſeveral other particulars, produce a wonderful harmony.

The exotic birds that are placed on the ſhore in the fore-ground, in the carton of the draught of fiſhes, prevent the heavineſs which that part would otherwiſe have had, by breaking the parallel lines which would have been made by the boats, and baſe of the picture.

There is an admirable inſtance of this contraſt in the carton of St. Paul preaching, his figure (which is a rare one) ſtands alone as it ought to do, and conſequently is very conſpicuous, which is alſo perfectly right; the attitude is alſo as fine as can be imagined; but the beauty of this noble figure, and with it of the whole picture, depends upon this artful contraſt I have been ſpeaking of; of ſo great conſequence is that little part of the drapery flung over the apoſtle's ſhoulder, and hanging down almoſt to his waſte; for (beſides that, it poizes the figure, which otherwiſe would have ſeemed to have tumbled forwards) had it gone lower, ſo as to have, as it were, divided the outline of the hinder part of the figure in two equal, or near equal parts, it had been offenſive; as it had been leſs pleaſing if it had not come ſo low as it does. This important piece of drapery preſerves the maſs of light upon that figure, but varies it, and gives it an agreeable form, whereas without it, the whole figure would have been heavy and diſagreeable; but there was no danger of that in Rafaelle. There is another piece of drapery in the carton

of

of giving the keys, which is very judiciouſly flung in; the three outmoſt figures at the end of the picture, the contrary to that where our Lord is, made a maſs of light of a ſhape not very pleaſing, till that knowing painter ſtruck in a part of the garment of the laſt apoſtle in the group as folded under his arm, this breaks the ſtrait line, and gives a more graceful form to the whole maſs; which is alſo aſſiſted by the boat there; as the principal figure in this compoſition is by the flock of ſheep placed behind him, and which, moreover, ſerves to detach the figure from its ground, as well as to illuſtrate the hiſtory.

The naked boys in the carton of healing the cripple are a farther proof of Raſaelle's great judgment in compoſition: one of them is in ſuch an attitude as finely varies the turns of the figures; but here is moreover another kind of contraſt, and that is cauſed by their being naked, which, how odd ſoever it may ſeem at firſt, and without conſidering the reaſon of it, will be found to have a marvellous effect: cloath them in imagination; dreſs them as you will, the picture ſuffers by it, and would have ſuffered if Rafaelle himſelf had done it.

It is for the ſake of this contraſt, which is of ſo great conſequence in Painting, that this knowing man, in the carton we are now upon, has placed his figures at one end of the temple near the corner, where one would not ſuppoſe the beautiful gate was: but this varies the ſides of the picture; and at the ſame time gives him an opportunity to enlarge his buildings with a fine portico, the like of which you muſt imagine muſt be on the other ſide of the main ſtructure; all which together makes one of the nobleſt pieces of architecture that can be conceived.

He has taken a greater licence in the carton of the converſion of Sergius Paulus, where the architecture will be difficult to account for, otherwiſe than by ſaying it was done to give the contraſt we are ſpeaking of: but this will juſtify it ſufficiently.

Nor

Nor is this contraſt only neceſſary in every particular picture, but if ſeveral are made to hang in one room, they ought to contraſt one another. This Titian conſidered, when he was making ſeveral pictures for our King Henry VIII. as appears by a letter he wrote to that prince, which (amongſt others of Titian to the Emperor, and other great men) is to be found in a collection of letters printed at Venice, *an.* 1574. *lib.* ii. *p.* 403.

——*Et perche la Danae ch' iomandai gia a noſtra maeſtà, ſi uedeua tutta dalla parte dinanzi, ho uoluto in queſta altra Poeſia uariare, & farle moſtrare la contraria parte, accioche rieſca il camerino doue hanno da ſtare più gratioſo alla uiſta. Toſto le manderò la Poeſia di Perſeo, & Andromeda che haura un' altra uiſta differente da queſte, & coſi Medea, & Jaſone.*———

There is another ſort of contraſt, which I have often wondered painters have not more conſidered than we generally find, and that is, making ſome fat, and ſome lean people; ſuch a face and air as Mr. Lock's, or Sir Iſaac Newton's, would ſhine in the beſt compoſition that ever Rafaelle made, as to expreſs their characters would be a taſk worthy of that divine hand. In the cartons there is one or two figures ſomething corpulent; but I think, not one remarkably lean; I have a drawing which is aſcribed to Baccio Bandinelli, where this contraſt is, and has a fine effect.

Whatever are the predominant colours of the principal figure, the ſame in kind, whether ſtronger or not, muſt be diffuſed over the whole compoſition. This Rafaelle has obſerved remarkably in the carton of St. Paul preaching; his drapery is red, and green. Theſe you ſee ſcattered about in the picture with great advantage to the whole; for ſubordinate colours as well as ſubordinate lights ſerve to ſoften, and ſupport the principal ones, which otherwiſe would appear as ſpots, and conſequently be offenſive.

The

The maſters to be ſtudied for compoſition are Rafaelle, and Rubens, moſt eſpecially, though many others are worthy notice, and to be carefully conſidered; amongſt which V. Velde ought not to be forgotten.

DESIGN *or* DRAWING.

By theſe terms is ſometimes underſtood the expreſſing our thoughts upon paper, or whatever other flat ſuperficies; and that by reſemblances formed by a pen, crayon, chalk, or the like. But more commonly, the giving the juſt form, and dimenſion of viſible objects, according as they appear to the eye; if they are pretended to be deſcribed in their natural dimenſions; if not, but bigger, or leſſer, then drawing, or deſigning ſignifies only the giving thoſe things their true form, which implies an exact proportionable magnifying, or diminiſhing in every part alike.

And this comprehends alſo giving the true ſhapes, places, and even degrees of lights, ſhadows, and reflections, becauſe if theſe are not right, if the thing has not its due force or relief, the true form of what is pretended to be drawn, cannot be given. Theſe ſhew the outline all around, and in every part, as well as where the object is terminated on its back ground.

In a compoſition of ſeveral figures, or whatever other bodies, if the perſpective is not juſt the drawing of that compoſition is falſe. This therefore is alſo implied by this term. That the perſpective muſt be obſerved in the drawing of a ſingle figure cannot be doubted.

I know drawing is not commonly underſtood to comprehend the clair-obſcure, relief, and perſpective, but it does not follow however that what I advance is not right.

But

But if the outlines are only marked, this alſo is drawing, it is giving the true form of what is pretended to, that is, the outline.

The drawing in the latter, and moſt common ſenſe, beſides that it muſt be juſt, muſt be pronounced boldly, clearly, and without ambiguity: conſequently, neither the outlines, nor the forms of the lights, and ſhadows muſt be confuſed, and uncertain, or woolly (as painters call it) upon pretence of ſoftneſs; nor on the other hand may they be ſharp, hard, or dry; for either of theſe are extremes; nature lies between them.

As there are not two men in the world who at this inſtant, or at any other time, have exactly the ſame ſet of ideas; nor any one man that has the ſame ſet twice, or this moment, as he had the laſt: for thoughts obtrude themſelves, and paſs along in the mind continually as the rivers

Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train; MILTON.

So neither are there two men, nor two faces, no, not two eyes, foreheads, noſes, or any other features: nay farther, there are not two leaves, though of the ſame ſpecies, perfectly alike.

A deſigner therefore muſt conſider when he draws after nature, that his buſineſs is to deſcribe that very form, as diſtinguiſhed from every other form in the univerſe.

In order to give this juſt repreſentation of nature (for that is all we are now upon, as being all that drawing, in the preſent ſenſe, and ſimply conſidered implies, grace and greatneſs, is to be ſpoken to afterwards) I ſay in order to follow nature exactly, a man muſt be well acquainted with nature, and have a reaſonable knowledge of geometry, proportion (which muſt be varied according to the ſex, age, and quality of the perſon) anatomy, oſteology, and perſpective. I will add to theſe an acquaintance with the works of the beſt painters, and ſculptors, ancient and modern: for it is a certain maxim, no man ſees what things are, that knows not what they ought to be.

That this maxim is true, will appear by an academy figure drawn by one ignorant in the ſtructure, and knitting of the bones, and anatomy, compared with another who underſtands theſe thoroughly: or by comparing a portrait of the ſame perſon drawn by one unacquainted with the works of the beſt maſters, and another of the hand of one to whom thoſe excellent works are no ſtrangers: both ſee the ſame life, but with different eyes. The former ſees it as one unſkilled in muſic hears a conſert, or inſtrument, the other as a maſter in that ſcience: theſe hear equally, but not with like diſtinction of ſounds, and obſervation of the ſkill of the compoſer.

Michelangelo was the moſt learned, and correct deſigner of all the moderns, if Raſaelle were not his equal, or as ſome will have it, ſuperior. The Roman and Florentine ſchools have excelled all others in this fundamental part of Painting, and of the firſt Rafaelle, Giulio Romano, Polydore, Pierino del Vaga, &c. as Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, &c. have been the beſt of the Florentines. Of the Bologneſe, Annibale Caracci, and Dominchino, have been excellent deſigners.

When a painter intends to make a hiſtory (for example) the way commonly is to deſign the thing in his mind, to conſider what figures to bring in, and what they are to think, ſay, or do; and then to ſketch upon paper this idea of his; and not only the invention, but compoſition of his intended picture: this he may alter upon the ſame paper, or by making other ſketches, till he is pretty well determined as to that; (and this is that firſt ſenſe, in which I ſaid the term drawing, or deſigning was to be underſtood.) In the next place his buſineſs is to conſult the life, and to make drawings of particular figures, or parts of figures, or of what elſe he intends to bring into his work, as he finds neceſſary; together alſo with ſuch ornaments, or other things of his invention, as vaſes, frizes, trophies, &c. till he has brought his picture to ſome perfection on paper, either in theſe looſe ſtudies, or in one entire drawing, which has

has frequently been done, and ſometimes finiſhed very highly by them, either that their diſciples might be able from them to make a greater progreſs in the grand work, and ſo leave the leſs for the maſter himſelf to do; or becauſe they made advantage of ſuch drawings from the perſon who employed them, or ſome other; and perhaps ſometimes for their own pleaſure.

Of theſe drawings of all kinds thoſe great maſters (whoſe names, and memories are ſweet to all true lovers of the art) made very many; ſometimes ſeveral for the ſame thing, not only for the ſame picture, but for one figure, or part of a picture; and though too many are periſhed, and loſt, a conſiderable number have eſcaped and been preſerved to our times, ſome very well, others not, as it has happened: and theſe are exceedingly prized by all who underſtand, and can ſee their beauty; for they are the very ſpirit, and quinteſſence of the art; there we ſee the ſteps the maſter took, the materials with which he made his finiſhed Paintings, which are little other than copies of theſe, and frequently (at leaſt in part) by ſome other hand; but theſe are undoubtedly altogether his own, and true, and proper originals.

It muſt be confeſſed, in the Paintings you have the colours, and the laſt determination of the maſter, with the entire completion of the work. The thoughts, and finiſhings are in a great meaſure ſeen in the prints of ſuch works of which prints are made, nor is a drawing deſtitute of colouring abſolutely; on the contrary, one frequently ſees beautiful tints in the paper, waſhes, ink, and chalks of drawings; but what is wanting in ſome reſpects is abundantly recompenced in others, for in theſe works, the maſters not being embarraſſed with colours have had a full ſcope, and perfect liberty, which is a very conſiderable advantage, eſpecially to ſome of them. There is a ſpirit, and fire, a freedom, and delicacy in the drawings of Giulio Romano, Polydoro, Parmeggiano, Battiſta Franco, &c. which are not to be ſeen in their Paintings: a pen, or chalk will

perform what cannot be poſſibly done with a pencil; and a pencil with a thin liquid only what cannot be done when one has a variety of colours to manage, eſpecially in oil.

And there is this farther conſideration to endear thoſe drawings we have to us; no more can be had than what are now in being; no new ones can be made; the number of theſe muſt neceſſarily diminiſh by time, and accidents, but cannot be ſupplied; the world muſt be content with what it has: for though there are ingenious men endeavouring to tread in the ſteps of theſe prodigies of art, whoſe works we are ſpeaking of, there is yet no appearance that any will equal them, though I am in hopes that our own country does, or will produce thoſe that will come as near them as any other nation, I mean as to hiſtory Painting, for that we already excel all others in portraits is indiſputable.

The vaſt pleaſure I take in theſe great curioſities has carried me perhaps too far: I will only add, that the firſt ſketches not being intended to expreſs more than the general ideas, any incorrectneſs in the figures, or perſpective, or the like, are not to be eſteemed as faults; exactneſs was not in the idea; the ſketch, notwithſtanding ſuch ſeeming faults, may ſhew a noble thought, and be executed with a vaſt ſpirit, which was all pretended to, and which being performed it may be ſaid to be well drawn, although incorrect as to the other matters. But when correction is pretended to, (and this is always the caſe of a finiſhed drawing, or picture) then to have any defect in drawing (in this ſenſe of the term) is a fault.

COLOURING.

COLOURING.

COLOURS are to the eye what ſounds are to the ear, taſtes to the palate, or any other objects of our ſenſes are to thoſe ſenſes; and accordingly an eye that is delicate takes in proportionable pleaſure from beautiful ones, and is as much offended with their contraries. Good colouring therefore in a picture is of conſequence, not only as it is a truer repreſentation of nature, where every thing is beautiful in its kind, but as adminiſtering a conſiderable degree of pleaſure to the ſenſe.

The colouring of a picture muſt be varied according to the ſubject, the time, and place.

If the ſubject be grave, melancholy, or terrible, the general tint of the colouring muſt incline to brown, black, or red, and gloomy; but be gay, and pleaſant in ſubjects of joy, and triumph. This I will not enlarge upon here, having ſpoken to it already in the chapter of Expreſſion. Morning, noon, evening, night; ſun-ſhine, wet, or cloudy weather, influence the colours of things; and if the ſcene of the picture be a room, open air, or partly open, and partly incloſed, the colouring muſt be accordingly.

The diſtance alſo alters the colouring, becauſe of the medium of air through which every thing is ſeen, which being blue, the more remote any object is, the more it muſt partake of that colour, conſequently muſt have leſs force, or ſtrength; the ground therefore, or whatſoever is behind a figure (for example) muſt not be ſo ſtrong as that figure is, nor any of its parts which round off, as thoſe that come nearer the eye, and that not only for the reaſon already given, but becauſe moreover there will always be reflections ſtronger, or weaker, that will diminiſh the force of the ſhadows; which reflec-

tions

tions (by the way) muſt partake of the colours of thoſe things from whence they are produced.

Any of the ſeveral ſpecies of colours may be as beautiful in their kinds as the others, but one kind is more ſo than another, as having more variety, and conſiſting of colours more pleaſing in their own nature; in which, and the harmony, and agreement of one tint with another, the goodneſs of colouring conſiſts.

To ſhew the beauty of variety I will inſtance in a gelder-roſe, which is white; but having many leaves one under another, and lying hollow ſo as to be ſeen through in ſome places, which occaſions ſeveral tints of light and ſhadow; and together with theſe ſome of the leaves having a greeniſh tint, all together produce that variety which gives a beauty not to be found in this paper, though it is white, nor in the inſide of an egg-ſhell though whiter, nor in any other white object that has not that variety.

And this is the caſe, though this flower be ſeen in a room in gloomy, or wet weather; but let it be expoſed to the open air when the ſky is ſerene, the blue that thoſe leaves, or parts of leaves that lie open to it will receive, together with the reflections that then will alſo happen to ſtrike upon it, will give a great addition to its beauty: but let the ſunbeams touch upon its leaves where they can reach with their fine yellowiſh tint, the other retaining their ſky-blue, together with the ſhadows, and briſk reflections it will then receive, and then you will ſee what a perfection of beauty it will have, not only becauſe the colours are more pleaſant in themſelves, but there is greater variety.

A ſky entirely blue would have leſs beauty than it has being always varied towards the horizon, and by the ſunbeams whether riſing, ſetting, or in its progreſs; but neither has it that beauty as when more varied with clouds tinged with yellow, white, purple, &c.

A piece of ſilk, or cloth hung, or laid flat, has not the beauty, though the colour of it be pleaſing, as when flung into folds; nay, a piece

a piece of ſilk that has little beauty in itſelf, ſhall be much improved only by being pinked, watered, or quilted; the reaſon is, in theſe caſes there ariſes a variety produced by lights, ſhades, and reflections.

There are, as I ſaid, certain colours leſs agreeable than others, as a brick-wall for example, yet when the ſun ſtrikes upon one part of it, and the ſky tinges another part of it, and ſhadows and reflections the reſt, this variety ſhall give even that a degree of beauty.

Perfect black, and white are diſagreeable; for which reaſon a painter ſhould break thoſe extremes of colours, that there may be a warmth; and melloneſs in his work: let him (in fleſh eſpecially) remember to avoid the chalk, the brick, and the charcoal, and think of a pearl, and a ripe peach.

But it is not enough that the colours in themſelves are beautiful ſingly, and that there be variety, they muſt be ſet by one another, ſo as to be mutually aſſiſtant to each other; and this not only in the object painted, but in the ground, and whatſoever comes into the compoſition; ſo as that every part, and the whole together may have a pleaſing effect to the eye; ſuch a harmony to it as a good piece of muſic has to the ear; but for which no certain rules can be given no more than for that: except in ſome few general caſes, which are very obvious, and need not therefore be mentioned here.

The beſt that can be done, is to adviſe one that would know the beauty of colouring, to obſerve nature, and how the beſt colouriſts have imitated her.

What a lightneſs, thinneſs, and tranſparency; what a warmth, cleanneſs, and delicacy is to be ſeen in life, and in good pictures!

He that would be a good colouriſt himſelf muſt moreover practiſe much after, and for a conſiderable time accuſtom himſelf to ſee well-coloured pictures only; but even this will be in vain unleſs he has a good eye in the ſenſe, as one is ſaid to have a good ear for muſic;

muſic; he muſt not only ſee well, but have a particular delicacy with relation to the beauty of colours, and the infinite variety of tints.

The Venetian, Lombard, and Flemiſh ſchools have excelled in colouring; the Florentine, and Roman in deſign; the Bologneſe maſters in both; but not to the degree generally as either of the other. Correggio, Titian, Paolo Veroneſe, Rubens, and Van Dyck, have been admirable colouriſts; the latter in his beſt things has followed common nature extremely cloſe.

Rafaelle's colouring, eſpecially in his ſhadows, is blackiſh: this was occaſioned by the uſe of a ſort of printer's black, and which has changed its tint, though it was warm, and glowing at firſt, upon which account he was fond of it, though he was adviſed what would be the conſequence. However by the vaſt progreſs he made in colouring after he applyed himſelf to it, it is judged he would in this part of Painting alſo have excelled, as in the others: here would have been a double prodigy! ſince no one man has ever poſſeſſed even colouring, and deſigning to that, or any very conſiderable degree.

Though the cartons are ſome of the laſt of his works, it muſt be confeſſed the colouring of them is not equal to the drawing; but at the ſame time neither can it be denied but that he that painted thoſe could colour well, and would have coloured better. It muſt be conſidered they were made for patterns for tapeſtry, and painted, not in oil, but in diſtemper, and beſides are very near two hundred years old: if therefore one ſees not the warmth, and mellowneſs, and delicacy of colouring which is to be found in Correggio, Titian, or Rubens, it may fairly be imputed in a great meaſure to theſe cauſes. A judicious painter has other conſiderations relating to the colouring when he makes patterns for tapeſtry to be heightened with gold, and ſilver, than when he paints a picture without any ſuch view; nor can a ſort of dryneſs, and harſhneſs be avoided in diſtemper, upon paper: time moreover has apparently changed

ſome

ſome of the colours. In a word, the tout-enſemble of the colours is agreeable, and noble; and the parts of it are in general extremely, but not ſuperlatively good.

I will only add one obſervation here concerning the colours of the draperies of the apoſtles, which are always the ſame in all the cartons, only St. Peter, when he is a fiſherman, has not his large apoſtolical drapery on. This apoſtle, when dreſſed, wears a yellow drapery over his blue coat; St. John a red one over a green; ſo does St. Paul, which is alſo the ſame that he wears in the famous St. Cecilia, which was painted near ten years before.

HANDLING.

BY this term is underſtood the manner in which the colours are left by the pencil upon the picture; as the manner of uſing the pen, chalk, or pencil in a drawing is the handling of that drawing.

This, conſidered in itſelf abſtractedly, is only a piece of mechanics, and is well, or ill, as it is performed with a curious, expert, or heavy, clumſey hand; and that whether it is ſmooth, or rough, or however it is done; for all the manners of working the pencil may be well, or ill in their kind; and a fine light hand is ſeen as much in a rough, as in a ſmooth manner.

I confeſs I love to ſee a freedom and delicacy of hand in Painting as in any other piece of work; it has its merit. Though to ſay a picture is juſtly imagined, well diſpoſed, truly drawn, is great, has grace, or the other good qualities of a picture; and withal that it is finely handled, is as if one ſhould ſay a man is virtuous, wiſe, good-natured, valiant, or the like, and is alſo handſome.

But the handling may be ſuch as to be not only good abſtractedly conſidered, but as being proper, and adding a real advantage to

the picture: and then to ſay a picture has ſuch, and ſuch good properties, and is alſo well handled (in that ſenſe) is as to ſay a man is wiſe, virtuous, and the like, and is alſo handſome, and perfectly well-bred.

Generally, if the character of the picture is greatneſs, terrible, or ſavage, as battles, robberies, witchcrafts, apparitions, or even the portraits of men of ſuch characters there ought to be employed a rough, bold pencil; and contrarily, if the character is grace, beauty, love, innocence, &c. a ſofter pencil, and more finiſhing is proper.

It is no objection againſt a ſketch if it be left unfiniſhed, and with bold rough touches, though it be little, and to be ſeen near, and whatſoever its character be; for thus it anſwers its end, and the painter would after that be imprudent to ſpend more time upon it. But generally ſmall pictures ſhould be well wrought.

Jewels, gold, ſilver, and whatſoever has ſmart brightneſs require bold, rough touches of the pencil in the heightenings.

The pencil ſhould be left pretty much in linen, ſilks, and whatſoever has a gloſſineſs.

All large pictures, and whatſoever is ſeen at a great diſtance ſhould be rough; for beſides that it would be loſs of time to a painter to finiſh ſuch things highly, ſince diſtance would hide all that pains; thoſe bold roughneſſes give the work a greater force, and keep the tints diſtinct.

The more remote any thing is ſupoſed to be, the leſs finiſhing it ought to have. I have ſeen a fringe to a curtain in the back-ground of a picture, which, perhaps, was half a day in painting, but might have been better done in a minute.

There is often a ſpirit, and beauty in a quick, or perhaps an accidental management of the chalk, pen, pencil, or bruſh in a drawing, or painting, which it is impoſſible to preſerve if it be more finiſhed; at leaſt it is great odds but it will be loſt: it is better therefore to incur

incur the cenſure of the injudicious, than to hazard the loſing ſuch advantages to the picture. Appelles comparing himſelf with Protogenes ſaid, perhaps he is equal, if not ſuperior to me in ſome things, but I am ſure I excel him in this: I know when to have done.

Fleſh in pictures, to be ſeen at a common diſtance, and eſpecially portraits ſhould (generally ſpeaking) be well wrought up, and then touched upon every where in the principal lights, and ſhadows, and to pronounce the features; and this more, or leſs, according to the ſex, age, or character of the perſon, avoiding narrow, or long continued ſtrokes, as in the eye-lids, mouth, &c. and too many ſharp ones: this being done by a light hand, judiciouſly, gives a ſpirit, and retains the ſoftneſs of fleſh.

In ſhort, the painter ſhould conſider what manner of handling will beſt conduce to the end he propoſes, the imitation of nature, or the expreſſing thoſe raiſed ideas he has conceived of poſſible perfection in nature, and that he ought to turn his pencil to; always remembering, that what is ſooneſt done is beſt, if it is equally good upon all other accounts.

There are two miſtakes very common; one is, becauſe a great many good pictures are very rough painted, people fancy that is a good picture that is ſo. There is bold Painting, but there is alſo impudent Painting. Others on the contrary, judge of a picture not by their eyes, but by their fingers ends, they feel if it be good. Thoſe appear to know little of the true beauties of the art, that thus fix upon the leaſt conſiderable circumſtance of it as if it were all, or the principal thing to be conſidered.

The cartons, as they are properly no other than coloured drawings, are handled accordingly, and extremely well. The fleſh is generally pretty much finiſhed, and then finely touched upon. There is much hatching with the point of a large pencil upon a prepared ground. The hair is made with ſuch a pencil for the moſt part.

Leonardo da Vinci had a wondrous delicacy of hand in finiſhing highly, but Giorgion, and Correggio have eſpecially been famous for a fine, that is, a light, eaſy, and delicate pencil. You ſee a free, bold handling in the works of Titian, Paolo Veroneſe, Tintoretto, Rubens, the Borgognone, Salvator Roſa, &c. the Malteſe had a very particular manner, he painted chiefly Turkey-worked carpets, and left the pencil as rough as the carpet itſelf, and admirably well in its kind. But perhaps no man ever managed a pencil in all the ſeveral manners better than Van Dyck.

Of GRACE *and* GREATNESS.

THERE is ſome degree of merit in a picture where nature is exactly copied, though in a low ſubject; ſuch as drolls, country-wakes, flowers, landſcapes, &c. and more in proportion as the ſubject riſes, or the end of the picture is this exact repreſentation. Herein the Dutch, and Flemiſh maſters have been equal to the Italians, if not ſuperior to them in general. What gives the Italians, and their maſters the ancients the preference, is, that they have not ſervilely followed common nature, but raiſed, and improved, or at leaſt have always made the beſt choice of it. This gives a dignity to a low ſubject, and is the reaſon of the eſteem we have for the landſcapes of Salvator Roſa, Filippo Laura, Claude Lorrain, the Pouſſins; the fruit of the two Michelangelo's, the Battaglia, and Campadoglio; and this, when the ſubject itſelf is noble, is the perfection of Painting: as in the beſt portraits of Van Dyck, Rubens, Titian, Rafaelle, &c. and the hiſtorics of the beſt Italian maſters; chiefly thoſe of Rafaelle; he is the great model of perfection! all the painters being ranked in three ſeveral claſſes according to the degrees of their merit, he muſt be allowed to poſſeſs the firſt alone.

Common

Common nature is no more fit for a picture than plain narration is for a poem: a painter muſt raiſe his ideas beyond what he ſees, and form a model of perfection in his own mind which is not to be found in reality; but yet ſuch a one as is probable, and rational. Particularly with reſpect to mankind, he muſt as it were raiſe the whole ſpecies, and give them all imaginable beauty, and grace, dignity, and perfection; every ſeveral character, whether it be good, or bad, amiable, or deteſtable, muſt be ſtronger, and more perfect.

At court, and elſewhere amongſt people of condition, one ſees another ſort of beings than in the country, or the remote, and inferior parts of the town; and amongſt theſe there are ſome few that plainly diſtinguiſh themſelves by their noble, and graceful airs, and manner of acting. There is an eaſy gradation in all nature; the moſt ſtupid of animals are little more than vegetables, the moſt ſagacious, and cunning are hardly inferior to the loweſt order of men, as the wiſeſt, and moſt virtuous of theſe are little below the angels. One may conceive an order ſuperior to what can any where be found on our globe; a kind of new world may be formed in the imagination, conſiſting as this, of people of all degrees, and characters, only heightened, and improved: a beautiful genteel woman muſt have her defects overlooked, and what is wanting to complete her character ſupplied: a brave man, and one honeſtly, and wiſely purſuing his own intereſt, in conjunction with that of his country, muſt be imagined more brave, more wiſe, more exactly, and inflexibly honeſt than any we know, or can hope to ſee: a villain muſt be conceived to have ſomething more diabolical than is to be found even amongſt us; a gentleman muſt be more ſo, and a peaſant have more of the gentleman, and ſo of the reſt. With ſuch as theſe an artiſt muſt people his pictures.

Thus the ancients have done; notwithſtanding the great, and exalted ideas we may have of the people of thoſe times from their hiſtories (which probably are improved by the hiſtorians uſing the ſame

ſame management in their writings as I am recommending to the painters: it was the poets proper buſineſs ſo to do) one can hardly believe them to be altogether ſuch as we ſee in the antique ſtatues, bas-reliefs, medals, and intaglios. And thus the beſt modern painters, and ſculptors have done. Michelangelo no where ſaw ſuch living figures as he cut in ſtone; and Rafaelle thus writes to his friend the Count *Baldaſſar Caſtiglione*, *Ma eſſendo careſtia e de i buoni giudicii, et di belle donne, io mi ſervo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente.* The letter is in Bellori's deſcription of the pictures in the Vatican, and in the collection of letters I have cited heretofore.

When a man enters into that awful gallery at Hampton-Court, he finds himſelf amongſt a ſort of people ſuperior to what he has ever ſeen, and very probably to what thoſe really were. Indeed this is the principal excellence of thoſe wonderful pictures, as it muſt be allowed to be that part of Painting, which is preferable to all others.

What a grace, and majeſty is ſeen in the great apoſtle of the gentiles, in all his actions, preaching, rending his garments, denouncing vengeance upon the ſorcerer! what a dignity is in the other apoſtles wherever they appear, particularly the prince of them in the carton of the death of Ananias! how infinitely, and divinely great, and genteel is the Chriſt in the boat! but theſe are exalted characters which have a delicacy in them as much beyond what any of the gods, demi-gods, or heroes of the ancient heathens can admit of, as the chriſtian religion excels the ancient ſuperſtition. The proconſul Sergius Paulus has a greatneſs, and grace ſuperior to his character, and equal to what one can ſuppoſe Cæſar, Auguſtus, Trajan, or the greateſt among the Romans to have had. The common people are like gentlemen; even the fiſhermen, the beggars, have ſomething in them much above what we ſee in thoſe orders of men.

And

And the ſcenes are anſwerable to the actors; not even the beautiful gate of the temple, nor any part of the firſt temple, nor probably any building in the world had that beauty, and magnificence as appears in what we ſee in the carton of healing the cripple. Athens, and Lyſtra appear in theſe cartons to be beyond what we can ſuppoſe they were when Greece was in its utmoſt glory: even the place where the apoſtles were aſſembled (in the carton of Ananias) is no common room; and though the ſteps, and rails which were made on purpoſe for them for the exerciſe of their new function have ſomething expreſſive of the poverty, and ſimplicity of the infant church, the curtain behind, which alſo is part of the apoſtolical equipage, gives a dignity even to that.

It is true there are ſome characters which are not to be improved, as there are others impoſſible to be perfectly conceived, much leſs expreſſed. The idea of God no created being can comprehend, the divine mind only can, and it is the brighteſt there. And infinitely bright! and would be judged to be ſo even by us, though the difficulties ariſing from the conſideration of the moral, and natural evil which is in the world were not to be ſolved by the common expedients. I will only venture to ſay with reſpect to the latter, that this is ſo far from being an objection to the infinite goodneſs of God, that God could not have been infinitely good if he had not produced an order of beings, in which there was ſuch a mixture of natural evils as to be juſt preponderated by the enjoyments, ſo as upon the foot of the account to render being elligible, for without this, one inſtance of goodneſs had been omitted.

No ſtatue, or picture; no words can reach this character. The Coloſſean ſtatue of Phidias, the pictures of Rafaelle, are but faint ſhadows of this infinite, and incomprehenſible Being. The Thunderer, the Beſt, and Greateſt: the Father of Gods and Men, of Homer; the Elohim, the Jehovah, the I Am that I Am of Moſes; the Lord of Hoſts of the Prophets: nay the God and Father of our

Lord

Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Alpha and Omega, the All in All of the new teſtament: theſe give us not an adequate idea of him; though that comes neareſt where not terror, and fury, but majeſty, power, wiſdom and goodneſs, is beſt expreſſed.

May thy idea ever dwell with me,
From Reaſon, not from prejudice derived.
Enlarged, improved, and brightened more and more,
As oriental day, ſerene, and ſweet,
When ſpring, and ſummer for the prize contend:
The richeſt cordial for the heart! a light
Diſcovering errors infinite labyrinths!
The ornament, and treaſure of the ſoul!
Imperfect as it is.——— ———

A God incarnate, and Saviour of mankind by obedience and ſuffering; a crucified God riſen from the dead: theſe are characters that have ſomething ſo ſublime in them, that we muſt be contented to own, our beloved Rafaelle has failed here, more eſpecially in ſome inſtances; I do not mean in the carton of giving the keys, for that I verily believe has received ſome injury, and is not now like what Rafaelle made it. That incomparable hand that painted the hiſtory of Cupid and Pſyche, in the palace of Chigi at Rome, has carried the fictitious deities of the heathens as high as poſſible, but not beyond what ſhould be conceived of them; as Michelangelo Buonaroti (particularly in two or three drawings I have of him) has made devils not ſuch as low geniuſes repreſent them, but like thoſe of Milton;

——— ——— His face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: Cruel his eye.———

But

But the proper idea of a devil has ſuch an exceſs of evil in it as cannot be exaggerated; in all ſuch caſes it is ſufficient if all be done that can be done. The painter muſt ſhew what he aims at, he muſt give him that ſees the picture all the aſſiſtance he can, and then leave him to ſupply the reſt in his own imagination.

There are other characters which though inferior to theſe are ſo noble, that he muſt be a happy man who can conceive them juſtly, but more ſo if he can expreſs them: ſuch are thoſe of Moſes, Homer, Xenophon, Alcibiades, Scipio, Cicero, Rafaelle, &c. If we ſee theſe pretended to be given in picture, we expect to ſee them

——————— Comely, and in act
Raiſed, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renowned
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flouriſhed, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſſed
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience e'er the tongue.

MILTON.

We expect all that greatneſs, and grace I have been recommending; all is neceſſary here in order to ſatisfy us that the hiſtory is truly related: as the pleaſure we take in having our minds filled with fine and extraordinary ideas is a ſufficient reaſon for raiſing all the more inferior characters. Life would be an inſipid thing indeed if we never ſaw or had ideas of any thing but what we commonly ſee; a company doing what is of no conſequence but to themſelves in their own little affairs; and to ſee ſuch in picture can give no great pleaſure to any that have a true, and refined taſte.

A hiſtory painter muſt deſcribe all the various characters, real, or imaginary; and that in all their ſituations, pleaſed, grieved, angry, hoping, fearing, &c. A face-painter has to do with all the real characters, except only ſome few of the meaneſt, and the moſt ſub-

 lime,

lime, but not with that variety of ſentiments as the other. The whole buſineſs of his life is to deſcribe the golden age, when

——— ——— *Univerſal* Pan
Knit with the graces, and the hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring.

Every one of his people muſt appear pleaſed, and in good humour, but varied ſuitably to the raiſed character of the perſon drawn; whether this tranquility and delight be ſuppoſed to ariſe from the ſight of a friend, a reflection upon a ſcheme well laid, a battle gained, ſucceſs in love, a conſciouſneſs of one's own worth, beauty, wit, agreeable news, truth diſcovered, or from whatever other cauſe. If a devil were to have his portrait made, he muſt be drawn as abſtracted from his own evil, and ſtupidly good; (to uſe Milton's words once again.)

If ſome grave characters require an air of thoughtfulneſs, as if engaged in a diligent ſearch after truth, or in ſome important project, they muſt however not appear diſpleaſed, unleſs in ſome rare inſtances, as Van Dyck has put ſomething of ſorrow in one picture of his unfortunate patron King Charles I. (I mean that at Hampton-court) which I believe was done when he was entering into his troubles, and which is therefore in that reſpect hiſtorical. In general, the painting room muſt be like Eden before the fall, like Arcadia, the joyleſs, turbulent paſſions muſt not enter there.

Thus to raiſe the character: to diveſt an unbred perſon of his ruſticity, and give him ſomething at leaſt of a gentleman. To make one of a moderate ſhare of good ſenſe appear to have a competency, a wiſe man to be more wiſe, and a brave man to be more ſo, a modeſt, diſcreet woman to have an air ſomething angelical, and ſo of the reſt; and then to add that joy, or peace of mind at leaſt, and in ſuch a manner as is ſuitable to the ſeveral characters, is abſolutely

lutely neceſſary to a good face-painter: but it is the moſt difficult part of his art, and the laſt attained; perhaps it is never ſo much as thought of by ſome: all that they aim at is to make ſuch a likeneſs of the face as ſhall be known immediately, and that it be young, fair, and handſome; and frequently thoſe for whom the pictures are made expect no more; whether the characters of wiſdom, or folly be impreſſed upon them it matters not. Accordingly we ſee portraits which are perfect burleſques upon the minds of the perſons drawn; a wiſe man ſhall appear with the air of a fop; a man of ſpirit, and wit, like a ſmart, or a pretty fellow; a modeſt ingenious man like a beau, a virtuous lady as a mere coquet.

The late Duke of Buckingham when he heard a lady commended for her goodneſs, ſwore ſhe was ugly; becauſe beauty being a woman's top-character, he concluded that would have been inſiſted on if there was any ground for it. A painter ſhould obſerve, and pronounce ſtrongly the brighteſt part of the character of him he draws. To give an air of youth, and gaiety to the portrait of one who is entitled to nothing higher is well enough; but to overlook a noble and ſublime character, and ſubſtitute this in the place of it is deteſtable. The only ſuppoſing a man capable of being pleaſed with ſuch a piece of falſe flattery, is a lampoon upon his underſtanding.

Nor is the beauty of the face, and perſon, whether as to the age, features, ſhape, or colour to be unregarded, or (where it can be done) unimproved: indeed ſomething of this will naturally fall in when the mind is expreſſed, which cannot be done to advantage without giving ſome to the body.

But the face-painter is under a greater conſtraint in both reſpects than he that paints hiſtory; the additional grace, and greatneſs he is to give, above what is to be found in the life, muſt not be thrown in too profuſely, the reſemblance muſt be preſerved, and appear with vigour; the picture muſt have both. Then it may be

 ſaid,

ſaid, that the gentleman, or lady makes a fine, or a handſome picture: but the likeneſs not being regarded it is not they, but the painter that makes it; nor is there any great difficulty in making ſuch fine pictures.

I was lately obſerving with a great deal of pleaſure how the ancients had ſucceeded in the three ſeveral ways of managing portraits: I happened to have then before me (amongſt others) ſeveral medals of the Emperor Maximinus, who was particularly remarkable for a long chin: one medal of him had that, but that the artiſt might be ſure of a likeneſs he had exaggerated it: another had a mind to flatter, and he had pared off about half of it: but theſe as they wanted the juſt reſemblance, ſo there was a poverty in them; they were deſtitute of that life, and ſpirit which the other had, where nature ſeems to have been more cloſely followed. In making portraits we muſt keep nature in view; if we launch out into the deep we are loſt. Even a copy after a picture from the life, though done by the ſame hand, ſhall want ſomething which the original has; for here is one remove from nature, a copy from this copy ſhall ſtill be worſe: and ſo on.

What it is that gives the grace and greatneſs I am treating of, whether in hiſtory or portraits, is hard to ſay. The following rules may however be of ſome uſe on this occaſion.

The airs of the heads muſt eſpecially be regarded. This is commonly the firſt thing taken notice of when one comes into company, or into any public aſſembly, or at the firſt ſight of any particular perſon; and this firſt ſtrikes the eye, and affects the mind when we ſee a picture, a drawing, &c.

The ſame regard muſt be had to every action, and motion. The figures muſt not only do what is proper, and in the moſt commodious manner, but as people of the beſt ſenſe, and breeding (their character being conſidered) would, or ſhould perform ſuch actions. The painter's people muſt be good actors; they muſt have learned

to

to uſe a human body well; they muſt ſit, walk, lie, ſalute, do every thing with grace. There muſt be no awkward, ſheepiſh, or affected behaviour, no ſtrutting, or ſilly pretence to greatneſs; no bombaſt in action: nor muſt there be any ridiculous contorſions of the body, nor even ſuch appearances, or fore-ſhortnings as are diſpleaſing to the eye, though the ſame attitude in another view might be perfectly good.

Not that it is poſſible that every part of a picture, or even of a ſingle figure can be equally well diſpoſed; ſomething may not be as one might wiſh it; yet in the main it may be better than if it were otherwiſe; more may be loſt than gained by the alteration; it is here as it is in life; we are frequently uneaſy under certain circumſtances, but thoſe being removed, we wiſh ourſelves as we were before; the preſent grievance ſtrikes ſtrongly on our minds, we either do not ſee, or are not ſo lively affected with the conſequences of a change.

The contours muſt be large, ſquare, and boldly pronounced to produce greatneſs; and delicate, and finely waved, and contraſted to be gracious. There is a beauty in a line, in the ſhape of a finger, or toe, even in that of a reed, or leaf, or the moſt inconſiderable things in nature: I have drawings of Giulio Romano of ſomething of this kind; his inſects, and vegetables are natural, but as much above thoſe of other painters as his men are: there is that in theſe things which common eyes ſee not, but which the great maſters know how to give, and they only.

The draperies muſt have broad maſſes of light, and ſhadow, and noble large folds to give a greatneſs; and theſe artfully ſubdivided, add graces. As in that admirable figure of St. Paul preaching, of which I have already ſpoken, the drapery would have had a greatneſs, if that whole broad light had been kept, and that part which is flung over his ſhoulder, and hangs down his back had been omitted; but that adds alſo a grace. Not only the large folds, and maſſes

maſſes muſt be obſerved, but the ſhapes of them, or they may be great, but not beautiful.

The linen muſt be clean, and fine; the ſilks, and ſtuffs new; and the beſt of the kind.

Lace, embroidery, gold, and jewels, muſt be ſparingly employed. Nor are flowered ſilks ſo much uſed by the beſt maſters as plain; nor theſe ſo much as ſtuffs, or fine cloth; and that not to ſave themſelves trouble, of which at the ſame time they have been profuſe enough. In the cartons Rafaelle has ſometimes made ſilks, and ſome of his draperies are ſcollopped, ſome a little ſtriped, ſome edged with a kind of gold lace, but generally they are plain.—Thongh he ſeems to have taken more pains than needed in the landſcapes, as he has alſo in thoſe badges of ſpiritual dignity on the heads of Chriſt, and the apoſtles: but theſe, as all other enſigns of grandeur, and diſtinction, as they have been wiſely invented to procure reſpect, awe, and veneration, give a greatneſs, as well as beauty to a picture.

It is of importance to a painter, to conſider well the manner of cloathing his people. Mankind have ſhewn an infinite variety of fancy in this, and for the moſt part have diſguiſed, rather than adorned human bodies. But the trueſt taſte in this matter the ancient Greeks, and Romans ſeem to have had; at leaſt the great ideas we have of thoſe brave people prejudice us in favour of whatever is theirs, ſo that it ſhall appear to us to be graceful, and noble: upon either of which accounts, whether of a real, or imagined excellence, that manner of cloathing is to be choſen by a painter when the nature of his ſubject will admit of it. Poſſibly improvements may be made, and ſhould be endeavoured, provided one keeps this antique taſte in view, ſo as to preſerve the benefit of prejudice juſt now ſpoken of. And this very thing Rafaelle has done with great ſucceſs, particularly in the cartons. Thoſe that have followed the habits of their own times, or gone off from the antique, have ſuffered by it;

as

as Andrea del Sarto (who firſt led the way) and moſt of thoſe of the Venetian ſchool have done.

But howſoever a figure is clad, this general rule is to be obſerved, that neither muſt the naked be loſt in the drapery, nor too conſpicuous; as in many of the ſtatues, and bas-reliefs of the ancients, and (which by the way) they were forced to, becauſe to have done otherwiſe would not have had a good effect in ſtone. The naked in a cloathed figure is as the anatomy in a naked figure; it ſhould be ſhewn, but not with affectation.

Portrait painters ſeeing the diſadvantage they were under in following the dreſs commonly worn, have invented one peculiar to pictures in their own way, which is a compoſition partly that, and partly ſomething purely arbitrary.

Such is the ordinary habit of the ladies, that how becoming ſoever they may be fancied to be as being worn by them, or what we are accuſtomed to, or upon whatever other account, it is agreed on all hands that in a picture they have but an ill air; and accordingly are rejected for what the painters have introduced in lieu of it, which is indeed handſome, and perhaps may be improved.

In the gentlemen's pictures the caſe is very different; it is not ſo eaſy to determine, as to their drapery.

What is to be ſaid for the common dreſs is, that

It gives a greater reſemblance; and

Is hiſtorical as to that article.

The arguments for the other are, that

They ſuit better with the ladies pictures, which (as has been obſerved) are univerſally thus dreſſed:

They are not ſo affected with the change of the faſhion as the common dreſs; and

Are handſomer; that is, have more grace, and greatneſs.

Let us ſee how the caſe will ſtand, this latter conſideration of handſomeneſs being for the preſent ſet aſide.

The

The firſt argument in favour of the arbitrary looſe dreſs ſeems to have no great weight; nor is there ſo much as is commonly thought in the ſecond; becauſe in thoſe pictures which have that kind of drapery, ſo much of the dreſs of the time is always, and muſt be retained, and that in the moſt obvious, and material parts, that they are influenced by the change of faſhion in a manner as much as thoſe in the habit commonly worn. For proof of this, I refer you to what was done when the great wigs, and ſpreading huge neck-cloths were in faſhion. So that here does not ſeem to be weight enough to balance againſt what is on the other ſide, even when the greateſt improvement as to the colour, or materials of the common dreſs is made, for ſtill there will be a ſufficient advantage upon account of reſemblance, and hiſtory to keep down the ſcale.

Let us now take in the argument of grace, and greatneſs, and ſee what effect that will have.

The way to determine now is, to fix upon the manner of following the common dreſs, whether it ſhall be with, or without improvement, and in what proportion: this being done, let that you have fixed upon be compared with the arbitrary, looſe dreſs in competition with it, and ſee if the latter has ſo much the advantage in grace and greatneſs as to over-balance what the other had when theſe were not taken in: if it has, this is to be choſen; if not, the common dreſs.

Thus I have put the matter into the beſt method I was able, in order to aſſiſt thoſe concerned to determine for themſelves, which they can beſt do, fancy having ſo great a part in the affair. And ſo much for this controverſy.

There is an artificial grace and greatneſs ariſing from the oppoſition of their contraries. As in the tent of Darius by Le Brun, the wife and daughters of that prince owe ſomething of their beauty, and majeſty to the hideous figures that are about them. But a greater man than he ſeems to have condeſcended to be beholden to this artifice in the banquet of the gods at the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche,

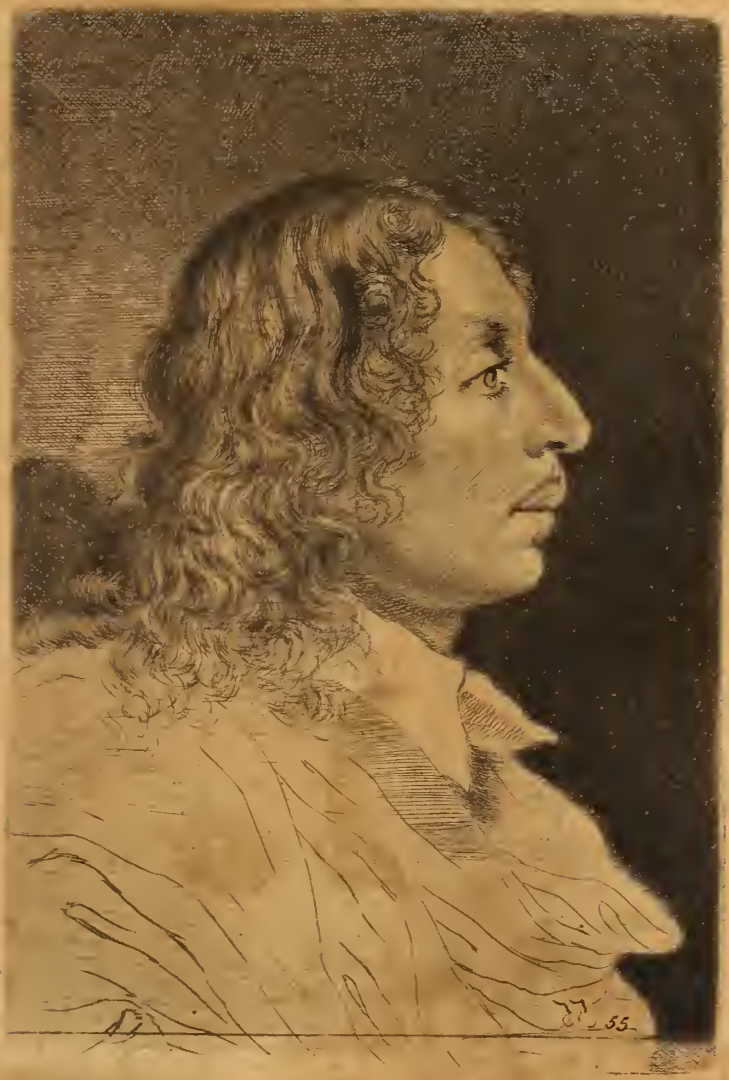
Pſyche, for Venus which comes in dancing is ſurrounded with foils, as the Hercules, the face of his lion's ſkin, Vulcan, Pan, and the maſk in the hand of the muſe next to her. Some ſubjects carry this advantage along with them; as the ſtory of Andromeda and the monſter; Galatea with the Tritons; and in all ſuch where the two contraries, the maſculine, and feminine beauties are oppoſed (as the figures of Hercules and Dejanira for inſtance) theſe mutually raiſe and ſtrengthen each other's characters. The holy family is alſo a very advantageous ſubject for the ſame reaſon. I need not enlarge here; the artifice is well known, and of great extent; it is practiſed by poets, hiſtorians, divines, &c. as well as painters.

What I have hitherto ſaid will be of little uſe to him who does not fill and ſupply his mind with noble images. A painter ſhould therefore read the beſt books, ſuch as Homer, Milton, Virgil, Spencer, Thucydides, Livy, Plutarch, &c. but chiefly the Holy Scripture; where is to be found an inexhauſtible ſpring, and the greateſt variety of the moſt ſublime thoughts, expreſſed in the nobleſt manner in the world. He ſhould alſo frequent the brighteſt company, and avoid the reſt: Rafaelle was perpetually converſant with the fineſt geniuſes, and the greateſt men at Rome; and ſuch as theſe were his intimate friends. Giulio Romano, Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, &c. to name no more, knew well how to ſet a value upon themſelves in this particular. But the works of the beſt maſters in Painting, and ſculpture ſhould be as a painter's daily bread, and will afford him dilicious nouriſhment.

Good God, what a noble ſpirit has human nature been honoured with! Look upon what the ancients have done; look into the gallery of Hampton-court; turn over a book of well-choſen drawings, then will it be found, that the Pſalmiſt was divinely inſpired when applying himſelf to his Creator he ſaid of man, thou haſt made him a little lower than the angels, thou haſt crowned him with glory, and honour!

If I had been ſhewn a picture of Rafaelle (ſaid Carlo Maratti to a friend of mine) and not having ever heard of him had been told it was the work of an angel, I ſhould have believed it. The ſame friend aſſured me he had ſeen an entire book, conſiſting of about two or three hundred drawings of heads which the ſame Carlo had made after that of the Antinous, and which he ſaid he had ſelected out of about ten times the number he had drawn after that one head; but confeſſed he had never been able to reach what he ſaw in his model. Such was the excellency of the ſculptor! and ſuch the diligence, perſeverance, and modeſty of Carlo!

The ancients poſſeſſed both the excellent qualities I have been treating of, amongſt whom Apelles is diſtinguiſhed for grace.—Rafaelle was the modern Apelles, not however without a prodigious degree of greatneſs. His ſtyle is not perfectly antique, but ſeems to be the effect of a fine genius accompliſhed by ſtudy in that excellent ſchool; it is not antique, but (may I dare to ſay it) it is better, and that by choice, and judgment. Giulio Romano had grace, and greatneſs, more upon the antique taſte, but not without a great mixture of what is peculiarly his own, and admirably good, but never to be imitated. Polydore in his beſt things was altogether antique. The old Florentine ſchool had a kind of greatneſs that, like Hercules in his cradle, promiſed wonders to come, and which was accompliſhed in a great meaſure by Leonardo da Vinci (who alſo had grace) but more fully and perfectly by Michelangelo Buonarota: his ſtyle is his own, not antique, but he had a ſort of greatneſs in the utmoſt degree, which ſometimes ran into the extreme of terrible; though in many inſtances he has a fine ſeaſoning of grace. I have a woman's head of him of a delicacy hardly inferior to Rafaelle, but retains the greatneſs which was his proper character. When Parmeggiano copied him, and flung in his own ſweetneſs, they together make a fine compoſition, of which I have ſeveral examples; I do not ſay however that they are preferable to what



what is entirely of Michelangelo, or even to what is entirely of Parmeggiano, eſpecially his beſt; but they are as if they were of another hand, or of a character between both: for Parmeggiano was infinitely ſweet! Grace ſhines in all he touched, and a greatneſs that ſupports it, ſo as one would not wiſh him other than he is; his ſtyle is entirely his own, not in the leaſt modern, nor very much upon the antique: what he did ſeems to flow from nature, and are the ideas of one in the golden age, or ſtate of innocence: I have a great many drawings of him, and but two or three where blood, or death is concerned, and in thoſe it is evident he did what his genius was not fit for. Baccio Bandinelli had a great ſtyle, and ſometimes not without grace. Correggio had grace not inferior to Parmeggiano, and rather more greatneſs; but different in both from him; and from the antique: what he had was alſo his own, and was chiefly employed on religious ſubjects, or what had nothing terrible in them. Titian, Tintoret, Paolo Veroneſe, and others of the Venetian ſchool have greatneſs, and grace, but it is not antique; however it is Italian. Annibale Caracci was rather great, than gentle; though he was that too; and Guido's character is grace.—Rubens was great, but raiſed upon a Flemiſh idea. Nicholas Pouſſin was truly great, and graceful, and juſtly ſtiled the French Rafaelle. Salvator Roſa's landſcapes are great, as thoſe of Claude Lorrain are delicate: ſuch is the ſtyle of Filippo Laura; that of the Borgognone is great. To conclude, Van Dyck had ſomething of both theſe good qualities, but not much, nor always; he generally kept to nature, choſen in its beſt moments, and ſomething raiſed, and improved; for which reaſon he is in that particular, and when he fell not lower, the beſt model for portrait-painting, unleſs we prefer a chimæra of the painter, to a true, or at moſt a civil repreſentation of ourſelves, or friends; and would have a cheat put upon poſterity, and our own, or friends reſemblance loſt, and forgotten for the ſake of it.

As in reaſoning a man ought not to reſt upon authorities, but to have recourſe to thoſe principles on which thoſe are, or ought to be founded, ſo to rely upon what others have done is to be always copying. A painter therefore ſhould have original ideas of grace, and greatneſs, taken from his own obſervation of nature, under the conduct, and aſſiſtance however of thoſe who with ſucceſs have trod the ſame path before him. What he ſees excellent in others he muſt not implicitly follow, but make his own by entering into the reaſon of the thing, as thoſe muſt have done who originally produced that excellence; for ſuch things happen not by chance.

The notions of mankind vary in relation to beauty, and in ſome particulars with reſpect to magnanimity: it may be worth a painter's while to obſerve what were thoſe the ancients had in theſe matters, and then to conſider whether they agree with the preſent taſte, and if they do not, whether they, or we are in the right, if it can be determined by reaſon; if it depends upon fancy only, then let him conſider whether the prejudices we are apt to have for the ancients will balance againſt the opinion of the preſent age. As to the draperies the ancients muſt be ſtudied with caution, as has been already noted.

Inſtead of making caricatures of people's faces (a fooliſh cuſtom of burleſquing them, too much uſed) painters ſhould take a face, and make an antique medal, or bas-relief of it, by diveſting it of its modern diſguiſes, raiſing the air, and the features, and giving it the dreſs of thoſe times, and ſuitable to the character intended. Our nation is allowed on all hands to furniſh as proper models as any other in the world, with reſpect to external grace and beauty: nor perhaps can ancient Greece or Rome boaſt of brighter characters than we: would to God we had not alſo as great inſtances of the contrary!

Laſtly, a painter's own mind ſhould have grace, and greatneſs; that ſhould be beautifully and nobly formed.

So

So much the rather, thou Cœleſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge, and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

MILTON.

And this partly becauſe when the mind enjoys tranquility and repoſe, when it is pleaſed and joyous, then is the ſeaſon for great, and beautiful ideas.

Not frighten'd, or aſham'd with retroſpect
To view the annals of a chequer'd life;
Nor with anxiety inquiſitive
What future times, in this, or other worlds
May poſſibly produce; reſign'd to fate,
Eternal reaſon, God's unerring will
Directing all, paſt, preſent, and to come.
——————— *In preſent things*
Enjoying all that is to be enjoy'd
(With unpolluted heart, and hands;) the reſt
With patience bearing 'till there comes a change:
For good in the barometer of life
Aſcends, and falls, nor ever fix'd remains:
But every ſeaſon has peculiar ſweets,
Or more, or leſs, which he who can extract,
And feed upon has learn'd the art to live.
Content, believing all that is is right,
The will of him who rules the univerſe;
Nor could have been prevented, or delay'd.
Neither in vain regretting what is paſt,
Nor with impatience wiſhing for a day
Hid in the womb of time. ———

I live

I live not on to-morrows : *airy food !*
To-day *is mine, but whoſe they are fate knows.*

Some people may fancy it is of uſe to them to depreciate, and be out of humour with every thing ; it is of none to painters : they ought to view all things in the beſt light, and to the greateſt advantage ; they ſhould do in life as I have been ſaying they muſt in their pictures ; not make caricatures, and burleſques ; not repreſent things worſe than they are ; not amuſe themſelves with drollery, and buffoonery, but raiſe, and improve what they can, and carry the reſt as high as poſſible.

Thee I behold, I hear thy praiſes ſung,
I find thy will fulfill'd perpetually ;
Rejoycing, and triumphing in my joy ;
Adoring, praiſing, loving, ſerving thee.
As when the patriarch in viſion ſaw
Cœleſtial inhabitants deſcend
From heaven by ſteps, and thitherward return
Started from ſleep, and ſuddenly cry'd out
This is the gate of heaven ; *I who ſee,*
Not dream I ſee, not angels, but thyſelf ;
And hear, not dream I hear thy praiſes ſung :
Who find thy will is here fulfill'd, and join
In adoration, joy, obedience, love,
Diſcover, and poſſeſs a heaven on earth.

And as a painter ought to have a ſweet, and happy turn of mind, that great, and lovely ideas may have a reception there ; theſe contribute to this happineſs : few other profeſſions have this advantage ; lawyers, phyſicians, and divines are forced to admit a great many ideas, which though cuſtom may render tolerable, can never be

be agreeable; and moreover have to do with people too often when they are out of humour: but as a painter is to have his head filled with the nobleſt thoughts of the deity, the braveſt actions of mankind in all ages, the fineſt, and moſt exalted ideas of human nature, and to obſerve all the beauties of the creation, this if he has a true pittoreſque taſte of pleaſure will contribute exceedingly to produce this happy ſtate of mind which is ſo neceſſary to him. How great a variety ſoever there may be in men's taſtes of pleaſure, and what unhappy mixtures ſoever they may make, this will be generally allowed to be delightful. And there is one particular which I will remark, becauſe I believe it is not commonly taken notice of; and this is the vaſt advantage the ſight has above the other ſenſes with reſpect to pleaſure. Thoſe receive it, but it is by ſtarts and flaſhes, with long inſipid intervals, and frequently worſe; but the pleaſures of the eye are like thoſe of Heaven, perpetual, and without ſatiety; and if offenſive objects appear we can reject them in an inſtant. It is true other men may ſee as well as a painter, but not with ſuch eyes; a man is taught to ſee as well as to dance, and the beauties of nature open themſelves to our ſight by little and little, after a long practice in the art of ſeeing. A judicious well inſtructed eye ſees a wonderful beauty in the ſhapes and colours of the commoneſt things, and what are comparatively inconſiderable; but the ſky alone is capable of giving a degree of pleaſure ſufficient to balance againſt a great many of the inconveniencies, and miſeries of life.

I am very ſenſible as all created beings in the univerſe ſeek pleaſure as their chiefeſt good, there is an infinite variety of taſtes with relation to it: every ſpecies has ſome peculiar to themſelves, and man is in this an epitome of the whole; there are certain claſſes amongſt them who can no more reliſh, or enjoy, the pleaſure of others than a fiſh can thoſe of a bird, or a tyger of a lamb: an enthuſiaſt that ſhuts himſelf up in a monaſtery does not forſake, but

purſue

purſue pleaſure as eagerly as a debauche, only both reject what the other calls pleaſure, but which themſelves (as their minds are conſtituted) cannot enjoy, for what themſelves can have, and reliſh.

I will not bolt this matter to the bran
As Bradwardine, and holy Auſtin can,

DRYDEN.

becauſe it is not my preſent buſineſs, which is only to obſerve, that though another man may poſſibly deſpiſe what I have been ſpeaking of as a delicious enjoyment, he that is incapable of this kind of pleaſure has not a mind truly turned for Painting.

But not only that the mind may be at liberty, and in the humour to apply itſelf to the fine ideas neceſſary to painters, they ſhould have grace, and greatneſs there in order to put thoſe properties into their works: for (as it has been obſerved by others before me, and muſt be true in the main from the nature of things) painters paint themſelves. A trifling ſpirit will naturally look about for, and fix upon ſomething comical, and foppiſh if it be to be found, and will imagine it if it be not; that to him, is what great, and beautiful is to another whoſe mind has a better turn. One will overlook, and debaſe a fine character, the other will raiſe a mean one. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thiſtles? Suppoſe one well acquainted with the ſeveral ſtyles of Rafaelle, and Michelangelo, but a ſtranger to their characters; and let him be told that one of theſe artiſts was a fine gentleman, good-natured, prudent, modeſt, a companion, and friend of the greateſt men, whether for quality, or wit, then in Rome, and a favourite of Leo X. the politeſt man in the world; and that the other was rough, bold, fierce, &c. that he, and Julius II. (the moſt impetuous ſpirit alive) mutually loved each other; I ſay let ſuch a one be told this, it would be impoſſible for him not to know which was the work of Rafaelle, and which

which of Michelangelo. One might make the ſame experiment upon others with the like ſucceſs.

That the Greeks have had a beauty, and majeſty in their ſculpture, and Painting beyond any other nation is agreed on all hands; the reaſon is they painted and carved themſelves. When you ſee, and admire what they have done remember Salamis, and Marathon, where they fought, and Thermopylæ where they devoted themſelves for the liberty of their country. Go, ſtranger, tell the Lacedemonians we lie here by their command was written on the graves of theſe latter. When at the theatre in a play of Æſchylus ſomething was ſaid which ſavoured of impiety the whole audience took fire, and roſe at once, crying out, let us deſtroy the reproacher of the gods: Amynias his brother immediately leaped upon the ſtage, and produced his ſhoulder from whence he had loſt his arm at the battle of Salamis; alledging alſo the merit of his other brother Cynægyrus, who at the ſame time bravely ſacrificed himſelf for his country. The people unanimouſly condemned Æſchylus, but gave his life to his brother Amynias. Theſe were Greeks! theſe were the people who ſhortly after carried Painting, and ſculpture to ſo great a height; it was ſuch men as thoſe who had that prodigious grace, and greatneſs in their works which we ſo juſtly admire. Other nations have had greater advantages than they, except in this, but magnanimity was their characteriſtic.

The ancient Romans fill the ſecond place; grace, and greatneſs is alſo in their works, for they were a brave people; but they confeſſed the ſuperiority of the other in condeſcending to be their imitators.

Longinus ſays the Iliad of Homer is the flowing, and the Odyſſes the ebbing of a great ocean. The ſame may be ſaid of the ancient and modern Italians.

O Rome! thou happy repoſitory of ſo many ſtupendous works of art which my longing eyes have never ſeen, nor ſhall ſee, thou wert

fated to be the miſtreſs of the world ! when (as in the natural courſe of ſublunary things it muſt happen) thou couldeſt no longer ſupport an empire raiſed, and maintained by arms, thou (upon a foundation improbable enough at firſt ſight, and without attentively conſidering the folly, credulity, and ſuperſtition of the bulk of mankind) haſt raiſed another, of a different nature indeed, but of vaſt extent, and power; and governed at eaſe, and without hazard. It is one of the moſt amazing inſtances of human policy that the world ever ſaw ! No wonder then that as ancient Rome, ſo modern Italy, has carried Painting to ſuch a height.

Whatever degeneracy may have crept in from cauſes which it is not my preſent buſineſs to enquire into, no nation under heaven ſo nearly reſembles the ancient Greeks, and Romans as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatneſs of taſte, a love of liberty, a ſimplicity, and honeſty amongſt us, which we inherit from our anceſtors, and which belong to us as Engliſhmen; and it is in theſe this reſemblance conſiſts. I could exhibit a long catalogue of ſoldiers, ſtateſmen, orators, mathematicians, philoſophers, &c. and all living in, or near our own times, which are proofs of what I advance, and conſequently do honour to our country, and to human nature. But as I confine myſelf to arts, and ſuch as have an affinity to Painting, and moreover avoid to mention on this occaſion the names of any now alive (though many of thoſe I have in view will immediately occur to the thoughts of every man) I will only inſtance in Inigo Jones for architecture, and Shakeſpear, and Milton, the one for dramatic, the other for epic poetry, and leave them to ſeat themſelves at the table of fame amongſt the moſt illuſtrious of the ancients.

A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an Engliſh painter. But as it is in nature where from the ſeed is firſt produced the blade, then the green ear, and laſtly the ripe corn, ſo national virtues ſprout up firſt in leſſer excellencies, and

and proceed by an eaſy gradation. Greece and Rome had not Painting and ſculpture in their perfection till after they had exerted their natural vigour in leſſer inſtances. I am no prophet, nor the ſon of a prophet; but conſidering the neceſſary connection of cauſes and events, and upon ſeeing ſome links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce (as exceeding probable) that if ever the ancient great, and beautiful taſte in Painting revives it will be in England: but not till Engliſh painters, conſcious of the dignity of their country, and of their profeſſion, reſolve to do honour to both by piety, virtue, magnanimity, benevolence, and induſtry; and a contempt of every thing that is really unworthy of them.

And now I cannot forbear wiſhing that ſome younger painter than myſelf, and one who has had greater, and more early advantages would exert himſelf, and practiſe the magnanimity I have been recommending, in this ſingle inſtance of attempting, and hoping only to equal the greateſt maſters of whatſoever age, or nation. What were they which we are not, or may not be? what helps had any of them which we have not? nay we have ſeveral which ſome of them were deſtitute of: I will only mention one; and that is a very conſiderable one, it is our religion, which has opened a new, and a noble ſcene of things; we have more juſt, and enlarged notions of the Deity, and more exalted ones of human nature than the ancients could poſſibly have: and as there are ſome fine characters peculiar to the chriſtian religion, it moreover affords ſome of the nobleſt ſubjects that ever were thought of for a picture.

To conclude. By having the mind filled with great and beautiful ſentiments; by converſing with the works of the beſt maſters; by ſtudying nature with this view, to raiſe, and improve it; and by being what others ſhould be made to appear in picture, a painter will not only attain to grace and greatneſs in his works, but will really ſee more of it in nature than another can; nay he will even diſcover thoſe properties where otherwiſe he would have ſeen only deformity, and poverty.

Of the SUBLIME.

HYPERIDES (according to Longinus) had no faults, and Demoſthenes many; yet whoever had once read Demoſthenes could never after taſte Hyperides; for Hyperides with all his virtues could never riſe above mediocrity, but Demoſthenes poſſeſſed ſome in a ſovereign degree. Whether this had been the judgment of Longinus or no, certain it is that to poſſeſs a thouſand good qualities moderately, will but ſecure one from blame, without giving any great pleaſure; whereas the ſublime wherever it is found, though in company with a thouſand imperfections, tranſports and captivates the ſoul; the mind is filled, and ſatisfied; nothing appears to be wanting, nothing appears amiſs, or if it does it is eaſily forgiven. What Milton ſays on another occaſion is applicable here,

——— ——— and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As uſed, or not works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire: ——— ———
——— ——— But here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
——— ——— Here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe,
Superior, and unmoved.

A painter therefore ſhould not content himſelf to avoid faults, and to do tolerably well; he ſhould not endeavour to pleaſe only, but to ſurprize. This is what the great men I have ſo often mentioned with delight (becauſe the mention of them has brought ſome of their works

works to my mind) have done, though none to that degree as Rafaelle. But there is not a more remarkable example of the force of this ſublime than that of Michelangelo, who having had it in drawing, and greatneſs, has been, and ever will be conſidered as a prodigy of art, notwithſtanding the notorious defects which ſhew themſelves together with theſe excellencies.

And here it will not be improper, nor unacceptable to the curious any where, to give an exact deſcription of the picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter painted by that great man, which though a very celebrated, and particular one has not been ſo deſcribed; nor is there any print after it. Giorgio Vaſari, and others mention, and applaud it: it is painted in the Capella Paulina at Rome, and takes up one ſide of that chapel, the ſtory of the Converſion of St. Paul is on the other; theſe are the laſt of Michelangelo's painting, who was then about ſeventy-five years old, and complained that painting in freſco then grew troubleſome to him. The Earl of Carnarvan has a copy of it, and (as I have good reaſon to believe) it is a very faithful one.

The heighth of the picture in proportion to its breadth is as fifteen is to nineteen, or thereabouts; the ſaint is about the middle between the two ſides; ſomething more to the right-hand; he is entirely naked, and with his head downwards is fixed to the croſs which they are about to erect, and which makes a line a little more raiſed than a diagonal: the figure goes away a little in perſpective, the head being ſomething nearer the eye than the feet; theſe are placed ſo near the croſs-beam to which the hands are nailed, that all the burthen muſt be borne by thoſe when put into its right poſition, and the body muſt be conſiderably bent; as it is it makes a fine ſweep (as the painters call it) it is in the form of a bow, the head is ſhaven as that of a Monk, and hangs not down, the ſaint raiſes it, and with ſome vigour and ſternneſs looks towards you; this doubtleſs in the original muſt be one of the fineſt figures in the world, as its

attitude

attitude is one of the moſt advantageous that Michelangelo could poſſibly have choſen to have given it grace, and to have ſhewn his profound ſkill in anatomy, and drawing.

Six figures are employed in raiſing the croſs; which together with one behind the furthermoſt, and another juſt under the croſs who reſts upon his knees and one elbow, with the other arm in the hole which he has dug as taking out the looſe earth (the digging inſtruments lie by him) theſe with the apoſtle compoſe the principal group.

The croſs has a conſiderable length below the head to be put into the ground.

It muſt be here obſerved, that the place where this is to be ſet into the earth is near the bottom of the picture, and almoſt exactly in the middle, upon a riſing ground, for on each ſide are ſteps cut out of the earth which go directly forward, ſo that they that would go to the place where the croſs is muſt turn to the right, or left, after they are up thoſe ſteps, and then come back. There are no buildings, and hardly any trees, a very few only on ſome diſtant hills, behind which others form the horizon, which is very high, ſo as to be above the heads of all the figures, ſome of which are however pretty near the top.

There are between fifty and threeſcore figures in the picture, all divided into ſeveral diſtinct groups, except three figures which are ſcattered betwixt the ſecond and third, which ſhall be preſently ſpoken of; of which groups that principal one already deſcribed is in the centre, the reſt encompaſs it.

I will begin with that which is in the corner of the picture on the left-hand; this conſiſts of ſoldiers chiefly, who are going up the ſteps there, the lowermoſt of which is little more than a half figure, as being cut off by the baſe line of the picture, there are ſeven of theſe. My Lord Somers has a drawing of this group, or the greateſt part of it.

The

The like number compoſe the next group, who are alſo ſoldiers and horſemen, except one on foot mixed with them. There are no bridles or ſtirrups.

Then follow the three ſcattered figures abovementioned.

In the third group are nine figures, amongſt which two ſeem to be prieſts. This group being placed directly behind the principal one firſt deſcribed, and being of equal ſtrength with it; both ſeem to make but one, though there is a conſiderable diſtance between them.

The fourth group ſtands higheſt in the picture, and is almoſt at the top of it on the right-hand; here are eight figures, who are coming from behind a riſing ground, which hides ſome part of moſt of their legs.

The next group is of men, and women. (There are but two, or three women in all the others already deſcribed.) This alſo has eight figures; they are coming down the ſteps on the right-ſide; as thoſe on the other are going up: the lowermoſt figure of theſe is an entire one, it is an old man with his arms folded; of which I have a drawing.

Laſtly, almoſt directly under the principal group is one conſiſting of four women, two of which turn back their heads to regard the ſaint, though their bodies are towards you; and in motion as if they intended to march round him, which ſeems to be the humour of moſt of the people here; that is, this, and both the groups at each end of the picture have this appearance. Theſe four women are little more than half figures appearing above the baſe line.

The principal group, and that other which ſeems to join to it, are (as has been noted) in the centre of the picture; the reſt ſeem to be put to fill up the void ſpaces: thus the heads of the four women juſt now ſpoken of are clapped in where there was room between, and under the feet of thoſe who are employed to raiſe the croſs; the heads of the next group coming down the ſteps on the

right-

right-hand are juſt ſo diſpoſed with reſpect to the group that is over them, whoſe heads form much the ſame line as the hill over them. Almoſt the ſame may be ſaid of the two groups on the left-hand.

The invention of this picture is fine; for to do honour to the apoſtle and the faith of Chriſt, the martyr appears with great magnanimity; and for the reſt the general ſentiment is compaſſion, with a diſpoſition to believe, and this ſufficiently varied in ſeveral different characters: accordingly one of the ſpectators ſeems to be already converted, and preaching to the reſt, him another has laid hold on, but ſo as if he did it unwillingly, as generally the reſt of the aſſiſtants act their ſeveral parts. The poſition of the body on the croſs, which is ſuch as to make even that kind of death more painful, is admirably conſidered, as raiſing the merit of the ſaint, as well as contributing to excite the ſentiments intended to be excited.

And the time is finely choſen, it is that of the croſs being erecting, for now the figure comes in that advantageous poſition which has been already remarked.

The ſentiments are expreſſed with great force, but in a manner peculiar to Michelangelo.

The compoſition is not to be juſtified, except in that fine contraſt that is made by the principal figure; the groups are too regularly placed, and without any keeping in the whole, that is, they appear too near of an equal ſtrength.

Aſcanio Condiui, who was Michelangelo's diſciple, and wrote his life, ſays this great maſter was ſo fond of variety as to put out, or alter any thing that too much reſembled ſomething elſe that he had done; now it is obſervable, that in the picture before us he has repeated one limb four times, and another three, all very near each other.

The perſpective is not well obſerved, whether as to the ſtrength, or magnitude of the figures.

Theſe

Theſe are cloathed entirely in the manner of Michelangelo, which is far from the antique, without the leaſt tendency to the modern taſte. The colours of them are various, and much upon the red, the orange, the yellow, the blue, and many are broken ones, but all together would have pleaſed well enough, if the aerian perſpective had been well obſerved.

But the wonderful, the aſtoniſhing greatneſs of ſtyle, and the perfect drawing of Michelangelo (in which he had the true ſublime) is what infallibly makes this picture ineſtimable: for theſe one may be allowed to preſume it has from the character of this great maſter, and even from what is ſeen in the copy; though the beſt copy in the world muſt loſe much of theſe qualities, eſpecially the greatneſs, which is of ſo delicate a nature as to languiſh under the hand of a copier, though never ſo correct, and expert.

One might enlarge with infinite pleaſure upon ſo noble a ſubject as that of the ſublime in Painting; and particularly in giving inſtances of it in the works of the greateſt maſters, with which one might be plentifully ſupplied from the admirable collections I have already mentioned, and one which I could not take notice of before, as not having ſeen it until moſt of theſe ſheets were printed off; it is that very lately procured from abroad by Dr. Mead, who ſeems to be reſolved to merit well of his country otherwiſe as well as in his profeſſion. But enough has been ſaid to ſerve my preſent purpoſe; to treat this ſubject fully requires an entire diſcourſe; and as I have already done as much as may reaſonably be judged to come to my ſhare to ſhew my hearty love to my profeſſion, having ſacrificed a great many of thoſe hours to it which would otherwiſe have been given (as they ought) to reſt, and diverſion, I take leave to recommend what I now propoſe to ſome other hand without the common flouriſh of excuſing myſelf upon account of inability; though I am alſo very ſenſible of that. But the true reaſon of my declining it is that juſt now given.

As for the preſent performance, nobody can be more ready to ſay, than I to acknowledge, that it is not ſo well as it ſhould be: but as in drawings thoſe are good that anſwer their end; if no more than the compoſition (for example) is pretended to, it is impertinent to ſay they are incorrect; here the reader ſhould diſtinguiſh between the writer, and the painter: my buſineſs is Painting: if I have ſucceeded tolerably well in that character, the public has no reaſon to complain. Such as it is, and ſuch as my abilities, and the proportion of time, and application I have thought it reaſonable for me to beſtow has enabled me to make it, I now offer it to the world, though I was not reſolved ſo to do when I began to write. I remember to have heard a ſtory which (like others told on ſuch occaſions) is not to be too ſtrictly applied, however the reader may do as he thinks fit. A man of quality, Sir Peter Lely's intimate friend, was pleaſed to ſay to him one day, for God's ſake, Sir Peter, how came you to have ſo great a reputation? you know I know you are no painter.——My Lord, I know I am not, but I am the beſt you have.

THE

THE

CONNOISSEUR:

AN

ESSAY

ON THE WHOLE

ART OF CRITICISM

AS IT RELATES TO

PAINTING.

SHEWING HOW TO JUDGE

I. Of the Goodneſs of a Picture;
II. Of the Hand of the Maſter; and
III. Whether it is an Original, or a Copy.

ON THE ART OF

CRITICISM, &c.

I HAVE been often aſked how we know the hands of the ſeveral maſters, and diſtinguiſh copies from originals; and was perſuaded, a ſatisfactory anſwer to theſe queſtions would be very acceptable to moſt gentlemen, as well as to thoſe particular enquirers; to gratify the public therefore, together with ſuch of my own friends, I was determined to take this way of anſwering them all at once, and that more fully, and accurately than could poſſibly have been done off-hand, and in the time I could have beſtowed in making particular anſwers; this moreover, together with what elſe I ſhall add in this diſcourſe, I ſaw would compleat what I had to offer on the ſubject I had already given the world ſome of my thoughts upon.

I will only plead one piece of merit, which I pretend to have with the public, and that is, that I have made a new acquiſition for the commonwealth of letters; I believe this is the only book extant upon the ſubject. Apelles wrote many volumes upon Painting, perhaps among them ſomething might be ſaid on the knowledge of hands, and how to diſtinguiſh copies from originals,

but

but theſe have long ago had the fate of all things not immortal. Father Orlandi, in his Abcedario Pittorico, printed at Bologna 1704, has given us a catalogue of about one hundred and fifty books relating to Painting in ſeveral languages, but none that I can find treats of this ſcience. M. de Piles (to whom we are obliged for ſome curious, and uſeful hints he has furniſhed us with in his ſeveral works) is the only one I know of that has ſo much as entered upon this matter, he has a ſlight ſketch of ſome common, and obvious thoughts, and very little more. Whether the ſubject is worthy of a more elaborate eſſay the reader will judge for himſelf; it is evident I thought it was, and I flatter myſelf it will appear it was not without reaſon; and as many gentlemen pique themſelves of having ſome ſhare of this kind of knowledge, and value themſelves upon it; that is, as many as pretend to judge of what hand a picture is, or that it is an original, or not, one muſt ſuppoſe that all theſe think as I do in this particular.

In a word, as this is the only book extant on the ſubject, in any language that I know of, and the laſt that I am like to write, I have endeavoured to lay together, in as good a method as I was able, all my thoughts on theſe matters; which, together with what I have done in my former diſcourſe, is all that I can recollect as material on the Theory of Painting: and thus to my power I have acquitted myſelf to my country, to the art, and to the lovers of it.

Of the Goodneſs of a Picture, &c.

WHEREFORE calleſt thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God, ſaid the Son of God to the young man who prefaced a noble queſtion with that compliment. This is that goodneſs that is perfect, ſimple, and properly ſo called, it is what is peculiar

to

to the Deity, and ſo to be found no where elſe. But there is another improper, imperfect, comparative goodneſs, and no other than this is to be had in the works of men, and this admits of various degrees. This diſtinction well conſidered, and applied to all the occurrences of life, would contribute very much to the improvement of our happineſs here; it would teach us to enjoy the good before us, and not reject it upon account of the diſagreeable companion which is inſeparable from it; but the uſe I now would make of it is only to ſhew that a picture, drawing, or print may be good though it has ſeveral faults; to ſay otherwiſe is as abſurd as to deny a thing is what it is ſaid to be, becauſe it has properties which are eſſential to it.

In one of the Tatlers there is fine reaſoning to this purpoſe; "The heathen world had ſo little notion that perfection was to be "expected amongſt men, that among them any one quality or en- "dowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had ſtrength, "but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo "preſided over wit, and it was never aſked whether he had ſtrength. "We hear no exceptions againſt the beauty of Minerva) or the "wiſdom of Venus. Theſe wiſe heathens were glad to immortalize "any one ſerviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the "perſon that had it."

If in a picture the ſtory be well choſen, and finely told (at leaſt) if not improved, if it fill the mind with noble, and inſtructive ideas, I will not ſcruple to ſay it is an excellent picture, though the drawing be as incorrect as that of Correggio, Titian, or Rubens; the colouring as diſagreeable as that of Polydore, Baptiſta Franco, or Michelangelo. Nay, though there is no other good but that of the colouring, and the pencil, I will dare to pronounce it a good picture; that is, that it is good in thoſe reſpects. In the firſt inſtance, here is a fine ſtory artfully communicated to my imagination, not by ſpeech, nor writing, but in a manner preferable to either

either of them; in the other there is a beautiful, and delightful object, and a fine piece of workmanſhip, to ſay no more of it.

There never was a picture in the world without ſome faults, and very rarely is there one to be found which is not notoriouſly defective in ſome of the parts of Painting. In judging of its goodneſs as a connoiſſeur, one ſhould pronounce it ſuch in proportion to the number of the good qualities it has, and their degrees of goodneſs. I will add, and as a philoſopher, one ſhould only conſider the excellency we ſee, and enjoy that, as being, all belonging to it. No more regreting what it has not, or thinking of it ſo as to diminiſh our pleaſure in that it has, than we do the want of taſte in a roſe, ſpeech in a picture of Van Dyck, or life in one of Rafaelle.

There are two ways whereby a gentleman may come to be perſuaded of the goodneſs of a picture, or drawing; he may neither have leiſure, or inclination to become a connoiſſeur himſelf, and yet may delight in theſe things, and deſire to have them; he has no way then but to take up his opinions upon truſt, and implicity depend upon another's judgment. Here his own is determined, but upon arguments in favour of the honeſty, and underſtanding of the man he relies upon; not at all relating to the intrinſic worth of the thing in queſtion; and this may be the wiſeſt, and beſt courſe he can take, all things conſidered: though it is certain when a man judges for himſelf, he may arrive at a higher degree of perſuaſion that the picture, or drawing is good; becauſe one man may be as good a judge as another if he applies himſelf to it; ſo that here the gentleman, and his guide are upon an equality; either indeed may be miſtaken, but he that relies upon the judgment of another, has a double chance againſt him over and above, for he may be miſtaken in his opinion of the honeſty, or underſtanding of this other.

This way of judging upon the authority of another I meddle not with: The firſt thing then to be done, in order to become a good connoiſſeur one's ſelf, is to avoid prejudices, and falſe reaſoning.

We

We muſt conſider ourſelves as rational beings at large, no matter of what age, or of what country, nor even of what part of the univerſe we are inhabitants, no more than it would be to conſider ourſelves as of ſuch a city, or ſuch a pariſh. Opinions taken up early, and from thoſe we have loved, and honoured, and which we ſee to be approved, and applauded by ſuch, be their numbers never ſo great muſt have no advantage with us upon theſe accounts. Neither muſt our own paſſions, or intereſt be allowed to give the leaſt biaſs to our judgments when we are upon a rational enquiry, where all theſe things are entirely heterogeneous. A connoiſſeur muſt conſider the ancients, the Italians, V. Dyck, Annibale Caracci, Giulio Romano, Michelangelo, and even the divine Rafaelle himſelf as fallible, and examine their works with the ſame unbiaſſed indifferency, as if he had never heard of ſuch men. Nor muſt any thing be taken for granted; we muſt examine up to firſt principles, and go on ſtep by ſtep in all our deductions, contenting ourſelves with that degree of light we can thus ſtrike out, without fancying any degree of aſſent is due to any propoſition beyond what we can ſee evidence for (or what we conceive to be ſuch, which is effectively ſo to us) as to give any ſuch aſſent in reality is utterly impoſſible: if the nature of the thing admits of no proof we are to give no aſſent. And as truth is uniform, and evermore conſiſtent with itſelf, the mind thus finds itſelf in perfect ſerenity; whereas we muſt be eternally perplexed, and uneaſy if we mix reaſon with prejudice, and when we diſcover a bright beam of truth by rational evidence, endeavour to reconcile it with propoſitions taken up in another manner, if thoſe happen to be erroneous; and ſtill the more, if for the ſake of thoſe unexamined notions we reject what our reaſon is otherwiſe convinced of; for this is offering violence to that light which we received from above, and wherein our reſemblance with the father of light conſiſts.

There are certain arguments, which a connoiſſeur is utterly to reject, as not being ſuch by which he is to form his judgment, of what uſe ſoever they may be to thoſe who are incapable of judging otherwiſe, or who will not take the pains to know better. Some of theſe have really no weight at all in them, the beſt are very precarious, and only ſerve to perſuade us the thing is good in general, not in what reſpect it is ſo. That a picture, or drawing has been, or is much eſteemed by thoſe who are believed to be good judges; or is, or was part of a famous collection, coſt ſo much, has a rich frame, or the like. Whoever makes uſe of ſuch arguments as theſe beſides that they are very fallacious, takes the thing upon truſt, which a good connoiſſeur ſhould never condeſcend to do. That it is old, Italian, rough, ſmooth, &c. Theſe are circumſtances hardly worth mentioning, and which belong to good and bad. A picture, or drawing may be too old to be good; but in the golden age of Painting, which was that of Rafaelle, about two hundred years ago, there were wretched painters, as well as before, and ſince, and in Italy, as well as elſewhere. Nor is a picture the better, or the worſe, for being rough, or ſmooth, ſimply conſidered. One of the commoneſt, and moſt deluding arguments, that is uſed on this occaſion is, that it is of the hand of ſuch a one. Though this has no great weight in it, even admitting it to be really of that hand, which very often it is not: the beſt maſters have had their beginnings, and decays, and great inequalities throughout their whole lives, as ſhall be more fully noted hereafter. That it is done by one who has had great helps, and opportunities of improving himſelf; or one that ſays he is a great maſter, is what people are very ready to be cheated by, and not one jot the leſs, for having found that they have been ſo cheated again and again before, nay, though they juſtly laugh at, and deſpiſe the man at the ſame time, To infer a thing is, becauſe it ought to be, is unreaſonable, becauſe experience ſhould teach us better, but often we think there are opportunities, and advantages where there are none, or not in the degree we imagine;

imagine; and to ake a man's own word, where his intereſt, or vanity ſhould make us ſuſpect him is ſufficiently unaccountable. Whoever builds upon a ſuppoſition of the good ſenſe, and integrity of mankind has a very ſandy foundation, and yet it is what we find many a popular argument reſts upon, in other caſes, a well as in this. But, (as I ſaid) whether theſe kinds of arguments above-mentioned have any thing in them, or not, a connoiſſeur has nothing to do with them; his buſineſs is to judge from the intrinſic qualities of the thing itſelf; as when a man receives a propoſition in divinity, (for example) not becauſe it was believed by his anceſtors, or eſtabliſhed a thouſand years ago, or for whatever other ſuch like reaſons: but becauſe he has examined, and conſidered the thing itſelf, as if it were juſt now offered to the world, and abſolutely diveſted of all thoſe collateral advantages.

In making our remarks upon a picture, or a drawing, we are only to conſider what we find, without any regard to what, perhaps, the maſter intended. It is commonly ſaid of commentators, that they diſcover more beauties than the author ever thought of: perhaps they do: and what then? are they leſs beauties for that, or leſs worthy our notice? or are there not defects alſo that were never intended? if one may not be brought to account, neither let the other: this is the advantage a writer, or painter, or any other artiſt ought to have, his lucky inadvertencies ſhould help to balance againſt his unlucky ones.

But after all, perhaps theſe beauties were thought of, and intended by the maſter, or author; and perhaps a great many more than the commentator ever dreamt of: and perhaps alſo what are judged to be defects are not ſo. The author, or artiſt of what ſort ſoever (if he be a good one eſpecially) is in more danger of ſuffering by the overſights, ignorance, malice, or other evil quality of his commentators than he is likely to gain by their penetration, indulgence, good nature, or whatever other good quality. Com-

mentators are in a fine ſituation! we like the poor mariners with infinite pains, and hazards fetch in from all parts things for uſe, or delight, they, like the merchants at their eaſe receive all from our hands, and ſay this is well, or that ill, as their fancy is. For God's ſake let us have juſtice, if we are not allowed indulgence: Let there not be a draw-back upon what is well, and none on what is amiſs: either let ſuppoſes, and peradventures be equally admitted on both ſides; or (which is better) let them be entirely excluded.

To judge of the goodneſs of a picture, drawing, or print, it is neceſſary to eſtabliſh to ourſelves a ſyſtem of rules to be applied to what we intend to give a judgment of.

Here in order to make this diſcourſe as complete as I could I ſhould have been obliged to have given ſuch a ſyſtem. But having done that at large in my former eſſay that affair is over, it is at the reader's ſervice, and he may uſe that, or any other, or one compoſed out of ſeveral, with additions, and improvements, or without as he thinks fit: however I will here make him an offer of an abſtract of what I take to be thoſe by which a painter, or connoiſſeur may ſafely conduct himſelf, referring to the book itſelf for further ſatisfaction.

I. The ſubject muſt be finely imagined, and if poſſible improved in the painter's hands; he muſt think well as a hiſtorian, poet, philoſopher, or divine, and moreover as a painter in making a wiſe uſe of all the advantages of his art, and finding expedients to ſupply its defects.

II. The expreſſion muſt be proper to the ſubject, and the characters of the perſons; it muſt be ſtrong, ſo that the dumb-ſhew may be perfectly well, and readily underſtood. Every part of the picture muſt contribute to this end; colours, animals, draperies,

draperies, and eſpecially the actions of the figures, and above all the airs of the heads.

III. There muſt be one principal light, and this, and all the ſubordinate ones with the ſhadows, and repoſes, muſt make one, intire, harmonious maſs; the ſeveral parts muſt be well connected, and contraſted, ſo as that the tout-enſemble muſt be grateful to the eye; as a good piece of muſic is to the ear. By this means the picture is not only more delightful, but better ſeen, and comprehended.

IV. The drawing muſt be juſt; nothing muſt be flat, lame, or ill proportioned; and theſe proportions ſhould vary according to the characters of the perſons drawn.

V. The colouring whether gay, or ſolid, muſt be natural, beautiful, and clean, and what the eye is delighted with, in ſhadows as well as lights, and middle tints.

VI. And whether the colours are laid on thick, or finely wrought it muſt appear to be done by a light, and accurate hand.

Laſtly, Nature muſt be the foundation, that muſt be ſeen at the bottom; but nature muſt be raiſed; and improved, not only from what is commonly ſeen, to what is but rarely, but even yet higher, from a judicious, and beautiful idea in the painter's mind, ſo that grace and greatneſs may ſhine throughout; more, or leſs however as the ſubject may happen to be. And herein conſiſts the principal excellency of a picture, or drawing.

Theſe few plain rules being thoroughly comprehended, and remembered, which may be done with a tolerable meaſure of good ſenſe,

ſenſe, a little trouble in reading, and a good deal of obſervation on nature, and pictures, and drawings of good maſters I will venture to ſay are ſufficient to qualify a gentleman to be a good judge.

And let me be permitted to ſay I advance nothing upon the foot of authority. Whatever authorities there are for any propoſition, their value conſiſts in their being derived from reaſon, and they weigh with me in proportion as I ſee they do ſo; they then become my own, and I have no occaſion to produce the author but the reaſon.

And the matter would terminate here though we had a book of rules for Painting ſaid to be written by Apelles himſelf, and it was allowed that what Apelles ſaid were infallibly true; for then, inſtead of ſaying are theſe rules good, are they founded upon reaſon? the queſtion would only be, are they really of him? their authority then will reſt, not upon the credit of Apelles, but upon the teſtimony of thoſe that ſay they are his. Which I ſhall not want if I find the rules to be good, and if I do not it will be inſufficient: and all this without the leaſt prejudice to the profound reſpect I have for Apelles, nay it is a neceſſay conſequence of it.

To judge of the degrees of goodneſs of a picture or drawing it is neceſſary that the connoiſſeur ſhould be thoroughly acquainted, and perpetually converſant with the beſt. For how perfectly ſoever he may be maſter of the rules of the art he will know that thoſe are like what divines call precepts of perfection; that is they are given as what we ſhould endeavour to go by as far as we are able. The beſt things we know will be the ſtandard by which we ſhall judge of thoſe and all the reſt. Carlo Maratti, and Giuſeppe Chiari will be a Rafaelle, and Giulio Romano to him who has never ſeen better; and then an inferior maſter will make a good Carlo. I have been ſurprized to obſerve what pleaſure ſome connoiſſeurs have taken in what another looked upon with little, if not with contempt, till I have

have conſidered one was not ſo well acquainted with the works of the beſt maſters as the other, and that accounts for it ſufficiently.

All the different degrees of goodneſs in Painting may be reduced to theſe three general claſſes. The mediocre, or indifferently good, the excellent, and the ſublime. The firſt is of a large extent; the ſecond much narrower; and the laſt ſtill more ſo. I believe moſt people have a pretty clear, and juſt idea of the two former; the other is not ſo well underſtood; which therefore I will define according to the ſenſe I have of it; and I take it to conſiſt of ſome few of the higheſt degrees of excellence in thoſe kinds, and parts of Painting which are excellent; the ſublime therefore muſt be marvellous, and ſurprizing, it muſt ſtrike vehemently upon the mind, and fill, and captivate it irreſiſtibly.

As when autumnal rains, or melted ſnows
From off the mountains with impetuous haſte
Deſcend to ſeek repoſe in lower grounds,
Or in ſome neighb'ring river's ouzy bed,
No more the peaceful ſtream within its banks
With crooked wandering regularly flows,
But with communicated rage uſurps
Unjuſt dominion, and with courſe direct
Deſpiſing oppoſition drives along.

I confine the ſublime to hiſtory, and portrait Painting; and theſe muſt excel in grace, and greatneſs, invention, or expreſſion; and that for reaſons which will be ſeen anon. Michelangelo's great ſtyle intitles him to the ſublime, not his drawing; it is that greatneſs, and a competent degree of grace, and not his colouring that makes Titian capable of it: As Correggio's grace, with a ſufficient mixture of greatneſs gives this noble quality to his works. Van Dyck's colouring, nor pencil though perfectly fine would never introduce

troduce him to the ſublime; it is his expreſſion, and that grace, and greatneſs he poſſeſſed (the utmoſt that portrait Painting is juſtly capable of) that ſets ſome of his works in that exalted claſs; in which on that account he may perhaps take place of Rafaelle himſelf in that kind of Painting, if that great man's fine, and noble ideas carried him as much above nature then, as they did in hiſtory, where the utmoſt that can be done is commendable; a due ſubordination of characters being preſerved; and thus (by the way) Van Dyck's colouring, and pencil may be judged equal to that of Correggio, or any other maſter.

In writing, the ſublime is conſiſtent with great irregularity; nay that very irregularity may produce that noble effect; as in that wonderful place in Milton.

> ——— ——— *Headlong themſelves they threw*
> *Down from the verge of Heaven, eternal wrath*
> *Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.*

The laſt bad verſe contributes to the horrible idea which is to be raiſed here; but if it did not, the thought would be ſublime, not the verſe: ſo in Painting the ſublimity of the thought, or expreſſion may be conſiſtent with bad colouring, or drawing, and theſe may help to produce that fine effect; if they do not, that will make them overlooked, or even prejudice us in their favour; however it is not thoſe defects, but what is excellent that is ſublime.

Upon this occaſion it is fit to enquire (en paſſant) Whether it is our intereſt to have ſo refined a taſte in general, as to be pleaſed only with a very few things, and which are rarely to be found, which therefore contracts our enjoyments, whereas it is our buſineſs rather to enlarge them. It will be readily ſuggeſted in anſwer to this, that what is loſt upon account of the number of our pleaſures, will be gained in the weight of them: the queſtion then will be, whether

whether the noiſy, tumultuous pleaſures of the vulgar are not equivalent to thoſe which the moſt refined wits taſte; that is, whether one man is not as happy, or pleaſed (which is the ſame thing) with an uncommon, diverting accident at the Bear-garden, or with a bad picture, as another in conſidering ſome of the nobleſt inſtances of the ſublime in Rafaelle, or Homer: the anſwer to which is very ſhort, he is not; and that for the ſame reaſon as an oyſter is not capable of the ſame degree of pleaſure as a man. It will not follow however, that upon the foot of the account one is more happy than the other, becauſe that delicacy, and acuteneſs of mind, which is ſuſceptible of the greateſt pleaſure, is proportionably ſo with reſpect to its contrary: but the competition is not now betwixt enjoyment, and miſery, but one pleaſure, and another. And thus it appears, that a man is in no danger of diminiſhing his happineſs by refining his taſte.

Hitherto I have been conſidering the goodneſs of a picture as being done according to the rules of the art; there is another kind of goodneſs, and that is, as the picture, or drawing anſwers the ends intended to be ſerved by them; of which there are ſeveral, but all reducible to theſe two general ones, pleaſure, and improvement.

I am ſorry the great, and principal end of the art has hitherto been ſo little conſidered; I do not mean by gentlemen only, or by low, pretended connoiſſeurs, but by thoſe who ought to have gone higher, and to have taught others to have followed them. It is no wonder if many who are accuſtomed to think ſuperficially, look on pictures as they would on a piece of rich hangings; or if ſuch as theſe (and ſome painters among the reſt) fix upon the pencil, the colouring, or perhaps the drawing, and ſome little circumſtancial parts in the picture, or even the juſt repreſentation of common nature, without penetrating into the idea of the painter, and the beauties of the hiſtory, or fable. I ſay it is no wonder if this ſo frequently happens when thoſe whether ancients or moderns, who

 have

have written of Painting, in deſcribing the works of painters in their lives, or on other occaſions have very rarely done any more; or in order to give us a great idea of ſome of the beſt painters, have told us ſuch ſilly ſtories as that of the curtain of Parrhaſius which deceived Zeuxis, of the ſmall lines one upon another in the contention between Apelles and Protogenes (as I remember, it is no matter of whom the ſtory goes) of the circle of Giotto, and ſuch like trifles, which if a man were never ſo expert at without going many degrees higher, he would not be worthy the name of a painter, much leſs of being remembered by poſterity with honour.

It is true there are ſome kinds of pictures which can do no more than pleaſe, as it is the caſe of ſome kinds of writings; but one may as well ſay a library is only for ornament, and oſtentation, as a collection of pictures, or drawings.

I repeat it again, and would inculcate it, Painting is a fine piece of workmanſhip; it is a beautiful ornament, and as ſuch gives us pleaſure; but over and above this, we PAINTERS are upon the level with writers, as being poets, hiſtorians, philoſophers, and divines; we entertain, and inſtruct equally with them. This is true and manifeſt beyond diſpute whatever men's notions have been;

To wake the Soul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart.

Mr. POPE.

is the buſineſs of Painting as well as of tragedy.

There being pictures of ſeveral kinds, ſome capable only of pleaſing, and others alſo of inſtructing, and improving the mind; which is the nobler end, a difference ought to be made accordingly; two pictures may be equally good, with reſpect to the rules of the art, equally well drawn, coloured, &c. but very different with reſpect to the rank they ought to hold in our eſtimation: a boor

opening

opening of muſcles, and a St. John may be one as well painted as the other, but there can be no diſpute when the queſtion is which of theſe two is preferable.

So ſeveral of the parts of Painting may be equally well in the ſame picture, but they are not equally conſiderable in themſelves; a fine pencil (for example) is not comparable to a fine invention.

When therefore we are to make a judgment in what degree of goodneſs a picture or drawing is we ſhould conſider its kind firſt, and then its ſeveral parts. A hiſtory is preferable to a landſcape, ſea-piece, animals, fruit, flowers, or any other ſtill-life, pieces of drollery, &c. the reaſon is, the latter kinds may pleaſe, and in proportion as they do ſo they are eſtimable, and that is according to every one's taſte, but they cannot improve the mind, they excite no noble ſentiments; at leaſt not as the other naturally does: theſe not only give us pleaſure, as being beautiful objects, and furniſhing us with ideas as the other do, but the pleaſure we receive from hence is greater (I ſpeak in general, and what the nature of the thing is capable of) it is of a nobler kind than the other; and then moreover the mind may be enriched, and made better.

A portrait is a ſort of general hiſtory of the life of the perſon it repreſents, not only to him who is acquainted with it, but to many others, who upon occaſion of ſeeing it are frequently told, of what is moſt material concerning them, or their general character at leaſt; the face; and figure is alſo deſcribed and as much of the character as appears by theſe, which oftentimes is here ſeen in a very great degree. Theſe therefore many times anſwer the ends of hiſtorical pictures. And to relations, or friends give a pleaſure greater than any other can.

There are many ſingle heads which are hiſtorical, and may be applied to ſeveral ſtories. I have many ſuch; I have for inſtance a boy's head of Parmeggiano, in whoſe every feature appears ſuch an overflowing joy, and that too not common, but holy, and divine

that I imagine him a little angel rejoicing at the birth of the Son of God. I have another of Leonardo da Vinci of a youth very angelical, and in whom appears an air ſuch as Milton deſcribes,

——————— *Dim ſadneſs did not ſpare*
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliſs.

This I ſuppoſe to be preſent at the agony of our Lord, or his crucifixion, or ſeeing him dead, with his Bleſſed Mother in that her vaſt diſtreſs. Single figures may be alſo thus applied, and made hiſtorical. But heads not thus applicable, muſt be reckoned in an inferior claſs and more, or leſs ſo according as they happen to be. As portraits unknown are not equally conſiderable with thoſe that are; though upon account of the dignity of the ſubject they may be reckoned in the firſt claſs of thoſe wherein the principal end of Painting is not fully anſwered; but capable however of the ſublime.

The kind of picture, or drawing having been conſidered, regard is to be had to the parts of Painting; we ſhould ſee in which of theſe they excel, and in what degree.

And theſe ſeveral parts do not equally contribute to the ends of Painting: but (I think) ought to ſtand in this order:

GRACE and GREATNESS,
INVENTION,
EXPRESSION,
COMPOSITION,
COLOURING,
DRAWING,
HANDLING.

The laſt can only pleaſe; the next (by which I underſtand pure nature, for the great, and genteel ſtyle of drawing falls into another part)

part) this alſo can only pleaſe, Colouring pleaſes more; Compoſition pleaſes at leaſt as much as Colouring, and moreover helps to inſtruct, as it makes thoſe parts that do ſo more conſpicuous; Expreſſion pleaſes, and inſtructs greatly; the Invention does both in a higher degree, and Grace and Greatneſs above all. Nor is it peculiar to that ſtory, fable, or whatever the ſubject is, but in general raiſes our idea of the ſpecies, gives a moſt delightful, virtuous pride, and kindles in noble minds an ambition to act up to that dignity thus conceived to be in human nature. In the former parts the eye is employed, in the other the underſtanding.

By thus conſidering in what rank of eſtimation the ſeveral parts of Painting ought to ſtand, we may (by the way) obſerve what degrees of merit each maſter has, for that is more, or leſs in proportion as he has excelled in thoſe parts which are preferable. Thus Albert Durer, though his deſign was very correct, can by no means ſtand in competition with Correggio, who was defective in that particular, becauſe the latter had grace and greatneſs, which the other had not.

And thus too it is ſeen that drawings (generally ſpeaking) are preferable to paintings, as having thoſe qualities which are moſt excellent in a higher degree than Paintings generally have, or can poſſibly have, and the others (excepting only colouring) equally with them. There is a grace, a delicacy, a ſpirit in drawings which when the maſter attempts to give in colours is commonly much diminiſhed, both as being a ſort of copying from thoſe firſt thoughts, and becauſe the nature of the thing admits of no better.

There are other conſiderations relating to pictures, drawings, and more particularly to prints; but as theſe are entirely diſtinct from that of their goodneſs as works of art, and are only concerning their value to the buyer, or ſeller, ſuch as the condition they are in, their rarity, or other ſuch-like circumſtances; though theſe

things,

things are of importance on ſome occaſions, they are foreign to the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe, and ſo it is enough juſt to have mentioned them.

Whatever we look upon therefore ſhould be conſidered diſtinctly, and particularly, and not only ſeen in general to be fine, or not, but wherein it is one, or the other. Moſt of our writers have been very ſuperficial in this reſpect; they have ſaid where a picture of ſuch a maſter was, and have told us the ſubject, and beſtowed certain epithets upon it, as that it was divine, ſurprizing, or that ſuch a figure ſeemed to be alive, and the like; and this without diſtinction to works of very different characters, but the ſame general deſcriptions ſerve for all; ſo that we can have no clear idea of them from thoſe authors; and I do not doubt but moſt of thoſe that look upon pictures, or drawings take in ſuch imperfect, unformed, and confuſed ideas; if we are pleaſed or diſpleaſed, if our minds are improved, or hurt, we ſhould obſerve from what cauſe this has happened; What part of Painting has the maſter ſucceeded, or been defective in, and to what degree? or is this owing to the ſubject, rather than to the manner of treating it, and how far? Such, and the like conſiderations will help to give us clear, and diſtinct ideas of the work, and the maſter, which a good connoiſſeur ſhould always form in his mind. And the better to do this he ſhould

Laſtly, obſerve method, and order in his way of thinking; not mixing and jumbling obſervations of different kinds, but going on gradually from one thing to another, diſpatching the firſt before we embarraſs ourſelves with any other.

Gentlemen may do as they pleaſe, the following method ſeems to me to be the moſt natural, convenient, and proper.

Before you come ſo near the picture to be conſidered as to look into particulars, or even to be able to know what the ſubject of it is, at leaſt before you take notice of that, obſerve the tout-enſemble of the maſſes, and what kind of one the whole makes together. It

will

will be proper at the ſame diſtance to conſider the general colouring; whether that be grateful, cheering, and delightful to the eye, or diſagreeable; then let the compoſition be examined near, and ſee the contraſts, and other particularities relating to it, and ſo finiſh your obſervations on that head. The ſame then may be done with reſpect to the colouring; then the handling, and afterwards the drawing; theſe being diſpatched, the mind is at liberty carefully to conſider the invention; then to ſee how well the expreſſion is performed, and laſtly, what grace and greatneſs is ſpread throughout, and how ſuitable to each character.

Monſieur de Piles has a pretty invention of a ſcale, whereby he gives an idea in ſhort of the merit of the painters, I have given ſome account of it in the latter end of my former eſſay: this, with a little alteration and improvement, may be of great uſe to lovers of art, and connoiſſeurs.

I will keep to the number eighteen, to denote the higheſt degree of excellence, and that, and the preceding one ſhall ſtand for the ſublime in thoſe parts of Painting that are capable of it. Sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, ſhall denote excellence in theſe four degrees, as from twelve to five incluſive ſhall ſignify the mediocre: and though bad pictures are not worth our notice, good ones may be bad in ſome particulars, I will therefore reſerve the other four numbers to expreſs that. Not that the province of bad is equal in extent to that of excellent, but becauſe good maſters, whoſe works I am only concerned about very rarely, ſink many degrees into ill; if it ſhould ſo happen, let that be marked with a cypher only.

The uſe to be made of this ſcale is this: a little pocket-book might be always ready, every leaf of which ſhould be prepared, as ſhall be ſeen preſently, and when one conſiders a picture, an eſtimate might be made of it, by putting ſuch figures under each head as ſhall be judged proper; or more than one, if in one part

of

of the picture there be any conſiderable difference from what is in another; or if there be a double conſideration requiring it.

I will give a ſpecimen of what I have been propoſing, and the ſubject ſhall be a portrait of Van Dyck which I have, it is a half length of a Counteſs Dowager of Exeter, as I learn from the print made of it by Faithorn, and that is almoſt all one can learn from that coucerning the picture beſides the general attitude, and diſpoſition of it.

The dreſs is black velvet, and that appearing almoſt one large ſpot, the lights not being ſo managed as to connect it with the other parts of the picture; the face, and linen at the neck, and the two hands, and broad cuffs at the wriſts being by this means three ſeveral ſpots of light, and that near of an equal degree, and forming almoſt an equilateral triangle, the baſe of which is parallel to that of the picture, the compoſition is defective; and this occaſioned chiefly from the want of thoſe lights upon the black. But ſo far as the head, and almoſt to the waiſt, with the curtain behind, there is an admirable harmony; the chair alſo makes a medium between the figure, and the ground. The eye is delivered down into that dead black ſpot the drapery with great eaſe, the neck is covered with linen, and at the breaſt the top of the ſtomacher makes a ſtrait line. This would have been very harſh, and diſagreeable, but that it is very artfully broken by the bows of a knot of narrow ribbon which riſe above that line in fine, well-contraſted ſhapes. This knot faſtens a jewel on the breaſt, which alſo helps to produce the harmony of this part of the picture, and the white gloves which the lady holds in her left-hand, helps the compoſition ſomething, as they vary that light ſpot from that which the other hand, and linen makes.

The tout-enſemble of the colouring is extremely beautiful; it is ſolemn, but warm, mellow, clean, and natural; the fleſh, which is exquiſitely good, eſpecially the face, the black habit, the linen and

cuſhion,

cuſhion, the chair of crimſon velvet, and the gold flowered curtain mixt with a little crimſon have an admirable effect, and would be perfect were there are a middle tint amongſt the black.

The face, and hands, are a model for a pencil in portrait Painting:* it is not V. Dyck's firſt laboured Flemiſh manner, nor in the leaſt careleſs, or ſlight; the colours are well wrought, and touched in his beſt ſtyle; that is, the beſt that ever man had for portraits; nor is the curtain in the leaſt inferior in this particular, though the manner is varied as it ought to be, the pencil is there more ſeen than in the fleſh: the hair, veil, chair, and indeed throughout except the black gown is finely handled.

The face is admirably well drawn; the features are pronounced clean, and firmly, ſo as it is evident he that did that conceived ſtrong, and diſtinct ideas, and ſaw wherein the lines that formed theſe differed from all others; there appears nothing of the antique, or Rafaelle-taſte of deſigning, but nature, well underſtood, well choſen, and well managed; the lights, and ſhadows are juſtly placed, and ſhaped, and both ſides of the face anſwer well to each other. The jewel on the breaſt is finely diſpoſed, and directs the eye to the line between the breaſts, and gives the body there a great relief, the girdle alſo has a good effect, for by being marked pretty ſtrongly the eye is ſhown the waiſt very readily. The linen, the jewel, the gold curtain, the gauſe veil are all extremely natural, that is they are juſtly drawn, and coloured. But the want of thoſe lights I have ſo often lamented is the cauſe that the figure does not appear to ſit firmly, the thighs and knees are loſt. Nor is the drawing of the arms, nor even of the hands altogether as one would wiſh, particularly the left, and that not only in the outline, but the lights, and ſhadows; eſpecially of that hand, which by being too light is brought out of

* This is in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole, who bought it at Richardſon's ſale.

its true place, it is nearer the eye than it ought to be. There are alſo ſome overſights in the perſpective of the chair, and curtain; in the lineal part of the former, and in the aerial part in both.

Theſe being thus diſpatched we are at liberty to conſider the invention. Van Dyck's thought ſeems to have been that the lady ſhould be ſitting in her own room receiving a viſit of condolence from an inferior with great benignity; as ſhall be ſeen preſently, I would here obſerve the beauty, and propriety of this thought. For by this the picture is not an inſipid repreſentation of a face, and dreſs, but here is alſo a picture of the mind, and what more proper to a widow than ſorrow? And more becoming a perſon of quality than humility and benevolence? Beſides had ſhe been ſuppoſed to have appeared to her equals, or ſuperiors, the furniture of the place muſt have been mourning, and her gloves on, but the colours of the curtain, and chair, and the contraſt occaſioned by the gloves in her hand have a fine effect.

Never was a calm becoming ſorrow better expreſſed than in this face, chiefly there where it is always moſt conſpicuous, that is in the eyes: not Guido Reni, no, nor Rafaelle himſelf could have conceived a paſſion with more delicacy, or more ſtrongly expreſſed it! To which alſo the whole attitude of the figure contributes not a little, her right-hand drops eaſily from the elbow of the chair which her wriſt lightly reſts upon, the other lies in her lap towards her left knee, all which together appear ſo eaſy, and careleſs, that what is loſt in the compoſition by the regularity I have taken notice of, is gained in the expreſſion; which being of greater conſequence juſtifies Van Dick in the main, and ſhews his great judgment, for though as it is, there is (as I ſaid) ſomething amiſs, I cannot conceive any way of avoiding that inconvenience without a greater.

And notwithſtanding the defects I have taken the liberty to remark with the ſame indifferency as I have obſerved the beauties, that is, without the leaſt regard to the great name of the maſter, there

there is a grace throughout that charms, and a greatneſs that commands reſpect; ſhe appears at firſt ſight to be a well-bred woman of quality; it is in her face, and in her mien; and as her dreſs, ornaments, and furniture contribute ſomething to the greatneſs, the gauſe veil coming over her forehead, and the hem of it hiding a defect (which was want of eye-brows) is a fine artifice to give more grace. This grace, and greatneſs is not that of Rafaelle, or the antique, but it is what is ſuitable to a portrait; and one of her age, and character, and conſequently better than if ſhe had appeared with the grace of a Venus, or Helena, or the majeſty of a Minerva, or Semiramis.

It remains to conſider this picture in the other view; we have ſeen in what degree the rules of Painting have been obſerved: let us now enquire how far the ends of pleaſure, and advantage are anſwered.

And this is more, or leſs as my fancy, judgment, or other circumſtances happen to be; theſe conſiderations are purely perſonal, and every man muſt judge for himſelf. Here therefore I ſhall be very ſhort, I will omit many reflections that I might make, and expatiate upon, and only touch ſome of the principal.

The beauty, and harmony of the colouring gives me a great degree of pleaſure; for though this is grave, and ſolid, it has a beauty not leſs than what is bright and gay. So much of the compoſition as is good does alſo much delight the eye; and though the lady is not young, nor remarkably handſome, the grace, and greatneſs that is here repreſented pleaſes exceedingly. In a word, as throughout this whole picture one ſees inſtances of an accurate hand, and fine thought, theſe muſt give proportionable pleaſure to ſo hearty a lover as I am.

The advantages of this picture to me, as a painter are very conſiderable. A better maſter for portrait Painting never was, and a better manner of this maſter I have never ſeen: there is ſuch a be-

 nignity,

nignity, ſuch a genteel, becoming behaviour, ſuch a decent ſorrow, and reſignation expreſſed here, that a man muſt be very inſenſible that is not the better for conſidering it, the mourning habit excites ſerious thoughts, which may produce good effects. But what I confeſs I am particularly affected with, I who (I thank God) have for many years been happy as a huſband, is the circumſtance of widowhood, not that it gives me ſorrow as remembering the conjugal knot muſt be cut, but I rejoice that it yet ſubſiſts.

Hail Sacred wedlock where diſcretion join'd
With virtue chooſes, and approves the choice.
" Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets!
" Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
" His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
" Reigns here, and revels;" not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, equally obtained by all,
And with contempt, and various terrors mixt.
This ſweet ſociety diſſolves our fears,
Doubles our pleaſures, and divides our cares;
Here love with friendſhip, and eſteem is found,
And mutual joy with innocence is crown'd.

I will only add before I produce my ſcale, that this being a portrait, and the face therefore by much the moſt conſiderable, I have made a particular column for that which for other pictures is not neceſſary.

Counteſs

Counteſs Dowager of EXETER.

V. DYCK.

OCTOBER the 16th, 1717.

		FACE.
Compoſition — —	10	18
Colouring — —	17	18
Handling — —	17	18
Drawing — —	10	17
Invention — —	18	18
Expreſſion — —	18	18
Grace and Greatneſs —	18	18

Advantage		*Pleaſure*
18	*Sublime*	16

The blank is for landſkip, or animals, or any other particular in a hiſtory, or portrait that is worthy remarking in an article by itſelf. That at the bottom is for any memorandum that may be thought proper beſides what is ſaid at top, where the picture, owner, time ſeen, &c. may be ſpecified.

Whoever

Whoever practiſes a regular way of conſidering a picture, or drawing, will, I am confident, find the benefit of it; and if they will moreover note down the degrees of eſtimation in this manner, it will be of further uſe; it will give a man a more clear, and diſtinct idea of the thing, it will be a further exerciſe of his judgment, a remembrance of what he has ſeen, and by conſidering it together with the picture months or years afterwards, he will ſee whether his judgment is altered, and wherein.

And if ſtill any one will give himſelf the trouble to make a diſſertation upon what he thinks worthy of it, ſuch a ſcale of merit made upon the place will ſerve as ſhort notes to help his memory, if he has not the picture before him; but the making ſuch a diſſertation will be a fine exerciſe of a gentleman's abilities as a connoiſſeur, and may moreover be an agreeable amuſement.

In ſuch diſſertation it will not be neceſſary for any one to confine himſelf to the order in which it is beſt to conſider the picture; he may begin at the invention, if a hiſtory, or at the face, if a portrait, or how he thinks beſt; and remark on the advantage, and pleaſure to be had from it, or not.

Notwithſtanding what I have already done, I fancy an example of ſuch a diſſertation will not be unacceptable, becauſe it ſhall be of a very capital picture, and one wherein there is an inſtance of expreſſion, which will be ſupplemental to the chapter in my theory on that head; it is what I have not mentioned there, for I had not ſeen one of that kind when I wrote that.

The ſpecimen I am now about to give is part of a letter (though in another language) written to a gentleman at Rotterdam, an excellent connoiſſeur, a hearty lover of the art, and maſter of a noble collection of pictures, drawings, and antiques; and one for whom I have upon theſe, and many other accounts the utmoſt reſpect, and friendſhip that it is poſſible to have for one whom I have never had the happineſs to ſee, or converſe with otherwiſe than at this diſtance, though

though my ſon has, and has received particular marks of his favour. The correſpondence we have the honour to have with him is by me, and my ſon jointly, for reaſons not here neceſſary to be given, only in general, I cannot forbear ſaying that the virtue, dutiful behaviour, induſtry, learning, good ſenſe, and other excellent qualities of my ſon, together with his taſte, and judgment, in our art, which is equal to a father's utmoſt hopes, and expectations, juſtly demand my friendſhip, beſides ſomething more than common paternal love. This I the rather chooſe to ſay, becauſe I know his modeſty would oppoſe it, and perhaps it is the only inſtance where one of us will do what he knows the other would not approve.

——— ——— A friend of ours (Mr. Thornhill, an excellent hiſtory painter) has been in France lately, and has bought ſeveral good pictures, ſome of which are arrived, the principal of theſe is a capital one indeed; we will give you as good an account of it as we can, and of the others when they arrive if they merit it, as we believe they will.

This is of N. Pouſſin, it is three feet three inches long, and two feet ſix inches high, perfectly well preſerved; it was Monſieur ——— ———'s who was ſo ſeverely ſqueezed by the Chamber of Juſtice, that all his goods were ſold, and this picture amongſt the reſt. Poor Gentleman! ——— It is a ſtory in Taſſo's Geruſalemme, cant. 19, which is briefly this, Tancred, a Chriſtian hero, and Argante, a Pagan giant, retire to a ſolitary place amongſt the mountains to try their fortune in ſingle combat; Argante is ſlain, the other ſo deſperately wounded, that after he had gone a little way he dropped, and fell into a ſwoon. Erminia, who was in love with him, and Vafrino his 'ſquire (by what accident it is too long to tell) found him in this condition, but after the firſt fright perceiving life in him, ſhe bound up his wounds, and her veil not being ſufficient for that purpoſe, ſhe cut off her fine hair to ſupply that defect, and ſo recovered him, and brought him ſafe to the army.

Pouſſin

Pouſſin has choſen the inſtant of her cutting off her hair; Tancred lies in a graceful attitude, and well contraſted towards one end of the picture, his feet coming about the middle, and at a little diſtance from the bottom; Vafrino is at his head raiſing him up againſt a little bank on which he ſupports himſelf kneeling on his left knee. Erminia is at his feet, kneeling on the ground with her right knee; beyond her at a diſtance lies Argante dead; behind are the horſes of Erminia, and Vafrino; and towards the top at that end of the picture which is on the left-hand as you look upon it, and over the heads of Tancred, and Vafrino, are two loves with their torches in their hands; the back-ground is the rocks, trunks of trees with few leaves, or branches, and a ſombrous ſky.

The goût is a mixture of Pouſſin's uſual manner and (what is very rare) a great deal of Giulio, particularly in the head, and attitude of the lady, and both the horſes; Tancred is naked to the waiſt having been ſtripped by Erminia and his 'ſquire to ſearch for his wounds, he has a piece of looſe drapery which is yellow, bearing upon the red in the middle tints, and ſhadows, this is thrown over his belly, and thighs, and lies a good length upon the ground; it was doubtleſs painted by the life, and is entirely of a modern taſte. And that nothing might be ſhocking, or diſagreeable, the wounds are much hid, nor is his body, or garment ſtained with blood, only ſome appears here and there upon the ground juſt below the drapery, as if it flowed from ſome wounds which that covered; nor is he pale, but as one reviving, and his blood, and ſpirits returning to their uſual motion.

The habits are not thoſe of the age in which the ſcene of the fable is laid, theſe muſt have been Gothic, and diſagreeable, it being at the latter end of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth century: Erminia is clad in blue, admirably folded, and in a great ſtyle, ſomething like that of Giulio, but more upon the antique, or Rafaelle; one of her feet is ſeen which is very genteel, and artfully diſpoſed; her

ſandal

NICOLO POUSSIN

ſandal is very particular, for it is a little raiſed under the heel as our children's ſhoes. Vafrino has a helmet on with a large, bent plate of gold inſtead, and ſomething with the turn of a feather. We do not remember any thing like it in the antique; there is no ſuch thing in the column of Trajan, nor that of Antonine (as it is uſually called, though it is now known to be of M. Aurelius) nor (I believe) in the works of Rafaelle, Giulio, or Polydore, when they have imitated the ancients, though theſe, eſpecially the two former, have taken like liberties, and departing from the ſimplicity of their great maſters have, in theſe inſtances, given a little into the Gothic taſte; this is probably Pouſſin's own invention, and has ſuch an effect, that I cannot imagine any thing elſe could poſſibly have been ſo well. This figure is in armour, not with labels, but ſcarlet drapery where thoſe uſually are, which alſo is antique. The two Cupidons are admirably well diſpoſed, and enrich, and enliven the picture; as does the helmet, ſhield, and armour of Tancred which lies at his feet. The attitudes of the horſes are exceeding fine, one of them turns his head backwards with great ſpirit, the other has his hinder part raiſed, which not only has a noble effect in the picture, but helps to tell what kind of place it was, which was rough, and unfrequented.

It is obſervable that though Taſſo ſays only Erminia cuts off her hair, Pouſſin was forced to explain what ſhe cut it off withal, and he has given her her lover's ſword. We do not at all queſtion but there will be thoſe who will fancy they have here diſcovered a notorious abſurdity in Pouſſin, it being impoſſible to cut hair with a ſword; but though it be, a pair of ſciſſars inſtead of it, though much the fitter for the purpoſe, had ſpoiled the picture; Painting, and poetry equally diſdain ſuch low, and common things. This is a licence much of the ſame kind with that of Rafaelle in the carton of the draught of fiſhes, where the boat is by much too little for the figures that are in it; or with the Laacon, who is naked, whereas

being a prieſt in his ſacerdotal office, he muſt have been ſuppoſed to have been clad: but we need not tell you, ſir, why thoſe noble pieces of Painting, and ſculpture were ſo managed. This puts me in mind of a fine diſtich of Mr. Dryden:

For he that ſervilely creeps after ſenſe
Is ſafe, but ne'er arrives at excellence.

We know not whether it will be worth while to obſerve a ſmall circumſtance; one of the horſes is faſtened to a tree; if it be ſuppoſed to be Erminia's, and done by herſelf, it would be intolerable, ſhe muſt have had other thoughts than to ſecure her horſe when ſhe diſmounted, for it was not till Vafrino had found that he who at firſt ſight they took to be a ſtranger (as well as Argante) was Tancred, and then ſhe is finely deſcribed by Taſſo as tumbling, rather than lighting from her horſe.

Non ſceſe no, precipito di ſella.

But as this may poſſibly be Vafrino's, or if it was her's, perhaps his care was divided betwixt the wounded hero, and the lady, to whom it was of conſequence to have her horſe ſecured, it will not be thought partiality to ſuppoſe ſo great a man as Pouſſin would not make ſuch a blunder as this, taking it in the worſt ſenſe; but it would be unjuſt to determine otherwiſe when the moſt favourable opinion is moſt probable; and that being taken, here is a beauty, not a fault; it amplifies, and raiſes the character of Vafrino, though it would have ſpoiled that of Erminia. Whether a painter ought to go ſo far into theſe little parts, is a queſtion which will bear reaſoning upon, but not here.

The expreſſion of this picture is excellent throughout. The air of Vafrino is juſt, but he hath a character evidently inferior, but

nevertheleſs, he appears brave, and full of care, tenderneſs, and affection. Argante ſeems to be a wretch that died in rage, and deſpair, without the leaſt ſpark of piety. Tancred is good, amiable, noble, and valiant. There are two circumſtances in Taſſo which finely raiſe theſe two characters. When theſe champions withdrew to fight, it was in the view of the Chriſtian ſoldiers, whoſe fury againſt the Pagan could hardly be reſtrained, Tancred protected him from them, and as they retired together covered him with his ſhield: afterwards when he had him at his mercy, and Tancred would have given him his life, and in a friendly manner approached him with the offer, the villain attempted baſely to murther him, upon which provocation he diſpatched him immediately with ſcorn, and fury. Theſe incidents could not be inſerted in the picture, but Pouſſin has told us by the airs he has given them, that either were capable of any thing in theſe ſeveral kinds. Erminia muſt appear to have a mixture of hope, and fear, joy, and ſorrow, this being the time when ſhe had diſcovered life in her lover after having ſuppoſed him dead; to expreſs this (you know, ſir) muſt be exceeding difficult, and yet abſolutely neceſſary, and that ſtrongly, and apparently, that thoſe who look upon the picture may know to what end ſhe cuts off her hair; and that it is not a tranſport of diſtracted grief for the death of him ſhe loved, who is not yet recovered from his ſwoon; becauſe this miſtake would loſe all the beauty of the ſtory. For this reaſon the two loves are admirably contrived to ſerve this purpoſe, beſides the other already mentioned; one of them, and that the fartheſt from the eye has ſorrow, and fear, the other joy, and hope evidently in his face; and to expreſs this yet more perfectly (and this is Mr. Thornhill's obſervation) the former has two arrows in his hand to denote theſe two paſſions, and their pungency; but the quiver of his companion is faſt ſhut up with a ſort of a cap on the top of it. He has alſo a chaplet of jeſſamine on his head.

The compoſition is unexceptionable: there are innumerable inſtances of beautiful contraſts; of this kind are the ſeveral characters of the perſons (all which are excellent in their ſeveral kinds) and the ſeveral habits: Tancred is half naked: Ermina's ſex diſtinguiſhes her from all the reſt; as Vafrino's armour, and helmet ſhew him to be inferior to Tancred (his lying by him) and Argante's armour differs from both of them. The various poſitions of the limbs in all the figures are alſo finely contraſted, and altogether have a lovely effect; nor did I ever ſee a greater harmony, nor more art to produce it in any picture of what maſter ſoever, whether as to the eaſy gradation from the principal, to the ſubordinate parts, the connection of one with another, by the degrees of the lights, and ſhadows, and the tints of the colours.

And theſe two are good throughout; they are not glaring, as the ſubject, and the time of the ſtory (which was after ſun-ſet) requires: Nor is the colouring like that of Titian, Coreggio, Rubens, or thoſe fine colouriſts, but it is warm, and mellow, it is agreeable, and of a taſte which none but a great man could fall into: And without conſidering it as a ſtory, or the imitation of any thing in nature, the tout-enſemble of the colours is a beautiful, and delightful object.

You know (ſir) the drawing of Pouſſin who have ſeveral admirable pictures of his hand, this we believe is not inferior to any to be ſeen of him. But there is an overſight, or two in the perſpective; the ſword Erminia holds appears by the pommel of it to incline with the point going off, but by the blade it ſeems to be upright the other is not worth mentioning.

The picture is highly finiſhed, even in the parts the moſt inconſiderable, but in one, or two places there is a little heavineſs of hand; the drawing is firmly pronounced, and ſometimes, chiefly in the faces, hands, and feet it is marked more than ordinarily with the point of the pencil.

And

And (to ſay all in one word,) there is ſuch a grace and greatneſs ſhines throughout that it is one of the moſt deſirable pictures we have yet ſeen; there is nothing to be defired, or imagined which it has not, nothing to be added, or omitted but would have diminiſhed its excellency; unleſs we have leave to except thoſe little particulars we have remarked, hardly worth mentioning; and whether we are in the right in thoſe is ſubmitted to better judgments. But there are a great many beauties we have not mentioned, and ſome that cannot be expreſſed in words, nor known without ſeeing the picture. And perhaps ſome of both kinds we have not penetration enough to obſerve.

It is hard to quit ſo agreeable a ſubject. Let us obſerve for the honour of Pouſſin, and of the art, what a noble, and comprehenſive thought! what richneſs! and force of imagination! what a fund of ſcience, and judgment! what a fine, and accurate hand is abſolutely neceſſary to the production of ſuch a work! that two or three ſtrokes of a pencil (for example) as in the face of Argante can expreſs a character of mind ſo ſtrongly, and ſignificantly!

We will only obſerve further the different idea given by the painter, and the poet. A reader of Taſſo that thought leſs finely than Pouſſin would form in his imagination a picture, but not ſuch a one as this. He would ſee a man of a leſs lovely, and beautiful aſpect, pale, and all cut, and mangled, his body, and garments ſmeared with blood: he would ſee Erminia, not ſuch a one as Pouſſin has made her: and a thouſand to one with a pair of ſciſſars in her hand, but certainly not with Tancred's ſword: the two amorettos would never enter into his mind: horſes he would ſee, and let them be the fineſt he had ever ſeen they would be leſs fine than theſe, and ſo of the reſt. The painter has made a finer ſtory than the poet, though his readers were equal to himſelf, but without all compariſon much finer than it can appear to the generality of them. And he has moreover not only known how to make uſe of the advantages

advantages this art has over that of his competitor, but in what it is defective in the compariſon he has ſupplied it with ſuch addreſs that one cannot but rejoice in the defect which occaſioned ſuch a beautiful expedient.

I confeſs we have not always time, and opportunity thus to conſider a picture, how excellent ſoever it may be; in thoſe caſes let us not employ that time we have in amuſing ourſelves with the leſs conſiderable incidents, but remark upon the principal beauties, the thought, expreſſion, &c.

Mr. Thornhill has lately brought from France another picture no leſs worthy a particular diſſertation than the former, as will eaſily be allowed, for it is of Annibale Caracci: here (as it is for my preſent purpoſe) I will only obſerve in ſhort upon what is moſt remarkable in this ſurprizing picture; which has not been long out of my mind ſince the firſt moment that I ſaw it.

The ſubject of it is the Bleſſed Virgin as protectreſs of Bologna; as appears by the proſpect of that city at the bottom of the picture under the clouds on which ſhe is ſeated in glory, encompaſſed with cherubims, boy-angels, and others as uſually deſcribed: but oh! the ſublimity of expreſſion! what dignity, and devotion appears in the Virgin! what awful regard! what love! what delight, and complacency is in theſe angelic beings towards the Virgin-Mother of the Son of God! the aſpect of the Chriſt is proper to the character he here ſuſtains; he is now only to denote the Virgin, as St. Jerome's lion, St. John's eagle, and the like, he is not here as the ſecond perſon in the adorable Trinity; the Virgin is the only principal figure; this is as it were a part of her, whoſe character is alone to be conſidered in this caſe; and accordingly every thing contributes to raiſe it as much as poſſible; and that is done prodigiouſly. But as every thing elſe in the picture is addreſſed towards her, ſhe in the humbleſt, and moſt devout manner lifts up her eyes towards

the

the inviſible Supreme Being, directing our thoughts thither alſo, with like humble, pious and devout ſentiments. If ſhe to whom the angels appear ſo vaſtly inferior is in his preſence but a poor ſuppliant, What an exalted idea muſt this give us of him!

Angelic minds the neareſt to thyſelf,
Thoſe who conceive of thee as far beyond
Our low conceptions as the eagles flight,
Tranſcends our utmoſt ſtretch, theſe ſee thee not,
Nor canſt thou be diſcerned but by thyſelf;
What art thou then as by thyſelf beheld?
Juſt as thou art! unclouded! undiminiſhed!
In full perfection! O the joy divine!
Ineffable! of that enlightened mind
Where this idea ſhines eternally!
The nobleſt, loveliеſt, and moſt excellent,
Thy mind divine can poſſibly conceive!

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF HANDS.

IN all the works of art there is to be conſidered, the thought, and the workmanſhip, or manner of expreſſing, or executing that thought. What ideas the artiſt had we can only gueſs at by what we ſee, and conſequently cannot tell how far he has fallen ſhort, or perhaps by accident exceeded them, but the work like the corporeal, and material part of man is apparent, and to be ſeen to the utmoſt. Thus in the art I am diſcourſing upon, every thing that is done is in purſuance of ſome ideas the maſter has, whether he can reach with his hand, what his mind has conceived, or no; and this is

is true in every part of Painting. As for invention, expreſſion, diſpoſition, and grace, and greatneſs. Theſe every body muſt ſee direct us plainly to the manner of thinking, to the idea the painter had; but even in drawing, colouring, and handling, in theſe alſo are ſeen his manner of thinking upon thoſe ſubjects, one may by theſe gueſs at his ideas of what is in nature, or what was to be wiſhed for, or choſen at leaſt. Nevertheleſs when the idea, or manner of thinking in a picture or drawing is oppoſed to the executive part, it is commonly underſtood of theſe four firſt mentioned, as the other three are implied by its oppoſite.

No two men in the world think, and act alike, nor is it poſſible they ſhould, becauſe men fall into a way of thinking, and acting from a chain of cauſes which never is, nor can be the ſame to different men. This difference is notorious, and ſeen by every one with reſpect to what is the object of our ſenſes, and it is as evident to our reaſon; as it is that what I have aſſigned as the cauſe of it is the true one. There are two inſtances that are very familiar, and well known, and thoſe are our voices, and hand-writing; people of the ſame age, the ſame conſtitution, and in ſeveral other particulars in the ſame circumſtances for ought appears to common obſervation are yet as eaſily diſtinguiſhed by their voices, as by any other means: and it is wonderful to conſider that in ſo few circumſtances as what relates to the tone of the voice there ſhould be (as there is) an infinite variety ſo as to produce the effect I am ſpeaking of. So in the other caſe; if one hundred boys learn of the ſame maſter, at the ſame time, yet ſuch will be the difference in other reſpects that their hands ſhall be diſtinguiſhed even while they are at ſchool, and more eaſily afterwards; and thus it would be if one thouſand, or ten thouſand could learn in the ſame manner. They ſee differently, take in different ideas, retain them variouſly, have a different power of hand to form what they conceive, &c. Nay if in any one circumſtance they be unlike the effect is a proportionable degree of difference.

And

And as it is in the caſes I have mentioned ſo it is in all others.

So it is therefore in the works of the painters, and that in a degree proportionable to what thoſe works are; in Paintings, therefore more than in drawings, and in large compoſitions more than in ſingle figures, or other things conſiſting of a few parts. If in forming an A, or a B, no two men are exactly alike, neither will they agree in the manner of drawing a finger or a toe, leſs in a whole hand, or foot, leſs ſtill in a face, and ſo on.

And if there is really a difference it will be diſcernable if things be attentively conſidered, and compared, as is evident from experience in a thouſand inſtances beſides thoſe I have mentioned.

The ſeveral manners of the painters conſequently are to be known, whether in pictures, or drawings; as alſo thoſe of the gravers in copper, or wood, etchers, or others by whom prints are made, if we have a ſufficient quantity of their works to form our judgments upon.

But though there is a real difference in things, this is in various degrees, and ſo proportionably more, or leſs apparent. Thus, ſome of the manners of the painters are as unlike one another as Alcibiades, and Therſites; others are leſs remarkably unlike, as the generality of men's faces are; ſome again have a fraternal reſemblance; and there are ſome few which have that which is frequently found in twins where the difference is but juſt diſcernable.

There are ſuch peculiarities in the turn of thought, and hand to be ſeen in ſome of the maſters (in ſome of their works eſpecially) that it is the eaſieſt thing in the world to know them at firſt ſight; ſuch as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo Buonarotti, Giulio Romano, Battiſta Franco, Parmeggiano, Paolo Farinati, Cangiagio, Rubens, Caſtiglione, and ſome others; and in the divine Rafaelle one often ſees ſuch a tranſcendent excellence that cannot be found in any other man, and aſſures us this muſt be the hand of him who was what Shakeſpear calls Julius Cæſar: The foremoſt man of all the world.

There are ſeveral others, who by imitating other maſters, or being of the ſame ſchool, or from whatſoever other cauſe have had ſuch a reſemblance in their manners as not to be ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, Timoteo D'Urbino, et Pellegrino da Modena, imitated Rafaelle; Cæſare da Seſto, Leonardo da Vinci; Schidone, Lanfranco, and others imitated Corregio; Titian's firſt manner was a cloſe imitation of that of Giorgione; Gio. Battiſta Bertano followed his maſter Giulio Romano, the ſons of Baſſano, and thoſe of Paſſerotto imitated their fathers, Romanino, Andrea Schiavone, and Giovanni Battiſta Zelotti ſeverally imitated Titian, Parmeggiano, and Paolo Veroneſe. Biaggio Bologneſe imitated ſometimes Rafaelle, and ſometimes Parmeggiano. Rubens was imitated by Abraham Janſens, and Van Dyck by Long-John in hiſtory, and Gildenaiſel in portraits. Matham followed Giuſſepino and Ciro Ferri Pietro da Cortona. There is a great reſemblance of the manner of Michelangelo in ſome of the works of Andrea del Sarto, greater in the hands of the two Zuccaroes; and greater yet in thoſe of Maturino, and Polydore.

The reſt of the maſters are generally of a middle claſs, not ſo eaſily known as the former, nor with ſo much difficulty as the latter.

There is but one way to come to the knowledge of hands; and that is to furniſh our minds with as juſt, and complete ideas of the maſters (not as men at large, but meerly as painters) as we can: and in proportion as we do thus we ſhall be good connoiſſeurs in this particular.

For when we judge who is the author of any picture, or drawing, we do the ſame thing as when we ſay who ſuch a portrait reſembles; in that caſe we find the picture anſwers to the idea we have laid up in our minds of ſuch a face; ſo here we compare the work under conſideration with the idea we have of the manner of ſuch a maſter, and perceive the ſimilitude.

And as we judge of the reſemblance of a picture by the idea we have of the perſon whether preſent or abſent, (for we cannot ſee both

PIETRO DA CORTONA

both at the ſame inſtant) juſt ſo we do in the preſent caſe, though we compare that in queſtion with one, or more works allowed to be of the ſame maſter, which we have before us at the ſame time.

Theſe ideas of the ſeveral maſters are to be had from hiſtory, and from their works.

The former of theſe gives us general ideas of theſe great men as to the turn of their minds, the extent of their capacity; the variations of their ſtyles, how their characters were ſingly, or as compared one with another, &c.

And as the deſcription of a picture is a part of the hiſtory of the maſter, a copy or a print after ſuch a one may be conſidered as a more exact, and perfect deſcription of it than can be given by words; theſe are of great advantage, in giving us an idea of the manner of thinking of that maſter, and this in proportion as ſuch a print, or copy happens to be. And there is one advantage which theſe have in this matter, which even the works themſelves have not; and that is, in thoſe commonly their other qualities divert, and divide our attention, and perhaps ſometimes bias us in their favour throughout; as who that ſees the vaſtneſs of ſtyle, and profound ſkill in deſigning of Michelangelo; or the fine colouring, and brave pencil of Paolo Veroneſe can forbear being prejudiced in favour of the extravagance, and indecorum of the one, and the other's neglect of hiſtory, and the antique; whereas in theſe what one ſees of the manner of thinking of the maſter one ſees naked, and without danger of being prejudiced by any other excellencies in the work itſelf.

But it is on the works themſelves we muſt chiefly, and ultimately depend, not only as expoſitors of the hiſtories of the maſters, but as carrying much further, principally by giving us ideas which no words poſſibly can, being ſuch for which we have no name, and which cannot be communicated but by the things themſelves; nor probably can even thoſe give you exactly the ſame I have, as I ſhall not conceive as

you do, though we ſee the thing, and conſider it together at the ſame inſtant of time.

Hiſtory will inform us of ſome particulars which are neceſſary to be known, and which we could not learn from their works, but with this alone it would be impoſſible to be a connoiſſeur in hands; and what is worſe we ſhall be frequently miſled if we truſt too much to the ideas we receive from thence. Hiſtory, whether written or traditional, commonly gives us exalted characters of great men; he of whom the hiſtorian treats is his hero for that time, and it is commonly ſuch a one's intention not to make a juſt, but a fine picture of them; to which our own prejudices in their favour do not a little contribute. By this means it is natural for us to imagine a work in which we ſee great defects could not be of a hand, of which we have ſo favourable an idea. It is neceſſary therefore to correct this way of thinking, and remember that great men are but men ſtill, and that there are degrees, and kinds of excellence of which we may have an idea, but to which the greateſt of men could never arrive; God has ſaid to every man as to the ocean, hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no farther; there are certain bounds ſet to the moſt exalted amongſt men beyond which they are upon the level with the moſt inferior: nor can any man always do as he ſometimes can, nor even as he generally does; a notorious fault, or more than one in a work, nay in a ſingle figure, is conſiſtent with a juſt idea of Rafaelle himſelf, and that in his beſt time: Rafaelle indeed could not have made a lame, ill proportioned figure or limb; that is if he had taken care, and did as well as he could; but Rafaelle might be in haſte, negligent, or forget himſelf: he might be weary, indiſpoſed, or out of humour. Could the inferior maſter to whom the work is to be attributed upon account of theſe faults be ſuppoſed capable of doing the reſt? if we had ſeen an intire work of that bad kind could we have believed the hand that did that could have done like the good part of the thing in queſtion? it is eaſier to deſcend than

than to mount: Rafaelle could more eaſily do like an inferior maſter in certain inſtances, than ſuch a one could do like Rafaelle in all the reſt.

And as the ideas we have of men frequently miſlead us in judging from thence of their works with reſpect to their goodneſs, the ſame happens as to the kinds of them. When one is poſſeſſed of the character of Michelangelo (for inſtance) as fierce, bold, impetuous, haughty, and even gone beyond great; ſo as to have a mixture of the ſavage; when one reads ſuch an account of him as this I have put in the margin (and which I was the more inclined to put there becauſe it is curious, and gives one a more lively idea of the man than I have found almoſt any where elſe, and is withal little known) one finds it hard to conceive that ſuch a one drew very neatly, and finiſhed very highly, and conſequently young connoiſſeurs having this idea of this great maſter, will not very readily believe ſuch drawings to be of him, and yet it is inconteſtable that he did make ſuch very frequently.

——— Je puis dire avoir veu Michel l' Ange, bien qu' agé de plus de ſoixante ans, & encore non de plus robuſtes, abattre plus d'eſcailles d' un tres-dur marbre en un quart d' heure que trois jeunes tailleurs de pierre, n'euſſent peu faire en trois ou quatre, choſe preſqu' incroyable qui ne le verroit, & alloit d' une telle impetuoſite, & furie que je penſois que tout l' ouvrage deuſt aller en pieces, abbatant par terre d' un ſeul coup de groſs morceaux de trois ou quatre doigts d' eſpoiſſeur, ſi ric à ric de ſa marque que ſi l' euſt paſſe outre tant ſoit peu plus qu'il ne falloit, il y avoit danger de perdre tout, parceque cela ne ſe peut plus reparer par apres, ny replaſter comme les images d' Argille, ou de Stuc.

Annotations de Blaiſe de Vigenere ſur le Calliſtrate.

Hiſtory nevertheleſs has its uſe in giving us ideas of the maſters, in order to judge of their hands, as has been ſeen already in part, and will further appear preſently; but theſe ideas muſt be corrected, regulated, and perfected by the works themſelves.

A picture or drawing has ſo many particulars relating to it, ſuch as the ſtyle of thinking, manner of the compoſition, way of folding the draperies, airs of heads; handling of the pen, chalk, or pencil; colouring,

colouring, &c. that it is no difficult matter to fix upon ſuch peculiarities of each maſter in ſome one, or more of theſe as to form a clear, and diſtinct idea of them: if they reſemble one another in ſome things, in others the difference will be more apparent: the colouring of ſeveral of the maſters of the Venetian ſchool have been like one another, but Titian's majeſty, Tintoret's fierceneſs, Baſſan's ruſticity, Paolo Veroneſe's magnificence, have eminently diſtinguiſhed them: as do the particular ſhapes of the legs, and fingers of Parmeggiano; the firmneſs of the contours and vaſtneſs of ſtyle of Michelangelo, the remarkable kind of drapery, and hair of Giulio, the divine airs of the heads of Rafaelle; and ſo of the others: every one of them have ſomething whereby they are more eſpecially known; and which may be obſerved by converſing with their works, but cannot be expreſſed by words.

In forming our ideas of the maſters on their works, care muſt be taken of ſuch of them as have been copied, wholly, or in part from other maſters; or are imitations of them. A connoiſſeur therefore muſt obſerve how much is every man's own, and what is not ſo. Battiſta Franco (for example) drew from the antique, after Rafaelle, Michelangelo, Polydore, &c. You ſee the ſame ſmall pen throughout, that is always his own, but the manner of thinking cannot be ſo: nor is the handling always his entirely; becauſe he has ſometimes imitated that of the maſter he has copied; as when he has in drawing copied a drawing, and not a Painting, or the antique: but neither is it then entirely that of him he copies, but partly his own. Theſe occaſional manners muſt not make a part of our ideas of the maſters, unleſs conſidered as ſuch.

To complete our ideas of the maſters, it is neceſſary to take in their whole lives, and to obſerve their ſeveral variations ſo far as we poſſibly can. It is true, he that knows any one manner of a maſter may judge well of the works he meets with in that manner, but no farther. And the miſchief is, men are apt to confine their ideas of the

the maſter to ſo much only as they know, or have conceived of him; ſo that when any thing appears different from that, they attribute it to ſome other, or pronounce it is not of him; as he that fixes only upon the Roman manner of Rafaelle will be apt to do by a work of his done before he was called to Rome; or if he builds his ideas only on the beſt works of that great man, he will reject the others, and aſcribe them to ſome other hand known, or unknown.

There is none of the maſters but muſt have had their firſt, their middle, and their latter times: generally (though not always) their beginnings have been moderately good, and their latter works (when they have happened to out-live themſelves, and to decay, through age, or infirmities) are like what their bodies then were, they have no more of their former beauty, and vigour. If they died early, their latter time was pobably the beſt; Michelangelo, Titian, and Carlo Maratti, lived and painted to a very great age; Rafaelle

Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar.

MILTON.

Other men by ſlow and eaſy ſteps, advance in their improvements: he flew from one degree of excellence to another with ſuch a happy vigour, that every thing he did ſeemed better than what he had done before, and his laſt works, the cartons at Hampton-court, and the famous hiſtory of the Transfiguration are eſteemed to be his beſt. His firſt manner, when he came out of the ſchool of his maſter, was like thoſe of that age, ſtiff, and dry; but he ſoon meliorated his ſtyle by the ſtrength of his own fine genius, and the ſight of the works of other good maſters of that time, in and about Florence, chiefly of Leonardo da Vinci; and thus formed a ſecond manner with which he went to Rome. Here he found, or procured whatever might contribute to his improvement, he ſaw great variety of the precious remains of antiquity, and employed ſeveral good hands to deſign

deſign all of that kind in Greece, and elſewhere, as well as in Italy, of which he formed a rare collection: here he ſaw the works of Michelangelo, whoſe ſtyle may be ſaid to be rather gigantic, than great, and which abundantly diſtinguiſhed him from all the maſters of that age; I know it has been diſputed, whether Rafaelle made any advantage from ſeeing of the works of this great ſculptor, architect, and painter; which though it was (I believe) intended as a compliment to him, ſeems to me to be directly the contrary; he was too wiſe, and too modeſt not to ſerve himſelf of whatſoever was worthy of his conſideration; and that he did ſo in this caſe is evident by a drawing I have of his hand, in which one ſees plainly the Michelangelo taſte. Not that he reſted here, his noble mind aſpired to ſomething beyond what the world had then to ſhew, and he accompliſhed it in a ſtyle, in which there is ſuch a judicious mixture of the antique, of the modern taſte, and of nature, together with his own admirable ideas, that it ſeems impoſſible that any other could have been ſo proper for the works he was to do, in his own, and ſucceeding times. What further views he might have had, and how much higher he would have carried the art had the Divine Providence (who, to the honour of human nature, endued him with ſuch excellent qualities) thought fit to have lent him longer to the world, that Divine Wiſdom only knows.

Ille hic eſt Raphael, timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.

Epitaph by Card. Bembo.

Thus Rafaelle had three ſeveral manners, which are called his Perugino, his Florentine, and his Roman manners; in all which this great genius is evidently ſeen. But having in the two former raiſed himſelf above all the other maſters, the competition afterwards was only between Rafaelle to-day, and Rafaelle yeſterday.

A great

A great variety is to be found in the works of the ſame men from cauſes as natural as youth, maturity, and old age. Our bodies, and minds have their irregular, and ſeemingly contingent changes as well as thoſe ſtated, and certain ones; ſuch are indiſpoſition, or wearineſs, the weather, the ſeaſon of the year, joy, and gaiety, or grief, heavineſs, or vexation, all theſe, and a thouſand other accidents influence our works, and produce a great variety in them. Sometimes the work itſelf does not pleaſe us as to the kind of it, ſometimes it does not ſucceed as we endeavour it ſhould; this is for thoſe we honour, and deſire to pleaſe, for what reaſons ſoever, that goes on heavily being for thoſe who are leſs obliging, or leſs capable of ſeeing, or being touched with what we do for them. Some are done in hopes of conſiderable recompence, others without any ſuch proſpect. Tintoret was particularly remarkable for undertaking all ſorts of buſineſs, and at all prices, and performed accordingly.

The nature of the works they did make another variety in the hands of the maſters. Parmeggiano in his drawings, appears to be a greater man than one ſees him in his Paintings, or etched prints. Polydore upon paper, or in chiaro ſcuro, is one of the foremoſt in the ſchool of Rafaelle, but give him colours, and you remove him back many degrees. Battiſta Franco's drawings are exquiſitely fine, his Paintings contemptible; even Giulio Romano's pencil in oil has not the tranſcendent merit of his pen in drawings, this has a ſpirit, a beauty, and delicacy inimitable, that is comparatively heavy, and diſagreeable, for the moſt part, for I know of ſome exceptions. The ſubject alſo makes a vaſt difference in the works of theſe great men; Giulio Romano was fitter to paint the birth of the ſon of Saturn, than that of the Son of God; as Michelangelo was better qualified to paint a Hercules and Anteus, than the Laſt Judgment; but Parmeggiano and Correggio, who were prodigies in all ſubjects that were lovely, and angelical would have been almoſt upon the

level with common men in either of thoſe other; a holy family of Rafaelle is as the work of an angel of the higheſt order, a ſlaughter of the innocents of him ſeems to be done by one of the loweſt.

It is no unuſual thing for maſters to go from one manner to another that they like better, whether to imitate ſome other maſters, or otherwiſe. Spagnoletto ſet out finely, imitating Correggio with great ſucceſs, this good manner he forſook for that terrible one he is ſo well known by, and in which he continued to the laſt. Giacomo Pontormo from a good Italian ſtyle fell to imitating Albert Durer, Cau. Giacinto Brandi left his firſt Caravaggio-manner in which he was an excellent maſter, and applied himſelf to its direct oppoſite, that of Guido, in which not ſucceeding, he endeavoured to return to his former way of Painting, but could never regain the ground he had loſt. Beſides this, one maſter imitates another occaſionally, and copies their works, or their ſtyle at leaſt to try experiments, or to pleaſe themſelves, or thoſe that employ them, or perhaps ſometimes to deceive, or for whatever other reaſons.

In copying, though never ſo ſervilely, there will be ſuch a mixture of the coppier as to make what is done a different manner; but it is very apparently ſo when this is done by a maſter who cannot, or will not ſo ſtrictly confine himſelf. Sometimes ſuch a one coppies as it were but in part, that is, he takes the thought of another, but keeps to his own manner of executing it; this was frequently done by Rafaelle after the antique, Parmeggiano, and Battiſta Franco thus copied Rafaelle, and Michelangelo; and ſo Rubens copied Rafaelle, Titian, Pordonone, &c. of which I have many inſtances. In theſe caſes, the maſter will be evidently ſeen, but being mixed with the idea of other men, this compound work will be very different from one entirely his own.

In drawings one finds a great ariety, from their being firſt thoughts (which often are very ſlight, but ſpiritous ſcrabbles) or more advanced, or finiſhed. So ſome are done one way, ſome another;

another; a pen, chalks, waſhes of all colours; heightened with white, wet or dry, or not heightened. All the maſters have had the firſt kind of variety, though ſome more than others, there are few finiſhed works of Titiano, Baſſano, Tintoretto, Baccio Bandinelli, Correggio, Annibale, Caracci, and others, I mean few in proportion to the number of drawings we have of them; which indeed may be ſaid of them all, though of thoſe I have named more particularly; but of Rubens, Giuſeppino, Paolo Farinato, Primaticcio, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, many ſuch are ſeen; Biaggio Bologneſe rarely made any other. And of Parmeggiano, Battiſta Franco, Pierino del Vaga, Polidoro, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, and even of Rafaelle himſelf, one frequently ſees finiſhed drawings. As for the latter kind of variety it is to be found chiefly in Rafaelle, Polidoro, and Parmeggiano; whereas Michelangelo, Baccio Bandinelli, Biaggio Bolonefe, Giulio Romano, Battiſta Franco, Paolo Farinatto, Cangiagio, Paſſerotto, and the two Zuccaros kept generally to the ſame manner; and ſome of them are very remarkable for it.

There are inſtances (laſtly) of ſome whoſe manners have been changed by ſome unlucky circumſtances. Poor Annibale Caracci! he ſunk at once, his great ſpirit was ſubdued by the barbarous uſage of Cardinal Farneſe, who for a work which will be one of the principal ornaments of Rome ſo long as the palace of that name remains, which coſt that vaſt genius many years inceſſant ſtudy, and application, and which he had all poſſible reaſon to hope would have been rewarded in ſuch a manner as to have made him eaſy the remainder of his life: for this work, that infamous eccleſiaſtic paid him as if he had been an ordinary mechanic. After this he lived not long, painted but little, and that in no degree equal to what he had done before.

Why couldſt thou not, O Annibale ſuſtain
Thy odious wrongs with generous diſdain?
Why ſink beneath their weight that future times
Might do thee right, and curſe his purpled crimes?
Unhappy man! how great thy vertues were!
O that thou hadſt had fortitude to bear
The ills that fate allotted to thy ſhare:
Vain wiſh! for fate allotted to thy fall,
Fate uncontroulable that governs all;
Or fate, or what we Providence may call.
Elſe other thoughts had fill'd thy lab'ring mind,
Thoughts to the world, and to thyſelf more kind:
Tranſcedent was thy art; no reaſon why
Becauſe 'twas unrewarded it muſt die:
Injur'd thou wert; but why muſt Aunibale,
Why he, and not the guilty prelate fall?

Guido Reni from a prince-like affluence of fortune (the juſt reward of his angelic works) fell to a condition like that of a hired ſervant to one who ſupplied him with money for what he did at a fixed rate, and that by his being bewitched with a paſſion for gaming, whereby he loſt vaſt ſums of money, and even what he got in this, his ſtate of ſervitude by day, he commonly loſt at night; nor could he ever be cured of this curſed madneſs. Thoſe of his works therefore, which he did in this unhappy part of his life, may eaſily be conceived to be in a different ſtyle from what he did before, which in ſome things, that is in the airs of his heads (in the gracious kind) had a delicacy in them peculiar to himſelf, and almoſt more than human. But I muſt not multiply inſtances. Parmeggiano is one that alone takes in all the ſeveral kinds of variation, one ſees (in his drawings) all the ſeveral manners of handling; pen, red chalk, black chalk, waſhing, with, and without heightening;

heightening; on all coloured papers, and in all the degrees of goodneſs, from the loweſt of the indifferent up to the ſublime; I can produce evident proofs of this in ſo eaſy a gradation, that one cannot deny but that he that did this, might do that, and very probably did ſo; and thus one may aſcend, and deſcend, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, whoſe foot was upon the earth, but its top reached to Heaven.

And this great man had his unlucky circumſtance, he became mad after the philoſopher's ſtone, and did but very little in Painting or drawing afterwards; judge what that was, and whether there was not an alteration of ſtyle, from what he had done before this devil poſſeſſed him. His creditors endeavoured to exorciſe him, and did him ſome good, for he ſet himſelf to work again in his own way; but if a drawing I have of him of a Lucretia be that he made for his laſt picture, as it probably is (Vaſari ſays that was the ſubject of it) it is an evident proof of his decay, it is good indeed, but it wants much of the delicacy which is commonly ſeen in his works, and ſo I always thought before I knew, or imagined it to be done in this his ebb of genius.

Thus it is evident, that to be good connoiſſeurs in judging of hands, we muſt extend our thoughts to all the parts of the lives, and to all the circumſtances of the maſters; to the various kinds, and degrees of goodneſs of their works, and not confine ourſelves to one manner only, and a certain excellency found only in ſome things they have done, upon which ſome have formed their ideas of thoſe extraordinary men, but very narrow, and imperfect ones.

Great care muſt be taken as to the genuineneſs of the works on which we form our ideas of the maſters, for abundance of things are attributed to them, chiefly to thoſe that are moſt famous which they never ſaw.

If two, or more conſiderable maſters reſemble each other, the moſt conſiderable uſually fathers the works of them both: thus Annibale

Annibale has the honour, or the diſgrace of much of what was done by Lodovico, or Agoſtino Caracci; and many of our Carlo Maratti's are of Giuſeppe Chiari, or ſome other of his ſcholars; a copy, or an imitation of a great man, or even the work of an obſcure hand that has any ſimilitude to his is preſently of him. Nay pictures, or drawings are frequently chriſtened (as they call it) arbitrarily, or ignorantly, as avarice, vanity, or caprice has directed. I believe there are few collections without inſtances of theſe miſnamed works, ſome that I have ſeen are notorious for it. Nor do I pretend that my own has not ſome few on which I would not have the leaſt dependance in forming an idea of the maſters whoſe names they bear. They are as I found them, and may be rightly chriſtened for ought I know; I leave the matter as doubtful, in hopes of future diſcoveries; but a name I know, or believe to be wrong I never ſuffer to remain, I either expunge it, and leave the work without any, or give it ſuch as I am aſſured, or have probable arguments to believe is right.

It cannot be denied but that this is a conſiderable diſcouragement to one that is deſirous to be a connoiſſeur, but there are certain pictures, and drawings of ſeveral of the maſters, chiefly of the moſt conſiderable ones, that a beginner in the buſineſs of a connoiſſeur will find at his firſt ſetting out, and always meet within his way that will ſerve him as ſafe, and ſufficient guides in this affair.

Such are thoſe whoſe genuineneſs is abundantly eſtabliſhed by hiſtory, tradition, and univerſal conſent; as the works of Rafaelle in the Vatican, and at Hampton-court; thoſe of Correggio in the Cupolla at Parma; of Annibale Caracci in the gallery of Farneſe at Rome: of Van Dyck in many families in England, and a great many more of theſe, and other maſters all over Europe.

The deſcriptions of works in Vaſari, Cinelli and other writers, or the prints extant of them prove abundance of pictures, and drawings to be genuine, ſuppoſing them not to be copies; which their excellency

lency may be as certain a proof of to a good judge of that, and proportionably to one that is leſs advanced in that branch of ſcience.

The general conſent of connoiſſeurs is what I believe will be allowed to be ſufficient to conſtitute a picture, or a drawing to be a guide in this caſe.

Many maſters have ſomething ſo remarkable, and peculiar that their manner in general is ſoon known, and the beſt in theſe kinds ſufficiently appear to be genuine ſo that a young connoiſſeur can be in no doubt concerning them.

Now though ſome maſters differ exceedingly from themſelves, yet in all there is ſomething of the ſame man; as in all the ſtages of our lives there is a general reſemblance; ſomething of the ſame traits are ſeen in our old faces as we had in our youth; when we have fixed a few of the works of the maſters as genuine, theſe will direct us in the diſcovery of others, with greater or leſs degrees of probability as the ſimilitude betwixt them, and thoſe already allowed to be genuine happens to be.

An idea of the moſt conſiderable maſters who have had a great variety in them may be ſoon gotten as to their moſt common manner, and general character, which by ſeeing pictures, and drawings, with care, and obſervation will be improved, and enlarged perpetually.

And there are ſome maſters who when you have ſeen two or three of their works will be known again eaſily, having had but very little variety in the manners, or ſomething ſo peculiar throughout as to diſcover them immediately.

As for obſcure maſters, or thoſe whoſe works are little known it is impoſſible to have any juſt idea of them, and conſequently to know to whom to attribute a work of their hands when we happen to meet with them.

When we are at a loſs, and know not to what hand to attribute a picture, or drawing it is of uſe to conſider of what age, and what ſchool it probably

probably is; this will reduce the enquiry into a narrow compaſs, and oftentimes lead us to the maſter we are ſeeking for. So that beſides the hiſtory of the particular maſters, which (as has been ſeen already) is neceſſary to be known by every one that would be connoiſſeurs in hands; the general one of the art, and the characters of the ſeveral ſchools is ſo too. Of the firſt I have occaſionally given ſome few touches throughout this, and my former book; of the other I ſhall make light ſketches in the ſecond part of this, referring you for the whole to the accounts at large in the authors who have profeſſedly treated on thoſe ſubjects.

He that would be a good connoiſſeur in hands muſt know how to diſtinguiſh clearly, and readily, not only betwixt one thing, and another, but when two different things nearly reſemble, for this he will very often have occaſion to do, as it is eaſy to obſerve by what has been ſaid already. But I ſhall have a further occaſion to enlarge on this particular.

Laſtly, To attain that branch of ſcience of which I have been treating a particular application to that very thing is requiſite. A man may be a good painter, and a good connoiſſeur as to the merit of a picture, or drawing, and may have ſeen all the fine ones in the world, and not know any thing of this matter; it is a thing entirely diſtinct from all theſe qualifications, and requires a turn of thought accordingly.

Of ORIGINALS *and* COPIES.

ALL that is done in picture is done by invention; or from the life; or from another picture; or laſtly it is a compoſition of one, or more of theſe.

The

The term picture I here underſtand at large as ſignifying a painting, drawing, graving, &c.

Perhaps nothing that is done is properly, and ſtrictly invention, but derived from ſomething already ſeen, though ſometimes compounded, and jumbled into forms which nature never produced: theſe images laid up in our minds are the patterns by which we work when we do what is ſaid to be done by invention; juſt as when we follow nature before our eyes, the only difference being that in the latter caſe theſe ideas are freſh taken in, and immediately made uſe of, in the other they have been repoſited there, and are leſs clear, and lively.

So that is ſaid to be done by the life which is done the thing intended to be repreſented being ſet before us, though we neither follow it intirely, nor intend ſo to do, but add or retrench by the help of preconceived ideas of a beauty, and perfection we imagine nature is capable of, though it is rarely, or never found.

We ſay a picture is done by the life as well when the object repreſented is a thing inanimate, as when it is an animal; and the work of art, as well as nature: but then for diſtinction the term ſtill-life is made uſe of as occaſion requires.

A copy is the repetition of a work already done when the artiſt endeavours to follow that; as he that works by invention, or the life endeavouring to copy nature, ſeen, or conceived makes an original.

Thus not only that is an original Painting that is done by invention, or the life immediately; but that is ſo too which is done by a drawing or ſketch ſo done; that drawing, or ſketch not being ultimately intended to be followed but uſed only as a help towards the better imitation of nature, whether preſent, or abſent.

And though this drawing, or ſketch is thus uſed by another hand than that by which it is made, what is ſo done cannot be ſaid to be

a copy: the thought indeed is partly borrowed, but the work is original.

For the ſame reaſon if a picture be made after another, and afterwards gone over by invention, or the life, not following that, but endeavouring to improve upon it, it thus becomes an original.

But if a picture, or drawing be copied, and the manner of handling be imitated, though with ſome liberty ſo as not to follow every ſtroke, and touch it ceaſes not to be a copy; as that is truly a tranſlation where the ſenſe is kept though it be not exactly literal.

If a larger picture be copied though in little, and what was done in oil is imitated with water colours, or crayons, that firſt picture being only endeavoured to be followed as cloſe as poſſible with thoſe materials, and in thoſe dimenſions, this is as truly a copy as if it were done as large, and in the ſame manner as the original.

There are ſome pictures, and drawings which are neither copies, nor originals, as being partly one and partly the other. If in a hiſtory, or large compoſition, or even a ſingle figure, a face, or more is inſerted, copied from what has been done from the life, ſuch picture is not intirely original. Neither is that ſo, nor intirely copy where the whole thought is taken, but the manner of the copier uſed as to the colouring and handling. A copy retouched in ſome places by invention, or the life is of this equivocal kind. I have ſeveral drawings firſt copied after old maſters (Giulio Romano for example,) and then heightened, and endeavoured to be improved by Rubens; ſo far as his hand has gone is therefore original, the reſt remains pure copy. But when he has thus wrought upon original drawings (of which I have alſo many inſtances,) the drawing looſes not its firſt denomination, it is an original ſtill, made by two ſeveral maſters.

The ideas of better, and worſe are generally attached to the terms original, and copy; and that with good reaſon; not only becauſe copies are uſually made by inferior hands; but becauſe though

though he that makes the copy is as good, or even a better maſter than he that made the original whatever may happen rarely, and by accident, ordinarily the copy will fall ſhort: our hands cannot reach what our minds have conceived; it is God alone whoſe works anſwer to his ideas. In making an original our ideas are taken from nature; which the works of art cannot equal: when we copy it is theſe defective works of art we take our ideas from; thoſe are the utmoſt we endeavour to arrive at; and theſe lower ideas too our hands fail of executing perfectly; an original is the echo of the voice of nature, a copy is the echo of that echo. Moreover, though the maſter that copies be equal in general to him whoſe work he follows, yet in the particular manner of that maſter he is to imitate he may not: Van Dyck (for example) might have as fine a pencil as Correggio; Parmeggiano might handle a pen, or chalk as well as Rafaelle; but Van Dyck was not ſo excellent in the manner of Correggio, nor Parmeggiano in that of Rafaelle as they themſelves were: laſtly, in making an original we have a vaſt latitude as to the handling, colouring, drawing, expreſſion, &c. in copying we are confined; conſequently a copy cannot have the freedom, and ſpirit of an original; ſo that though he that made the original copies his own work it cannot be expected it ſhould be as well.

But though it be generally true that a copy is inferior to an original, it may ſo happen that it may be better; as when the copy is done by a much better hand; an excellent maſter can no more ſink down to the badneſs of ſome works than the author of ſuch can riſe to the other's excellence. A copy of a very good picture is preferable to an indifferent original; for there the invention is ſeen almoſt intire, and a great deal of the expreſſion, and diſpoſition, and many times good hints of the colouring, drawing, and other qualities. An indifferent original has nothing that is excellent, nothing that touches, which ſuch a copy I am ſpeaking of has, and that in proportion to its goodneſs as a copy.

When we conſider a picture or a drawing, and the queſtion is whether it is a copy, or an original, the ſtate of that queſtion will be.

I. In thoſe very terms.

II. Is this of ſuch a hand, or after him?

III. Is ſuch a work, ſeen to be of ſuch a maſter, originally of him, or a copy after ſome other?

Laſtly, Is it done by this maſter from the life, or invention? or copied after ſome other picture of his own?

In the firſt of theſe caſes neither the hand, nor the idea is known; in the ſecond the idea is ſuppoſed to be ſo, but not the hand; in the third the hand is known, but not the idea, and in the laſt both the hand, and the idea is known, but not whether it is original, or copy.

There are certain arguments made uſe of in determining upon one, or more of theſe queſtions which are to be rejected; if there are two pictures of the ſame ſubject, the ſame number of figures, the ſame attitudes, colours, &c. it will by no means follow that one is a copy; for the maſters have frequently repeated their works either to pleaſe themſelves, or other people, who ſeeing, and liking one have deſired another like it. Some have fancied the great maſters made no finiſhed drawings, as not having time, or patience ſufficient, and therefore pronounce all ſuch to be copies; I will not oppoſe this falſe reaſoning by ſomething in the ſame way, though I might; (I hate arguments ad hominem, becauſe if I diſpute it is not for victory but truth) but let the drawing have the other good properties of an original thoſe will be arguments in it's favour which the finiſhing cannot overthrow, or ſo much as weaken. Nor will the numbers of drawings which we have here in England, which are attributed to Raſaelle, or any other maſter be any argument not only againſt the originality of any one of them in particular (for that for certain it cannot be) no, nor even that ſome of them muſt be

be copies. That theſe great men made vaſt numbers of drawings is certain, and oftentimes many for the ſame work; and that they are hardly to be found in Italy is nothing to the purpoſe; the riches of England, Holland, France, and other countries of Europe may well be ſuppoſed to have drawn away by much the greateſt number of what curioſities could be had. But I have no inclination to dwell upon ſuch a poor, and low way of arguing, and ſo unworthy of a connoiſſeur; let us judge from the things themſelves, and what we ſee, and know, and thus only.

I. There are ſome pictures, and drawings which are ſeen to be originals, though the hand, and manner of thinking are neither of them known, and that by the ſpirit, and freedom of them: which ſometimes appears to ſuch a degree as to aſſure us it is impoſſible they ſhould be copies. But we cannot ſay on the contrary when we ſee a tame, heavy handling that it is not original merely upon that account, becauſe there have been many bad originals, and ſome good maſters have fallen into a feebleneſs of hand, eſpecially in their old age.

Sometimes there appears ſuch a nature, together with ſo much liberty that this is a further evidence of the originality of ſuch works.

There is another, and a more maſterly way of judging, and that is by comparing the unknown hand, and manner of thinking one with another. The invention, and diſpoſition of the parts in a copy, and ſome of the expreſſion always remains, and are the ſame as in the original; let theſe be compared with the airs of the heads, the grace, and greatneſs, the drawing, and handling; if theſe be all of a piece, and ſuch as we can believe all may be the work of the ſame perſon it is probable it is an original, at leaſt we cannot pronounce it to be otherwiſe. But if we ſee a wiſe, and ingenious invention, a judicious diſpoſition, but want of harmony, graceful, and noble actions but ill performed, ſilly airs of heads, bad drawing,

drawing, a low taſte of colouring, and a timorous, or heavy hand, this we may be aſſured is a copy in a degree proportionable to the difference we ſee in the head, and hand that contributed to the production of this linſey-woolſey performance.

II. To know whether a picture or drawing be of the hand of ſuch a maſter, or after him one muſt be ſo well acquainted with the hand of that maſter, as to be able to diſtinguiſh what is genuine, from what is not ſo; the beſt counterfeiter of hands cannot do it ſo well as to deceive a good connoiſſeur; the handling, the colouring, the drawing the airs of heads, ſome, nay all of theſe diſcover the author; more, or leſs eaſily however, as the manner of the maſter happens to be; what is highly finiſhed (for example) is more eaſily imitated than what is looſe, and free.

It is impoſſible for any one to transform himſelf immediately, and become exactly another man; a hand that has been always moving in a certain manner cannot at once, or by a few occaſional eſſays get into a different kind of motion, and be as perfect as he that practiſes it continually: It is the ſame in colouring, and drawing; they are as impoſſible to be counterfeited as the handling: every man will naturally, and unavoidably mix ſomething of himſelf in all he does, if he copies with any degree of liberty: if he attempts to follow his original ſervilely, and exactly, that cannot but have a ſtiffneſs which will eaſily diſtinguiſh what is ſo done, from what is performed naturally, eaſily, and without reſtraint.

I have perhaps one of the greateſt curioſities of this kind that can be ſeen, becauſe I have both the copy, and the original; both are of great maſters, the copier was moreover the diſciple of him he endeavoured to imitate, and had accuſtomed himſelf to do ſo, for I have ſeveral inſtances of it, which I am very certain of though I have not ſeen the originals. Michelangelo made that I am now ſpeaking of, and which I joyfully purchaſed lately of one that had juſt brought it from abroad; it is a drawing with a pen upon

upon a large half ſheet, and conſiſts of three ſtanding figures: the copy is of Battiſta Franco, and which I have had ſeveral years, and always judged it to be what I now find it is. It is an amazing thing to ſee how exactly the meaſures are followed, for it does not appear to have been done by any other help than the correctneſs of the eye, if it has been traced off, or meaſured throughout, it is as ſtrange that the liberty ſhould be preſerved that is ſeen in it; Battiſta has alſo been exact in following every ſtroke, even what is purely accidental, and without any meaning; ſo that one would think he endeavoured to make as juſt a copy as poſſible, both as to the freedom, and exactneſs. But himſelf is ſeen throughout moſt apparently: as great a maſter as he was, he could no more counterfeit the vigorous, blunt pen of Michelangelo, and that terrible fire that is always ſeen in him, than he could have managed the club of Hercules.

I am well aware of the objection that will be made to what I am ſaying, founded upon the inſtances of copies that have deceived very good painters, who have judged them to be of the hands they were only counterfeits of, and even when theſe hands have been their own; to which I anſwer,

1. A man may be a very good painter, and not a good connoiſſeur in this particular. To know, and diſtinguiſh hands, and to be able to make a good picture are very different qualifications, and require a very different turn of thought, and both a particular application.

2. It is probable thoſe that have been thus miſtaken, have been too precipitate in giving their judgments; and not having any doubt upon the matter, have pronounced without much examination.

Laſtly, admitting it to be true that there have been inſtances of copies of this kind not poſſible to be detected by the ableſt connoiſſeurs (which however I do not believe) yet this muſt needs happen ſo very rarely, that the general rule will however ſubſiſt.

III. The

III. The next queſtion to be ſpoken to is, whether a work ſeen to be of ſuch a maſter is originally of him, or a copy after ſome other.

And here the firſt enquiry will be, whether as we ſee the hand of ſuch maſter in the picture, or drawing before us, his idea is alſo in it: and if it be judged the thought is not originally of him, we muſt further enquire whether he who did the work under conſideration endeavoured to follow that other maſter as well as he could, ſo as to make what he did properly a copy; or took ſuch a liberty as that his work thereby becomes an original.

This mixture, the hand of one, and the idea of another is very frequently ſeen in the works of ſome of the greateſt maſters.—Rafaelle has much of the antique in his, not only imitations, but copies. Parmeggiano, and Battiſta Franco drew after Rafaelle, and Michelangelo; and the latter made abundance of drawings from the antique, having had an intention to etch a book of that kind. Rubens drew very much from other maſters, eſpecially from Rafaelle; almoſt all that Biaggio Boloneſe did was borrowed from Rafaelle, or Parmeggiano, or imitations of their way of thinking. But this mixture is rarely, or never ſeen in Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Correggio, and others: Giulio Romano, and much more Polydore had ſo imbibed the taſte of the ancients as to think much in their way, though eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed however. It would be too tedious to be more particular; thoſe who acquaint themſelves thoroughly with the works of theſe great men, will furniſh themſelves with obſervations of this kind ſufficient for their purpoſe: and this, he that would judge in the preſent caſe muſt do; for it is obvious the only way to know whether the idea, and the hand are of the ſame maſter, is by being a good connoiſſeur with relation to the hands, and ideas of the maſters. And then to know whether the work ought to be conſidered as an original, or not; he muſt clearly conceive

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ceive what are the juſt definitions of a copy, and an original, as diſtinguiſhed from each other.

IV. Copies made by a maſter after his own work are diſcoverable, by being well acquainted with what that maſter did when he followed nature; theſe ſhall have a ſpirit, a freedom, a naturalneſs, which even he cannot put into what he copies from his own work, as has been noted already. Page, 159

As for prints, though what I have been ſaying not only in the preſent, but precedent chapters is for the moſt part applicable to them, as well as to pictures, and drawings (which I have all along had almoſt wholly in my mind) yet there being ſomething peculiar to theſe I have choſen to reſerve what I had to ſay concerning them in particular to this place.

Prints, whether graved in metal, or wood, etched or mezzotinto, are a ſort of works done in ſuch a manner as is not ſo proper as that whereby Paintings or drawings are performed, it not being poſſible by it to make any thing ſo excellent as in the others. But this way of working is choſen upon other accounts, ſuch as that thereby great numbers are produced inſtead of one, ſo that the thing comes into many hands; and that at an eaſy price.

Of prints there are two kinds: ſuch as are done by the maſters themſelves, whoſe invention the work is; and ſuch as are done by men not pretending to invent, but only to copy (in their way) other men's works.

The latter ſort of prints are always profeſſed copies with reſpect to the invention, compoſition, manner of deſigning, grace, and greatneſs. But theſe prints may be alſo copied as they frequently are, and to know what are ſo, and what are originals is, by being well acquainted with the hands of the graver, or etcher, who in this reſpect are the maſters, as the painter from whom they copied were to them.

The former ſort may again be ſubdivided into three kinds. 1. Thoſe they have done after a Painting of their own. 2. Thoſe done after a drawing alſo done by themſelves; or laſtly, what is deſigned upon the plate which has been ſometimes done eſpecially in etching. The firſt of theſe are copies after their own works; and ſo may the ſecond, or they may not, according as the drawing they have made previouſly to it happens to be: but both are ſo but in part; what is thus done being a different way of working. But if it be deſigned on the plate it is a kind of drawing (as the others are) though in a manner different from the reſt, but it is purely, and properly original.

And the hands of the maſters are to be known in this way as in all others, and ſo what are genuine, and what are copies, and how far.

The excellence of a print, as of a drawing, conſiſts not particularly in the handling; this is but one, and even one of the leaſt conſiderable parts of it: it is the invention, the grace, and greatneſs, and thoſe principal things that in the firſt place are to be regarded. There is better graving, a finer burin in many worthleſs prints than in thoſe of Marc Antonio, but thoſe of him that come after Rafaelle are generally more eſteemed than even thoſe which are graved by the maſters themſelves; though the expreſſion, the grace, and greatneſs, and other properties wherein that inimitable man ſo much excelled all mankind, appear to be but faintly marked if compared with what Rafaelle himſelf has done; yet even that ſhadow of him has beauties that touch the ſoul beyond what the beſt original works of moſt of the other maſters, though very conſiderable ones, can do: and this muſt be ſaid too, that though Marc Antonio's gravings come far ſhort of what Rafaelle himſelf did, all others that have made prints after Rafaelle come vaſtly ſhort of him, becauſe he has better imitated what is moſt excellent in that beloved, wonderful man than any other has done.

The

The prints etched by the maſters themſelves; ſuch as thoſe of Parmeggiano, Annibale Caracci, and Guido Reni (who are the chief of thoſe of whom we have works of this kind) are conſiderable upon the ſame account; not for the handling, but the ſpirit, the expreſſion, the drawing, and other the moſt excellent properties of a picture, or drawing; though by the nature of the work, they are not equal to what they have done in thoſe ways of working.

And it is further to be obſerved, that as prints cannot be ſo good as drawings they abate in the goodneſs they have by the wearing of the plates; they thus become to have leſs beauty, leſs ſpirit, the expreſſion is fainter, the airs of the heads are loſt, and the whole is the worſe in proportion as the plate is worn: unleſs it be too hard at firſt, and then thoſe prints are the better that are taken after that hardneſs is worn off.

It were much to be wiſhed that all who have applied themſelves to the copying of other men's works by prints (of what kind ſoever) had more ſtudied to become maſters in thoſe branches of ſcience which are neceſſary to a painter (except what are peculiar to them as ſuch) than they have generally done; their works would then have been much more deſirble than they are. Some few indeed have done this, and their prints are eſteemed accordingly.

To conclude; it muſt be obſerved, to the advantage of prints as compared with drawings; though they are by no means equal to them upon other accounts (as has been already noted) they are uſually done from the finiſhed works of the maſters, and ſo are their laſt, their utmoſt thoughts on the ſubject, whatever it be. So much for prints.

There is one qualification abſolutely neceſſary to him that would know hands, and diſtinguiſh copies from originals; as it alſo is ſo whoſoever would judge well of the goodneſs of a picture, or drawing; or indeed of any thing elſe whatſoever, and with which therefore I will finiſh this diſcourſe; and that is, he muſt know how,

and accuſtom himſelf to take in, retain, and manage clear, and diſtinct ideas.

To be able to diſtinguiſh betwixt two things of a different ſpecies (eſpecially if thoſe are very much unlike) is what the moſt ſtupid creature is capable of, as to ſay this is an oak, and that a willow; but to come into a foreſt of a thouſand oaks, and to know how to diſtinguiſh any one leaf of all thoſe trees from any other whatſoever, and to form ſo clear an idea of that one, and to retain it ſo clean as (if occaſion be) to know it ſo long as its characteriſticks remain, requires better faculties than every one is maſter of; and yet this may certainly be done. To ſee the difference between a fine metaphyſical notion, and a dull jeſt; or between a demonſtration, and an argument but juſt probable, theſe are things which he that cannot do is rather a brute, than a rational creature; but to diſcern wherein the difference conſiſts when two notions very nearly reſemble each other, but are not the ſame; or to ſee the juſt weight of an argument, and that through all its artificial diſguiſes; to do this it is neceſſary to conceive, diſtinguiſh, methodize, and compare ideas in a manner that few of all thoſe multitudes that pretend to reaſoning have accuſtomed themſelves to. But thus to ſee, thus nicely to diſtinguiſh things nearly reſembling one another, whether viſible, or immaterial, is the buſineſs of a connoiſſeur. It is for want of this diſtinguiſhing faculty, that ſome whom I have known, and from whom one might reaſonably have expected better, have blundered as groſsly as if they had miſtaken a Correggio for a Rembrandt; or (to ſpeak more intelligibly to thoſe who are not well acquainted with theſe things) an apple for an oyſter: but leſſer miſtakes have been made perpetually when the difference between the two manners, that which we ſaw before us, and that which it was judged to be, whether as to the maſter's way of thinking, or of executing his thoughts, was nevertheleſs very eaſily diſcernable.

It

It is as neceſſary to a connoiſſeur as to a philoſopher, or divine to be a good logician; the ſame faculties are employed, and in the ſame manner, the difference is only in the ſubject.

1. He muſt never undertake to make any judgment without having in his mind certain, determined ideas, he muſt not think, or talk at random, and when he is not clear in the thing; as thoſe gentlemen Mr. Lock ſpeaks of ſomewhere who were diſputing warmly upon a certain liquor in the body, and might probably never have come to any concluſion if he had not put them upon ſettling the meaning of that term liquor; they talked all the while in the clouds.

2. A good connoiſſeur will take care not to confound things in which there is a real difference becauſe of the reſemblance they may ſeem to have. This he has perpetual occaſion to be upon his guard againſt, for many times the hands, and manners of different maſters very near reſemble each other: miſtakes of this kind are very common in other caſes.

That there are indifferent actions, that is, ſuch as are neither commanded, nor forbidden paſſes currently with almoſt every body; this is imagined to be a ſort of waſte ground between the frontiers of the two empires of God, and the devil; but it is no other than imaginary: for though there are many actions of which no revealed, or poſitive law has taken any notice, there are none which fall not under the cognizance of the moral law, the law of nature; and there is a wide difference between being left free by one of theſe, and both of them.

So it will be thought it was indifferent whether (for example) I had taken up the pen I have in my hand, or that which lay by it, as good as this for ought I know: and it was indifferent as to the principal conſideration concerning it, becauſe I knew not which of the two was the beſt; but other circumſtances, as they determined my choice

choice of this rather than that, deſtroyed that ſeeming indifference; this was what my eye firſt ſtruck upon, was readieſt to my hand, &c. If there are a thouſand circumſtances relating to two things, and they agree exactly in all but one of them; this gives us two as diſtinct ideas as of any two things in the univerſe. And if we carefully obſerve it we ſhall find ſome ſuch diſtinguiſhing circumſtances in every action we do, which determines us to the doing of that rather than ſome other, how indifferent ſoever it may ſeem to be which of them we do.

There is the ſame difference between the demonſtration Mr. Lock* gives us (as ſuch) of the being of a God, and a real demonſtration, as between a copy, and an original; or between the hand of Michelangelo, and that of Baccio Bandinelli; that is, it reſembles ſuch a one, but is not it: it is not an abſolute demonſtration, as we had reaſon to expect, it is only hypothetical. I remember I was much ſurpriſed when I found this after the great expectation he had raiſed in me: I gave it my ſon (who was then about twelve or thirteen years old)—My dear, read this, and give me your opinion of it—he came to me again in a quarter of an hour, and ſaid; ſuppoſing the world to have been created in time this is a demonſtration, otherwiſe it is not: and he judged right. Mr. Lock ſhould firſt of all have demonſtrated that great point of the birth of the world, till that was done he was in the caſe of Archimedes, he wanted ground to plant his engine upon.

3. A good connoiſſeur will take care not to make a difference where there is none, and ſo attribute thoſe works to two ſeveral maſters which were both done by the ſame hand, or call that a copy which is truly an original. Errors of this kind are common in other ſciences as well as in this.

4. Con-

* Eſſay of Human Underſtanding, book 4. chap. 10.

4. Connoiſſeurs having fixed their ideas ſhould keep cloſe to them, and not flutter about in confuſion from one to another, and ſhould aſſent according to the evidence they have.

Every one will readily agree that our aſſent, and diſſent ſhould be proportionable to the appearance the evidence has to us; this being certainly the idea of evidence.

A DIS-

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

Dignity, Certainty, Pleaſure, and Advantage

OF

The SCIENCE of a CONNOISSEUR.

IT is remarkable that in a country as ours, rich, and abounding with gentlemen of a juſt, and delicate taſte in muſic, poetry, and all kinds of literature: ſuch fine writers! ſuch ſolid reaſoners! ſuch able ſtateſmen! gallant ſoldiers! excellent divines, lawyers, phyſicians, mathematicians, and mechanicks! and yet ſo few! ſo very few lovers, and connoiſſeurs in Painting!

In moſt of theſe particulars there is no nation under Heaven which we do not excel; in ſome of the principal moſt of them are barbarous compared with us; ſince the beſt times of the ancient Greeks and Romans when this art was in its greateſt eſteem, and perfection, ſuch a national magnanimity as ſeems to be the characteriſtic of our nation has been loſt in the world; and yet the love, and knowledge of Painting, and what has relation to it bears no proportion to what is to be found not only in Italy, where they are all lovers, and almoſt all connoiſſeurs, but in France, Holland, and Flanders.

Every

Every event in the natural, and moral world has its cauſes, which are cauſed by other cauſes, and ſo on up to the firſt cauſe, the immutable, and unerring will, without which not ſo inconſiderable an accident (as it will be called) as the falling of a ſparrow, or the change of the colour of a ſingle hair can happen; ſo that there is nothing ſtrange: what is commonly the ſubject of admiration is ſo for no other reaſon but that we do not ſee its cauſes, nor remember it muſt needs have had ſuch, and which muſt as infallibly operate in that manner as thoſe we ſee, and which are moſt ordinary, and familiar to us. We are apt to wonder (for example) that ſuch a man got ſuch an eſtate, or that another had ſo little, whereas did we ſee all the cauſes we ſhould ſee it could not have been otherwiſe: there goes a great many of theſe to the producing ſuch an event, I mean thoſe that may be ſaid to ſtand in front, and not in depth, thoſe that are concomitant, ſuch as the man's opportunities, humour, a certain mixture of abilities; he may be well qualified in ſome reſpects, deficient in others, and abundance of other circumſtances always operating at the ſame inſtant, I ſay I mean theſe, and not their cauſes, and the cauſes of thoſe cauſes, and ſo on: and theſe being known, and weighed, the wonder ceaſes; it muſt needs have happened thus: the Mercury in the tube will riſe and fall juſt as the compoſition of the atmoſphere happens to be. That ſo few here in England have conſidered that to be a good connoiſſeur is fit to be part of the education of a gentleman, that there are ſo few lovers of Painting; not merely for furniture, or for oſtentation, or as it repreſents their friends, or themſelves; but as it is an art capable of entertaining, and adorning their minds as much as, nay perhaps more than any other whatſoever; this event alſo has its cauſes, to remove which, and conſequently their effects, and to procure the contrary good is what I am about to endeavour, and hope in ſome meaſure to accompliſh.

Nor is this a trivial undertaking; I have already been giving the principles of it, and here I recommend a New Science to the world, or one at leaſt little known, or conſidered as ſuch: ſo new, or ſo little known that it is yet without a name; it may have one in time, till then I muſt be excuſed when I call it as I do, the Science of a Connoiſſeur for want of a better way of expreſſing myſelf: I open to gentlemen a new ſcene of pleaſure, a new innocent amuſement: and an accompliſhment which they have yet ſcarce heard of, but no leſs worthy of their attention than moſt of thoſe they have been accuſtomed to acquire. I offer to my country a ſcheme by which its reputation, riches, virtue, and power may be increaſed. And this I will do (by the help of God) not as an orator, or as an advocate, but as a ſtrict reaſoner, and ſo as I am verily perſuaded will be to the conviction of every one that will impartially attend to the argument, and not be prejudiced by the novelty of it, or their own former ſentiments.

My preſent buſineſs then in ſhort is to endeavour to perſuade our nobility, and gentry to become lovers of Painting, and connoiſſeurs; which I crave leave to do (with all humility) by ſhewing the dignity, certainty, pleaſure, and advantages of that ſcience.

One of the principal cauſes of the general neglect of the ſcience I am treating of I take to be, that very few gentlemen have a juſt idea of Painting; it is commonly taken to be an art whereby nature is to be repreſented, a fine piece of workmanſhip, and difficult to be performed, but produces only pleaſant ornaments, mere ſuperfluities.

This being all they expect from it no wonder they look no farther; and not having applied themſelves to things of this nature, overlook beauties which they do not hope to find; ſo that many an excellent picture is paſſed over, and diſregarded, and an indifferent or a bad one admired, and that upon low, and even trivial conſiderations; from whence ariſes naturally an indifference, if not a contempt for the

the art, at beſt a degree of eſteem not very conſiderable: eſpecially ſince there are (comparatively) ſo few pictures in which is to be found nature repreſented, or beauty, or even fine workmanſhip.

Though I have already in the entrance of my Theory of Painting, and indeed throughout all I have publiſhed endeavoured to give the world a juſt idea of the art, I will in this place more particularly attempt it, as being very pertinent to my preſent deſign; and perhaps it may be ſome advantage (as we find it is to pictures,) to place it in ſeveral lights.

Painting is indeed a difficult art, productive of curious pieces of workmanſhip, and greatly ornamental; and its buſineſs is to repreſent nature. Thus far the common idea is juſt; only that it is more difficult, more curious, and more beautiful than is commonly imagined.

It is an entertaining thing to the mind of man to ſee a fine piece of art in any kind; and every one is apt to take a ſort of pride in it as being done by one of his own ſpecies, to whom with reſpect to the univerſe he ſtands related as to one of the ſame country, or the ſame family. Painting afford us a great variety of this kind of pleaſure in the delicate, or bold management of the pencil; in the mixture of its colours, in the ſkilful contrivance of the ſeveral parts of the picture, and infinite variety of the tints, ſo as to produce beauty, and harmony. This alone gives great pleaſure to thoſe who have learned to ſee theſe things. To ſee nature juſtly repreſented is very delightful, (ſuppoſing the ſubject is well choſen) it gives us pleaſing ideas, and perpetuates, and renews them; whether by their novelty, or variety; or by the conſideration of our own eaſe, and ſafety, when we ſee what is terrible in themſelves as ſtorms, and tempeſts, battles, murders, robberies, &c. or elſe when the ſubject is fruit, flowers, landſcapes, buildings, hiſtories, and above all ourſelves, relations, or friends.

Thus far the common idea of Painting goes, and this would be enough if theſe beauties were ſeen, and conſidered as they are to be found in the works of the beſt maſters (whether in Paintings, or drawings) to recommend the art. But this is ſuch an idea of it as it would be of a man to ſay he has a graceful, and noble form, and performs many bodily actions with great ſtrength, and agility, without taking his ſpeech, and his reaſon into the account.

The great, and chief ends of Painting are to raiſe, and improve nature; and to communicate ideas; not only thoſe which we may receive otherwiſe, but ſuch as without this art could not poſſibly be communicated; whereby mankind is advanced higher in the rational ſtate, and made better; and that in a way, eaſy, expeditious, and delightful.

The buſineſs of Painting is not only to repreſent nature, but to make the beſt choice of it; nay to raiſe, and improve it from what is commonly, or even rarely ſeen, to what never was, or will be in fact, though we may eaſily conceive it might be. As in a good portrait, from whence we conceive a better opinion of the beauty, good ſenſe, breeding, and other good qualities of the perſon than from ſeeing themſelves, and yet without being able to ſay in what particular it is unlike: for nature muſt be ever in view;

Unerring nature ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and univerſal light:
Life, force, and beauty muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art:
That art is beſt which moſt reſembles her,
Which ſtill preſides, yet never does appear.

Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

I believe there never was ſuch a race of men upon the face of the earth, never did men look, and act like thoſe we ſee repreſented in the

the works of Rafaelle, Michelangelo, Correggio, Parmeggiano, and others of the beſt maſters, yet nature appears throughout; we rarely, or never ſee ſuch landſcapes as thoſe of Titian, Annibale Caracci, Salvator Roſa, Claude Lorrain, Rubens, &c. Such buildings and magnificence as in the pictures of Paolo Veroneſe, &c. but yet there is nothing but what it may eaſily be conceived may be. Our ideas even of fruits, flowers, inſects, draperies, and indeed of all viſible things, and of ſome that are inviſible, or creatures of the imagination are raiſed, and improved in the hands of a good painter; and the mind is thereby filled with the nobleſt, and therefore the moſt delightful images. The deſcription of one in an advertiſement of a news-paper is nature, ſo is a character by my Lord Clarendon, but it is nature very differently managed.

I own there are beauties in nature which we cannot reach; chiefly in colours, together with a certain ſpirit; vivacity, and lightneſs; motion alone is a vaſt advantage; it occaſions a great degree of beauty purely from that variety it gives; ſo that what I have ſaid elſewhere is true, it is impoſſible to reach nature by art; but this is not inconſiſtent with what I have been ſaying juſt now; both are true in different ſenſes. We cannot reach what we ſet before us, and attempt to imitate, but we can carry our ideas ſo far beyond what we have ſeen, that though we fall ſhort of executing them with our hands, what we do will nevertheleſs excel common nature, eſpecially in ſome particulars, and thoſe very conſiderable ones.

When I ſay nature is to be raiſed, and improved by Painting, it muſt be underſtood that the actions of men muſt be repreſented better than probably they really were, as well as that their perſons muſt appear to be nobler, and more beautiful than is ordinarily ſeen. In treating a hiſtory, a painter has other rules to go by than a hiſtorian, whereby he is as much obliged to embelliſh his ſubject, as the other is to relate it juſtly.

Not

Not only ſuch ideas are conveyed to us by the help of this art as merely give us pleaſure, but ſuch as enlighten the underſtanding, and put the ſoul in motion. From hence are learned the forms, and properties of things, and perſons, we are thus informed of paſt events; by this means joy, grief, hope. fear, love, averſion, and the other paſſions, and affections of the ſoul are excited, and above all, we are not only thus inſtructed in what we are to believe, and practiſe; but our devotion is enflamed, and whatever may have happened to the contrary, it may thus alſo be rectified.

Painting is another ſort of writing, and is ſubſervient to the ſame ends as that of her younger ſiſter; that by characters can communicate ſome ideas which the hieroglyphic kind cannot, as this in other reſpects ſupplies its defects.

And the ideas thus conveyed to us have this advantage, they come not by a ſlow progreſſion of words, or in a language peculiar to one nation only; but with ſuch a velocity, and in a manner ſo univerſally underſtood, that it is ſomething like intuition, or inſpiration; as the art by which it is affected reſembles creation; things ſo conſiderable, and of ſo great a price, being produced out of materials ſo inconſiderable, of a value next to nothing.

What a tedious thing would it be to deſcribe by words the view of a country (that from Greenwich hill for inſtance) and how imperfect an idea muſt we receive from hence! Painting ſhews the thing immediately, and exactly. No words can give you an idea of the face, and perſon of one you have never ſeen; Painting does it effectually; with the addition of ſo much of his character as can be known from thence; and moreover in an inſtant recalls to your memory, at leaſt the moſt conſiderable particulars of what you have heard concerning him, or occaſions that to be told which you have never heard. Agoſtino Caracci* diſcourſing one day of the excellency

* Bellori in the life of Annibale Caracci.

cellency of the ancient ſculpture, was profuſe in his praiſes of the Laacoon, and obſerving his brother Annibale neither ſpoke, nor ſeemed to take any notice of what he ſaid, reproached him as not enough eſteeming ſo ſtupendous a work: he then went on deſcribing every particular in that noble remain of antiquity. Annibale turned himſelf to the wall, and with a piece of charcoal drew the ſtatue as exactly as if it had been before him: the reſt of the company were ſurpriſed, and Agoſtino was ſilenced; confeſſing his brother had taken a more effectual way to demonſtrate the beauties of that wonderful piece of ſculpture: *li Poeti dipingono con le Parole, li Pittori parlano con l'Opere*, ſaid Annibale.

When Marius being driven from Rome by Sylla, was priſoner at Minturnæ, and a ſoldier was ſent to murder him, upon his coming into the room with his ſword drawn for that purpoſe, Marius ſaid aloud, "Dareſt thou, man, kill Caius Marius?" which ſo terrified the ruffian, that he retired without being able to effect what he came about. This ſtory, and all that Plutarch has written concerning him, gives me not a greater idea of him, than one glance of the eye upon his ſtatue that I have ſeen; it is in the noble collection of antiques at my Lord Lemſter's ſeat at Towceſter, in Northamptonſhire. The Odyſſes cannot give me a greater idea of Ulyſſes than a drawing I have of Polydore, where he is diſcovering himſelf to Penelope, and Telemachus, by bending the bow. And I conceive as highly of St. Paul, by once walking through the gallery of Rafaelle at Hampton-court, as by reading the whole book of the Acts of the Apoſtles, though written by Divine Inſpiration. So that not only Painting furniſhes us with ideas, but it carries that matter farther than any other way whatſoever.

The buſineſs of hiſtory is a plain, and juſt relation of facts; it is to be an exact picture of human nature.

Poetry

Poetry is not thus confined, but provided natural truth is at the bottom nature muſt be heightened, and improved, and the imagination filled with finer images than the eye commonly ſees, or in ſome caſes ever can, whereby the paſſions are more ſtrongly touched, and with a greater degree of pleaſure than by plain hiſtory.

When we painters are to be rallied upon account of the libertics we give to our inventions, Horace's *Pictoribus atque Poetis* never fails. We own the charge; but then the parallel muſt be underſtood to conſiſt in ſuch a departure from truth as is probable, and ſuch as pleaſes and improves, but deceives no body.

The poets have peopled the air, earth, and waters with angels, flying boys, nymphs, and fatyrs; they have imagined what is done in heaven, earth, and hell, as well as on this globe, and which could never be known hiſtorically; their very language, as well as their meaſures and rhymes, muſt be above what is in common uſe. The Opera has carried this matter ſtill farther, but ſo far as that, being beyond probability, it touches not as tragedy does, it ceaſes to be poetry, and degenerates into mere ſhew, and ſound; if the paſſions are affected it is from thence, though the words were not only heard diſtinctly, but underſtood. (By the way) let it be conſidered in this light, let the opera be conſidered as ſhew, and muſic, one of the inſtruments being a human voice, the common objection to its being in an unknown tongue falls to the ground.

As the poets, ſo the painters have ſtored our imaginations with beings, and actions that never were; they have given us the fineſt natural, and hiſtorical images, and that for the ſame end, to pleaſe, whilſt they inſtruct, and make men better. I am not diſpoſed to carry on the parallel, by deſcending to particulars, nor is it my preſent buſineſs: Mr. Dryden has done it, though it were to be wiſhed he had been in leſs haſte, and had underſtood Painting better when his fine pen was ſo employed.

Sculpture

Sculpture carries us yet farther than poetry, and gives us ideas that no words can: ſuch forms of things, ſuch airs of heads, ſuch expreſſions of the paſſions that cannot be deſcribed by language.

It has been much diſputed which is the moſt excellent of the two arts, Sculpture or Painting, and there is a ſtory of its having been left to the determination of a blind man, who gave it in favour of the latter, being told that what by feeling ſeemed to him to be flat, appeared to the eye as round as its competitor. I am not ſatisfied with this way of deciding the controverſy. For it is not the difficulty of an art that makes it preferable, but the ends propoſed to be ſerved by it, and the degree in which it does that, and then the leſs difficulty the better.

Now the great ends of both theſe arts are to give pleaſure, and to convey ideas, and that of the two which beſt anſwers thoſe ends is undoubtedly preferable; and that this is Painting is evident, ſince it gives us as great a degree of pleaſure, and all the ideas that ſculpture can, with the addition of others; and this not only by the help of her colours; but becauſe ſhe can expreſs many things which braſs, marble, or other materials of that art cannot, or are not ſo proper for. A ſtatue indeed is ſeen all round, and this is one great advantage which it is pretended ſculpture has, but without reaſon: if the figure is ſeen on every ſide, it is wrought on every ſide, it is then as ſo many ſeveral pictures, and a hundred views of a figure may be painted in the time that that figure is cut in marble, or caſt in braſs.

As the buſineſs of Painting is to raiſe, and improve nature, it anſwers to poetry (though upon occaſion it can alſo be ſtrictly hiſtorical) and as it ſerves to the other, more noble end, this hieroglyphic language completes what words, or writing began, and ſculpture carried on, and thus perfects all that human nature is capable of in the communication of ideas till we arrive to a more angelical, and ſpiritual ſtate in another world.

I believe it will not be unacceptable to my readers, if I illuſtrate what I have been ſaying by examples, and the rather becauſe they are very curious, and very little known.

Villani, in his Florentine Hiſtory, lib. vii. cap. 120, 127. ſays, that anno 1288, there were great diviſions in the city of Piſa upon account of the ſovereignty; one of the parties was headed by the Judge Nino di Gallura de 'Viſconti; the chief of another party was Count Ugolino de 'Gherardeſchi; and the Archbiſhop Ruggieri, of the family of the Ubaldini, was at the head of the third party, in which were alſo the Lanfranchi, the Sigiſmondi, the Gualandi, and others; the two firſt of theſe parties were Guelfs, the other Ghibellines (factions that at that time, and for many years before, and after made diſmal havock in Italy.) Count Ugolino, to get the power into his own hands, caballed ſecretly with the Archbiſhop to ruin the Judge, who never ſuſpected that, he being a Guelf as the Count was, and moreover his near relation; however the thing was effected; the Judge, and his followers were driven out of Piſa, and thereupon went to the Florentines, and ſtirred them up to make war upon the Piſans: theſe in the mean time ſubmitted themſelves to the Count, who thus became Lord of Piſa. But the number of the Guelfs being diminiſhed by the departure of the Judge, and his followers; and that faction growing daily weaker and weaker, the Archbiſhop laid hold of the opportunity, and betrayed him in his turn; he put it into the heads of the populace, that the Count intended to give up their caſtles to their enemies the Florentines, and Luccheſes: this was eaſily ſwallowed; the mob ſuddenly roſe, and ran with great fury to the palace, which they ſoon gained with little loſs of blood; their new ſovereign they clapt up in a priſon, together with his two ſons, and two grandſons; and drove all the reſt of his family, and followers, and in general all the Guelfs out of the city. A few months after this, the Piſans being become deeply engaged in the inteſtine war

war of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and having chofe Count Guido de Montifeltro for their general, the Pope excommunicated them, and him, and all his family; this incenfed them the more againft Count Ugolino, fo that having feen the gates of the prifon well fecured, they flung the keys into the river Arno, to the end that none might relieve him, and his children with food; who therefore in a few days perifhed by famine. This farther circumftance of cruelty was exercifed on the Count; he was denied either prieft, or monk to confefs him, though he begged it of his enemies with bitter cries.

The poet carries this ftory farther than the hiftorian could, by relating what paffed in the prifon. This is Dante, who was a young man when this happened, and was ruined by the commotions of thefe times. He was a Florentine, which city, after having been long divided by the Guelf and Ghibelline faction, at laft became intirely Guelf: but this party then fplit into two others, under the names of the Bianchi, and the Neri, the latter of which prevailing, plundered, and banifhed Dante; not becaufe he was of the contrary party, but for being neuter, and a friend to his country.

When virtue fails, and party-heats endure,
The poft of honour is the leaft fecure.

This great man (in the thirty-third canto of the firft part of his Comedia) in his paffage through hell, introduces Count Ugolino gnawing the head of this treacherous, and cruel enemy the Archbifhop, and telling his own fad ftory. At the appearance of Dante.

La bocca follevò dal fiero paſto
Quel peccator, &c.

He from the horrid food his mouth withdrew,
And wiping with the clotted, offal hair
His ſhudd'ring lips, raiſing his head thus ſpake.
You will compel me to renew my grief
Which ere I ſpeak oppreſſes my ſad heart;
But if I infamy accumulate
On him whoſe head I gnaw, I'll not forbear
To ſpeak tho' tears flow faſter than my words.
I know not who you are, nor by what power,
Whether of ſaints, or devils you hither came,
But by your ſpeech you ſeem a Florentine;
Know then that I Count Ugolino am,
Archbiſhop Ruggieri this, which known
That I by him betray'd was put to death
Is needleſs to relate, you muſt have heard;
But what muſt be unknown to mortal men,
The cruel circumſtances of my death,
Theſe I will tell, which dreadful ſecret known
You will conceive how juſt is my revenge.
The ancient tower in which I was confin'd,
And which is now the tower of famine call'd,
Had in her ſides ſome ſymptoms of decay,
Through theſe I ſaw the firſt approach of morn,
After a reſtleſs night, the firſt I ſlept
A priſoner in its walls; unquiet dreams
Oppreſs'd my lab'ring brain. I ſaw this man
Hunting a wolf, and her four little whelps
Upon that ridge of mountains which divides
The Piſan lands from thoſe which Lucca claims;
With meagre, hungry dogs the chace was made,
Nor long continued, quick they ſeiz'd the prey,
And tore their bowels with remorſeleſs teeth.

Soon

Soon as my broken ſlumbers fled, I heard
My ſons (who alſo were confin'd with me)
Cry in their troubled ſleep, and aſk for bread:
O you are cruel if you do not weep
Thinking on that, which now you well perceive
My heart divin'd; if this provoke not tears,
At what are you accuſtomed to weep?
The hour was come when food ſhould have been brought,
Inſtead of that, O God! I heard the noiſe
Of creaking locks, and bolts, with doubled force
Securing our deſtruction. I beheld
The faces of my ſons with troubled eyes;
I look'd on them, but utter'd not a word:
Nor could I weep; they wept, Anſelmo ſaid
(My little, dear Anſelmo) What's the matter
Father, why look you ſo? I wept not yet,
Nor ſpake a word that day, nor following night.
But when the light of the ſucceeding morn
Faintly appear'd, and I beheld my own
In the four faces of my wretched ſons
I in my clinched fiſts faſten'd my teeth:
They judging 'twas for hunger, roſe at once,
You, ſir, have giv'n us being, you have cloath'd
Us with this miſerable fleſh, 'tis yours,
Suſtain yourſelf with it, the grief to us
Is leſs to die, than thus to ſee your woes.
Thus ſpake my boys: I like a ſtatue then
Was ſilent, ſtill, and not to add to theirs
Doubled the weight of my own miſeries:
This, and the following day in ſilence paſs'd.
Why, cruel earth, didſt thou not open then!

The

The fourth came on ; my Gaddo at my feet
Cry'd, father, help me ! ſaid no more but died :
Anothor day two other ſons expir'd ;
The next left me alone in woe : their griefs
Were ended. Blindneſs now had ſeiz'd my eyes,
But no relief afforded ; I ſaw not
My ſons, but grop'd about with feeble hands
Longing to touch their famiſh'd carcaſſes,
Calling firſt one, then t'other by their names,
'Till after two days more what grief could not
That famine did. He ſaid no more, but turn'd
With baleful eyes diſtorted all in haſte,
And ſeiz'd again, and gnaw'd the mangled head.

The hiſtorian and poet, having done their parts, comes Michelangelo Buonarotti, and goes on in a bas-relief I have ſeen in the hands of Mr. Trench, a modeſt, ingenious painter, lately arrived from his long ſtudies in Italy. He ſhews us the Count ſitting with his four ſons, one dead at his feet, over their heads is a figure repreſenting Famine, and underneath is another to denote the river Arno, on whoſe banks this tragedy was acted. Michelangelo was the fitteſt man that ever lived to cut, or paint this ſtory ; if I had wiſhed to ſee it repreſented in ſculpture, or Painting, I ſhould have fixed upon this hand ; he was a Dante in his way, and he read him perpetually. I have already obſerved, and it is very true, there are certain ideas which cannot be communicated by words, but by ſculpture, or Painting only ; it would be ridiculous then on this occaſion, to undertake to deſcribe this admirable bas-relief ; it is enough for my preſent purpoſe to ſay there are attitudes, and airs of heads ſo proper to the ſubject, that they carry the imagination beyond what the hiſtorian, or poet could poſſibly ; for the reſt I muſt refer to the thing itſelf. It is true a genius equal to that of

Michelangelo

Michelangelo may form to itſelf as ſtrong, and proper expreſſions as theſe, but where is that genius! nor can even he communicate them to another, unleſs he has alſo a hand like that of Michelangelo, and will take that way of doing it.

And could we ſee the ſame ſtory painted by the ſame great maſter it will be eaſily conceived that this muſt carry the matter ſtill farther; there we might have had all the advantages of expreſſion which the addition of colours would have given, and the colouring of Michelangelo was as proper to that, as his genius was to the ſtory in general; theſe would have ſhewn us the pale, and livid fleſh of the dead, and dying figures, the redneſs of eyes, and bluiſh lips of the Count, the darkneſs, and horror of the priſon, and other circumſtances, beſides the habits (for in the bas-relief all the figures are naked as more proper for ſculpture) theſe might be contrived ſo as to expreſs the quality of the perſons the more to excite our pity, as well as to enrich the picture by their variety.

Thus hiſtory begins, poetry raiſes higher, not by embelliſhing the ſtory, but by additions purely poetical: ſculpture goes yet farther, and Painting completes and perfects, and that only can; and here ends, this is the utmoſt limits of human power in the communication of ideas.

I have obſerved elſewhere, and will take leave to put my reader in mind of it once more. It is little to the honour of Painting, or of the maſters of whom the ſtories are told that the birds have been cheated by a painted bunch of grapes; or men by a fly, or a curtain, and ſuch like; theſe are little things in compariſon of what we are to expect from the art. Whoever have fancied theſe kinds of things conſiderable have been wretched connoiſſeurs, how excellent ſoever they may have been in other reſpects. Rafaelle would have diſdained to have attempted ſuch trifles, or would have bluſhed to have been praiſed for them; but Rafaelle would have painted a god, a hero, an angel, a madonna; or he would

would have related ſome noble hiſtory, or made a portrait in ſuch a manner, as whoever ſaw it with genius, and attention, ſhould treaſure up in his mind an idea that ſhould always give him pleaſure, and be a wiſer, and better man all his life after.

The buſineſs of Painting is to do almoſt all that diſcourſe, and books can, and in many inſtances much more, as well as more ſpeedily, and more delightfully; ſo that if hiſtory, if poetry, if philoſophy, natural, or moral, if theology, if any of the liberal arts, and ſciences are worthy the notice, and ſtudy of a gentleman, Painting is ſo too. To read the ſcripture I know will be allowed to be an employment worthy of a gentleman, becauſe (amongſt other reaſons) from hence he learns his duty to God, his neighbour, and himſelf; he is put in mind of many great, and inſtructive events, and his paſſions are warmed, an dagitated, and turned into a right channel; all theſe noble ends are anſwered, I will not ſay as effectually, but I will repeat it again and again they are anſwered when we look upon, and conſider what the great maſters have done when they have aſſumed the characters of divines, or moraliſts, or have in their way related any of the ſacred ſtories. Is it an amuſement, or an employment worthy of a gentleman to read Homer, Virgil, Milton, &c.? the works of the moſt excellent painters have the like beautiful deſcriptions, the like elevation of thought, and raiſe, and move the paſſions, inſtruct and improve the mind as theſe do. Is it worthy of a gentleman to employ, or divert himſelf by reading Thucydides, Livy, Clarendon, &c.? the works of the moſt excellent painters have the like beauty of narration, fill the mind with ideas of the like noble events, and inform, inſtruct and touch the ſoul alike. Is it worthy of a gentleman to read Horace, Terence, Shakeſpear, the Tatlers, and Spectators, &c.? the works of the moſt excellent painters do alſo thus give us an image of human life, and fill our minds with uſeful reflections, as well as diverting ideas; all theſe ends are anſwered,

and

and oftentimes to a greater degree than any other way. To conſider a picture aright is to read, but in reſpect of the beauty with which the eye is all the while entertained, whether of colours, or figures, it is not only to read a book, and that finely printed, and well bound, but as if a concert of muſic were heard at the ſame time: you have at once an intellectual, and a ſenſual pleaſure.

I plead for the art, not its abuſes; it is a ſublime paſſage that in Job; if when I beheld the ſun when it ſhined, or the moon walking in brightneſs, and my heart hath been ſecretly enticed, or my mouth hath kiſſed my hand, this alſo was an iniquity to be puniſhed by the judge, for I ſhould have denied the God that is above. If when I ſee a madonna though painted by Rafaelle I be enticed and drawn away to idolatry; or if the ſubject of a picture, though painted by Annibale Caracci pollutes my mind with impure images, and transforms me into a brute; or if any other, though never ſo excellent, rob me of my innocence, and virtue, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning if I am its advocate as it is inſtrumental to ſuch deteſted purpoſes: but theſe abuſes excepted (as what has not been? that is not abuſed?) the praiſe of Painting is a ſubject not unworthy of the tongue, or pen of the greateſt orator, poet, hiſtorian, philoſopher, or divine; any of which when he is conſidering the works of our great maſters will not only find him to be one of themſelves, but ſometimes all theſe at once, and in an eminent degree. I know I ſpeak with zeal, and an ardent paſſion for the art, but I am ſerious, and ſpeak from conviction, and experience, and whoever conſiders impartially, and acquaints himſelf with ſuch admirable works of painters as I have done, will find what I have ſaid is ſolid, and unexaggerated truth.

The dignity of the ſcience I am recommending will farther appear if it be conſidered, that if gentlemen were lovers of Painting, and connoiſſeurs, it would be of great advantage to the public, in

1. The reformation of our manners.

2. The improvement of our people.

3. The increaſe of our wealth, and with all theſe of our honour, and power.

Anatomiſts tell us there are ſeveral parts in the bodies of animals that ſerve to ſeveral purpoſes, any of which would juſtify the wiſdom, and goodneſs of Providence in the making of them; but that they are equally uſeful, and neceſſary to all, and ſerve the end of each as effectually as if they were applied to one only: this is alſo true of Painting; it ſerves for ornament, and uſe; it pleaſes our eyes, and moreover informs our underſtandings, excites our paſſions, and inſtructs us how to manage them.

Things ornamental, and things uſeful are commonly diſtinguiſhed, but the truth is ornaments are alſo of uſe, the diſtinction lies only in the ends to which they are ſubſervient. The wiſe creator in the great fabrick of the world has abundantly provided for theſe, as well as for thoſe that are called the neceſſaries of life: let us imagine ourſelves always inhabiting between bare walls, wearing nothing but only to cover our bodies, and protect them from the inclemencies of the weather, no diſtinction of quality, or office, ſeeing nothing to delight, but merely what ſerves for the maintenance of our being; how ſavage, and uncomfortable muſt this be! ornaments raiſe, and exhilirate our ſpirits, and help to excite more uſeful ſentiments than is commonly imagined; and if any have this effect, pictures (conſidered only as ſuch) will, as being one of the principal of this kind.

But pictures are not merely ornamental, they are alſo inſtructive; and thus our houſes are not only unlike the caves of wild beaſts, or the huts of ſavages, but diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of Mahometans, which are adorned indeed, but with what affords no inſtruction to the mind: our walls like the trees of Dodona's grove ſpeak to us, and teach us hiſtory, morality, divinity; excite in us joy, love, pity,

pity, devotion, &c. if pictures have not this good effect, it is our own fault in not chuſing well, or not applying ourſelues to make a right uſe of them. But I have ſpoken of this ſufficiently already, and will only take leave to add here, that if not only our houſes, but our churches were adorned with proper hiſtories, or allegories well painted, the people being now ſo well inſtructed as to be out of danger of ſuperſtitious abuſes, their minds would be more ſenſibly affected than they can poſſibly be without this efficacious means of improvement, and edification. But this (as indeed every thing elſe advanced by me) I humbly ſubmit to the judgment of my ſuperiors.

If gentlemen were lovers of painting, and connoiſſeurs this would help to reform them, as their example, and influence would have the like effect upon the common people. All animated beings naturally covet pleaſure, and eagerly purſue it as their chiefeſt good; the great affair is to chuſe thoſe that are worthy of rational beings, ſuch as are not only innocent, but noble, and excellent: men of eaſy, and plentiful fortunes have commonly a great part of their time at their own diſpoſal, and the want of knowing how to paſs thoſe hours away in virtuous amuſements contributes perhaps as much to the miſchievous effects of vice, as covetouſneſs, pride, luſt, love of wine, or any other paſſion whatſoever. If gentlemen therefore found pleaſure in pictures, drawings, prints, ſtatues, intaglios, and the like curious works of art; in diſcovering their beauties, and defects; in making proper obſervations thereupon; and in all the other parts of the buſineſs of a connoiſſeur, how many hours of leiſure would here be profitably employed, inſtead of what is criminal, ſcandalous, and miſchievous! I confeſs I cannot ſpeak experimentally becauſe I have not tried thoſe; nor can any man pronounce upon the pleaſures of another, but I know what I am recommending is ſo great a one, that I cannot conceive the other can be equa lto it,

eſpecially if the drawbacks of fear, remorſe, ſhame, pain, &c. be taken into the account.

2. Our common people have been exceedingly improved within an age, or two, by being taught to read and write; they have alſo made great advances in mechanics, and in ſeveral other arts, and ſciences; and our gentry, and clergy are more learned, and better reaſoners than in times paſt; a farther improvement might yet be made, and particularly in the arts of deſign, if as children are taught other things they, together with theſe learnt to draw; they would not only be qualified to become better painters, carvers, gravers, and to attain the like arts immediately, and evidently depending on deſign, but they would thus become better mechanics of all kinds.

And if to learn to draw, and to underſtand pictures, and drawings were made a part of the education of a gentleman, as their example would excite the others to do the like, it cannot be denied but that this would be a farther improvement even of this part of our people: the whole nation would by this means be removed ſome degrees higher into the rational ſtate, and make a more conſiderable figure amongſt the polite nations of the world.

3. If gentlemen were lovers of Painting, and connoiſſeurs, many ſums of money which are now laviſhed away, and conſumed in luxury would be laid up in pictures, drawings, and antiques, which would be, not as plate, or jewels, but an improving eſtate; ſince as time, and accidents muſt continually waſte, and diminiſh the number of theſe curioſities, and no new ſupply (equal in goodneſs to thoſe we have) is to be hoped for, as the appearances of things at preſent are, the value of ſuch as are preſerved with care muſt neceſſarily encreaſe more and more: eſpecially if there is a greater demand for them, as there certainly will be if the taſte of gentlemen takes this turn: nay it is not improbable that money laid out this way,

way, with judgment, and prudence, (and if gentlemen are good connoiſſeurs they will not be impoſed upon as they too often are) may turn to better account than almoſt in any other.

We know the advantages Italy receives from her poſſeſſion of ſo many fine pictures, ſtatues, and other curious works of art: if our country becomes famous in that way, as her riches will enable her to be if our nobility, and gentry are lovers and connoiſſeurs, and the ſooner if an expedient be found (as it may eaſily be) to facilitate their importation, we ſhall ſhare with Italy in the profits ariſing from the concourſe of foreigners for the pleaſure and improvement that is to be had from the ſeeing, and conſidering ſuch rarities.

If our people were improved in the arts of deſigning, not only our Paintings, carvings, and prints, but the works of all our other artificers would alſo be proportionably improved, and conſequently coveted by other nations, and their price advanced, which therefore would be no ſmall improvement of our trade, and with that of our wealth.

I have obſerved heretofore, that there is no artiſt whatſoever, that produces a piece of work of a value ſo vaſtly above that of the materials of nature's furniſhing as the painter does; nor conſequently that can enrich a country in any degree like him: now if Painting were only conſidered as upon the level with other manufactures, the employment of more hands, and the work being better done would certainly tend to the increaſe of our wealth; but this conſideration over and above adds a great weight to the argument in favour of the art as inſtrumental to this end.

Inſtead of importing vaſt quantities of pictures, and the like curioſities for ordinary uſe, we might fetch from abroad only the beſt, and ſupply other nations with better than now we commonly take off their hands: for as much a ſuperfluity as theſe things are thought to be, they are ſuch as no body will be without, not the meaneſt cottager

tager in the kingdom, that is not in the extremeſt poverty, but he will have ſomething of picture in his ſight. The ſame is the cuſtom in other nations, in ſome to a greater, in others to a leſs degree: theſe ornaments people will have as well as what is abſolutely neceſſary to life, and as ſure a demand will be for them as for food and clothes; as it is in ſome other inſtances thought at firſt to be equally ſuperfluous, but which are now become conſiderable branches of trade, and conſequently of great advantage to the public.

Thus a thing as yet unheard of, and whoſe very name (to our diſhonour) has at preſent an uncouth ſound may come to be eminent in the world, I mean the Engliſh ſchool of Painting; and whenever this happens who knows to what heights it may riſe? for the Engliſh nation is not accuſtomed to do things by halves.

Arts and politeneſs have a conſtant rotation: theſe parts of Europe have twice received them from Italy, ſhe from Greece, who had them from Egypt, and Perſia, in one age ſuch a part of the globe is enlightened, and the reſt in darkneſs; and thoſe that were ſavages for many centuries, in a certain revolution of time became the fineſt gentlemen in the world. The arts of deſign have long ago forſaken Perſia, Egypt, and Greece, and are now a third time much declined in Italy; ſome other country may ſucceed her in this particular, as ſhe ſucceeded Greece. Or if the arts continue there, they may ſpread themſelves, and other nations may equal, if not excel the Italians: there is nothing unreaſonable in the thing, nay it is exceeding probable.

I have ſaid it heretofore, and will venture to repeat it, notwithſtanding the national vanity of ſome of our neighbours, and our own falſe modeſty, and partiality to foreigners (in this reſpect, though in others we have ſuch demonſtrations of our ſuperiority that we have learned to be conſcious of it) if ever the great taſte in Painting, if ever that delightful, uſeful, and noble art does revive in the world it is probable it will be in England.

Beſides

Beſides that greatneſs of mind which has always been inherent in our nation, and a degree of ſolid ſenſe not inferior to any of our neighbours, we have advantages greater than is commonly thought. We are not without our ſhare of drawings, of which Italy has been in a manner exhauſted long ſince: we have ſome fine antiques, and a competent number of pictures of the beſt maſters. But whatever our number, or variety of good pictures is, we have the beſt hiſtory-pictures that are any where now in being, for we have the cartons of Rafaelle at Hampton-court, which are generally allowed even by foreigners, and thoſe of our own nation, who are the moſt biggotted to Italy or France, to be the beſt of that maſter, as he is inconteſtably the beſt of all thoſe whoſe works remain in the world. And for portraits we have admirable ones, and perhaps the beſt of Rafaelle, Titian, Rubens, and above all of Van Dyck, of whom we have very many: and theſe are the beſt portrait painters that ever were.

In ancient times we have been frequently ſubdued by foreigners, the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, have all done it in their turns; thoſe days are at an end long ſince; and we are by various ſteps arrived to the height of military glory, by ſea, and land. Nor are we leſs eminent for learning, philoſophy, mathematicks, poetry, ſtrong and clear reaſoning, and a greatneſs, and delicacy of taſte; in a word, in many of the liberal, and mechanical arts we are equal to any other people, ancients or moderns; and in ſome perhaps ſuperior. We are not yet come to that maturity in the arts of deſign; our neighbours, thoſe of nations not remarkable for their excelling in this way, as well as thoſe that are, have made frequent, and ſucceſsful inroads upon us, and in this particular have lorded it over our natives here in their own country. Let us at length diſdain as much to be in ſubjection in this reſpect as in any other; let us put forth our ſtrength, and employ our national virtue, that haughty impatience of ſubjection, and inferiority, which ſeems

to

to be the characteriſtic of our nation in this, as on many other illuſtrious occaſions, and the thing will be effected; the Engliſh ſchool will riſe and flouriſh.

And to this, and to the obtaining the benefits to the public conſequent thereupon, what I have been pleading for would greatly contribute: for if our nobility, and gentry were lovers, and connoiſſeurs, public encouragement, and aſſiſtance would be given to the art; academies would be ſet up, well regulated, and the government of them put into ſuch hands, as would not want authority to maintain thoſe laws, without which no ſociety can proſper, or long ſubſiſt. Theſe academies would then be well provided of all neceſſaries for inſtruction in geometry, perſpective, and anatomy, as well as deſigning, for without a competent proficiency in the three former, no conſiderable progreſs can be made in the other. They would then be furniſhed with good maſters to direct the ſtudents, and good drawings, and figures, whether caſts, or originals, antique or modern, for their imitation. Nor ſhould theſe be conſidered merely as ſchools, or nurſeries for Painters, and ſculptors, and other artiſts of that kind, but as places for the better education of gentlemen, and to complete the civilizing, and poliſhing of our people, as our other ſchools, and univerſities, and the other means of inſtruction are.

If our nobility, and gentry were lovers of Painting, and connoiſſeurs, a much greater treaſure of pictures, drawings, and antiques would be brought in, which would contribute abundantly to the raiſing, and meliorating our taſte, as well as to the improvement of our artiſts.

And then too people of condition would know that at preſent, whatever has been the ſtate of things heretofore, foreigners (be they Italians, or of whatever other country) have not the advantage over us whether as connoiſſeurs, or as painters, as they have been accuſtomed to imagine: they will then know that if in ſome inſtances the

the advantage is on their ſide, in others it is on ours: thus that partiality ſo diſcouraging, and pernicious to our own people will be removed.

Such men being connoiſſeurs, and lovers of Painting, and zealous for the honour and intereſt of their country in this particular, would raiſe the ſame ſpirit in others, and amongſt the reſt, in the artiſts themſelves, if it were not there before: and theſe would then be obliged to labour to improve in their ſeveral ways, becauſe they muſt be otherwiſe without employment, whereas they will be tempted to indulge themſelves in ſloth and ignorance, when they find there are eaſier methods of attaining fame, and riches, at leaſt of living tolerably well, than by making any conſiderable progreſs in their art.

A good taſte, and judgment in thoſe who employ them would not only compel painters to ſtudy, and be induſtrious, but put them in a right way if they fell not into it of themſelves: it has been ſaid, and I verily believe it is true, that King Charles I. took ſuch delight in Painting, that he frequently ſpent ſeveral hours with Van Dyck; remarking upon his works, and giving him ſuch hints as much contributed to the excellence we ſee in them. Painters would thus learn not to attach themſelves meanly, and ſervily to the imitation of this, or that particular manner, or maſter, and thoſe perhaps none of the beſt, but to have more noble, open, and extenſive views; to go to the fountain head, from whence the greateſt men have drawn that which has made their works the wonder of ſucceeding ages; they would thus learn to go to nature, and to the reaſon of things. Let them receive all the warmth, and light they can from drawings, pictures, and antiques, but let them not ſtop there, but endeavour to diſcover what rules the great maſters went by, what principles they built upon, or might have built upon, and let them do the ſame; not becauſe they did ſo, or were ſuppoſed to have done ſo, but becauſe it was reaſonable.

If (laſtly) men of birth and fortunes were generally lovers of Painting, and connoiſſeurs, as they would be convinced of the dignity of the profeſſion, they would cauſe more of their younger ſons (at leaſt) to be applied this way, as well as to law, divinity, arms, navigation, &c. Theſe by a generous education, and not being obliged to work for bare ſubſiſtance, would be better qualified for ſo noble a ſtudy, and have better opportunities of improvement in it. There can be no ſuch thing as a mere painter; to merit the name of a painter it is neceſſary to be much more, he muſt be conſiderable without that addition. It is not here as in numbers, where if a unit be ſet before ſeveral cyphers it may make a ſum; there muſt be a large ſum firſt, and then this unit ſet at the head of them has a value, and makes the whole ten times more.

I have been ſhewing how beneficial the art of Painting is, and how much more it might be made to the public in the reformation of our manners, improvement of our people, and increaſe of our wealth, all which would bring a proportionable addition of honour, and power to this brave nation; and I have ſhewn that for a gentleman to become a lover of the art, and a connoiſſeur, is the means to attain this end: this alone, if there was no other argument, would prove it to be worthy of ſuch a one to turn his thoughts this way.

Here being a full period, and the firſt opportunity I have had, I will inform the public, that I have at length found a name for the ſcience of a connoiſſeur of which I am treating, and which I obſerved at the entrance of this ſubject wanted one. After ſome of theſe ſheets were printed, I was complaining of this defect to a friend, who I knew, and every body will readily ackowledge was very proper to be adviſed with on this, or a much greater occaſion; and the next day had the honour of a letter from him on another affair, wherein however the term CONNOISSANCE was uſed; this I immediately found was that he recommended, and which I ſhall uſe hereafter. And indeed ſince the term Connoiſſeur, though it has

has a general ſignification, has been received as denoting one ſkilful in this particular ſcience, there can be no reaſon why the ſcience itſelf ſhould not be called Connoiſſance. Perhaps it is not without ſome mixture of vanity in myſelf, but in juſtice to my friend, I muſt not conceal his name; it is Mr. Prior.

I will now go on with my diſcourſe.

There are few that pretend to be connoiſſeurs, and of thoſe few, the number of ſuch as deſerve to be ſo called is very ſmall: it is not enough to be an ingenious man in general, nor to have ſeen all the fineſt things in Europe, nor even to be able to make a good picture, much leſs the having the names, and ſomething of the hiſtory of the maſters: all this will not make a man a good connoiſſeur, to be able to judge of the goodneſs of a picture, moſt of thoſe qualifications are neceſſary, which the painter himſelf ought to be poſſeſſed of; that is, all that are not practical; he muſt be maſter of the ſubject, and if it be improveable he muſt know it is ſo, and wherein; he muſt not only ſee, and judge of the thought of the painter in what he has done, but muſt know moreover what he ought to have done; he muſt be acquainted with the paſſions, their nature, and how they appear on all occaſions. He muſt have a delicacy of eye to judge of harmony, and proportion, of beauty of colours, and accuracy of hand; and laſtly, he muſt be converſant with the better ſort of people, and with the antique, or he will not be a good judge of grace, and greatneſs. To be a good connoiſſeur (I obſerved heretofore) a man muſt be as free from all kinds of prejudice as poſſible; he muſt moreover have a clear, and exact way of thinking, and reaſoning; he muſt know how to take in, and manage juſt ideas; and throughout he muſt have not only a ſolid, but an unbiaſſed judgment. Theſe are the qualifications of a connoiſſeur; and are not theſe, and the exerciſe of them, well becoming a gentleman?

The knowledge of hiſtory has ever been eſteemed to be ſo. And this is abſolutely neceſſary to a connoiſſeur, not that only which may enable him to judge how well the painter has managed ſuch, and ſuch a ſtory, which he will have frequent occaſion to do, but the particular hiſtory of the arts, and eſpecially of Painting.

Methinks it ſhould be worth the while of ſome one duly qualified for ſuch an undertaking, inſtead of the accounts of revolutions in empires, and governments, and the means, or accidents, whereby they were effected, military, or political, to give us the hiſtory of mankind with reſpect to the place they hold amongſt rational beings; that is, a hiſtory of arts, and ſciences; wherein it would be ſeen to what heigths ſome of the ſpecies have riſen in ſome ages, and ſome countries, whilſt at the ſame time on other parts of the globe, men have been but one degree above common animals; and the ſame people, who in this age gave a dignity to human nature, in another ſunk almoſt to brutality, or changed from one excellency to another. Here we might find where, and when ſuch an invention firſt appeared, and by what means; what improvements, and decays happened: when ſuch another luminary roſe, and what courſe it took; and whether it is now aſcending, in its zenith, declining, or ſet. Here it would be conſidered what improvements the moderns have made upon the ancients, and what ground they have loſt: ſuch a hiſtory well written, would give a clear idea of the nobleſt ſpecies of beings we are acquainted with in that particular wherein their pre-eminence conſiſts. And (by the way) I will take leave to obſerve, that we ſhould find them to have arrived to a vaſt extent of knowledge, and capacity in natural philoſophy, in aſtronomy, in navigation, in geometry, and other branches of the mathematics, in war, in government, in Painting, poetry, muſic, and other liberal, and mechanic arts; in other reſpects, particularly in metaphyſics, and religion, to have been ridiculous, and contemptible: except where the Divine goodneſs has vouchſafed an extraordinary portion of light,

light, like the ſun beams darting out here, and there upon the earth in a cloudy day, or where it has blazed out plentifully by ſupernatural revelation.

In ſuch a hiſtory it would be found, that the arts of deſign, Painting, and ſculpture were known in Perſia and Egypt, long before we have any accounts of them amongſt the Greeks; but that they carried them to an amazing height, from whence they afterwards ſpread themſelves into Italy, and other parts, with various revolutions, till they ſunk with the Roman empire, and were loſt for many ages, ſo that there was not a man upon the face of the earth able to delineate the form of a houſe, a bird, a tree, a human face, a body, or whatever other figure conſiſting of any variety of curved lines, otherwiſe than as a child amongſt us; to do this right, and as it is done now, was as much above the capacity of the ſpecies at that time, as it is now to make a voyage to the moon. In this ſtate of things, about the middle of the thirteenth century, Giovanni Cimabue, a Florentine, prompted to it by a natural genius, and aſſiſted at firſt by ſome wretched painters from Greece began to reſtore thoſe arts, which were improved by his diſciple Giotto.

In ſuch a hiſtory it would follow, that after ſeveral endeavours and advances had been made by Simone Memmi, Andrea Verrocchio, and others, Maſſaccio, born about anno 1417, at Florence (who indeed I ought to have inſerted in the chronological liſt in my former book) this great man, in his ſhort life of ſix and twenty years, made ſo conſiderable an improvement upon what he found had been done before him, that he may juſtly be (as he is) eſteemed, the father of the ſecond age of modern Painting. The light thus happily kindled in Tuſcany, diffuſed itſelf into Lombardy, for ſoon after the death of Maſaccio, the Bellini's, Jacopo, and his two ſons firſt introduced the art in Venice; and ſoon after Franceſco Francia appeared at Bologna, and was the Maſſaccio of that city; for the art had raiſed its head there long before, and ſome ſay more early

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than even at Florence; though it was but juſt kept alive there till many years after. About this time too Andrea Mantegna ſhewed the art to thoſe of Mantua, and Padua. Germany alſo had her Albert Durer about the latter end of the ſame century, and in the beginning of the next Lucas Van Leyden was famous in Holland; as was Hans Holbein quickly after here in England. But Florence was ſtill the centre of light, where it brightened more and more; for in the year 1445, Leonardo da Vinci was born there: this was a univerſal man, and amongſt other arts was excellent in Painting, and deſigning, eſpecially the latter, in which he ſometimes almoſt equalled the beſt maſters the world ever ſaw. About thirty years after him, aroſe Michelangelo Buonarotti, the head of the Florentine ſchool, a vaſt genius, ſuperior to all the moderns in ſculpture, and perhaps in deſigning, and a profound knowledge in anatomy; and moreover as excellent an architect. These two great men coming to Rome, where (though there was ſo great a diſproportion in their years) they were competitors, transferred the ſeat of the art to that happy city. Though in Venice it went on improving, and growing up to maturity and perfection, which it attained to (in ſome of its parts, particularly colouring) in Giorgione, and more eminently in Titian, and in Correggio, upon the terra firma of Lombardy. And now, that is, upon the entrance of the ſixteenth century, the great luminary of Painting appeared above the horizon, the undoubted head of the Roman ſchool, and of the modern painters Rafaelle Sanzio da Urbino. Whether any of the ancients excelled him, and if they did, in what degree are queſtions which the hiſtory I am recommending as proper to be written, may endeavour to reſolve; I will not. But ſuch an hiſtorian will go on to ſhew how the flame which blazed ſo glorioufly in Rafaelle, and continued bright, though with a diminiſhed luſtre in his diſciples Giulio Romano, Polidoro, Picrino, and others; and at Florence, in Andrea del Sarto; and there, and elſewhere, as well as at Rome,

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LUCA GIORDANO

in Baldaſſar Peruzzi, Primaticcio, Battiſta Franco, Parmeggiano, the elder Palma, Tintoretto, Baroccio, Paolo Veroncſe, the two Zuccaroes, Cigoli, and many others, decayed by little, and little, till it was blown up again in the ſchool of the Caracci in Bologna about an hundred and forty years ago; and continued with great brightneſs in their diſciples, and others; Giuſeppino, Vanni, Guido, Albani, Dominichino, Lanfranco, &c. but as the Jews wept when they ſaw the ſecond temple, which though magnificent was not equal to the firſt, ſo neither was this great effort capable of producing ſuch ſtupendous works of art as thoſe of the Rafaelle age. And though we have had great men in their ſeveral ways, as Rubens, Spagnoletto, Guercino, Nicolas Pouſſin, Pietro da Cortona, Andrea Sacchi, Van Dyck, Caſtiglione, Claude Lorencſe, the Borgognone, Salvator Roſa, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano; and ſeveral others of leſſer note, though nevertheleſs of conſiderable merit, yet the art has viſibly declined. As for its preſent ſtate in Italy, here and elſewhere the hiſtorian I am ſpeaking of may write what he thinks fit, and perhaps by that time new matter may ariſe; I, for my part, inſtead of entering upon that ſubject, will content myſelf with obſerving in general, that though mankind have always expreſſed a love to it, and been ready to encourage the weakeſt endeavours this way, (I only except the Jews, an Arabian impoſtor, and his fanatick diſciples, and ſome few enthuſiaſts, and four ſtupid people) the ſpecies in all the many ages of their exiſtence have been rarely able, and in a narrow extent of country, at any one time to perform any thing conſiderable in Painting. There have been innumerable great maſters in other arts and ſciences, but in this the number is very ſmall; great maſters in many other arts have appeared in all ages; of Painting there have been none in all the ſix thouſand years ſince the birth of the world (at leaſt we have no account of them) except thoſe in Greece, and Italy two thouſand years ago, and that perhaps for about the ſpace of

of five hundred years; and thoſe in this latter age of the art of which I have been offering a curſory view.

So ancient Ætna's ſulph'rous caverns give
Sufficient food to keep the flame alive;
The kindled ſtream through every chaſm ſtrays
On each combuſtible with gladneſs preys,
But in large ſpaces ampler fires diſplays;
Deep ſunk below 'tis hid from mortal eyes,
But ſmoke, and cinders moderately riſe;
'Till nature furniſhing uncommon ſtores,
The hill from out her gaping ſummit pours
Aſcending ruddy flames, and with a ſound
Loud, and triumphant fills the air around,
Supplies the heavens with another day,
And ſhews the mariner far off his way;
The ſtock exhauſted to her wont returns,
And ſilently, unſeen the mountain burns.

It muſt have been obſerved that the art has flouriſhed at Florence, Rome, Venice, Bologna, &c. in each of which places the ſtyle of Painting has been different; as it has been in the ſeveral ages in which it has flouriſhed. When it firſt began to revive after the terrible devaſtations of ſuperſtition, and barbarity, it was with a ſtiff, lame manner, which mended by little, and little till the time of Maſaccio, who roſe into a better taſte, and began what was reſerved for Rafaelle to complete. However this bad ſtyle had ſomething manly, and vigorous; whereas in the decay, whether after the happy age of Rafaelle, or that of Annibale one ſees an effeminate, languid air, or if it has not that, it has the vigour of a bully, rather than of a brave man: the old bad Painting has more faults than the modern, but this falls into the inſipid.

The

The painters of the Roman ſchool were the beſt deſigners, and had a kind of greatneſs, but it was not antique. The Venetian, and Lombard ſchools had excellent colouriſts, and a certain grace but entirely modern, eſpecially thoſe of Venice; but their drawing was generally incorrect, and their knowledge in hiſtory, and the antique very little: and the Bologneſe ſchool is a ſort of compoſition of the others; even Annibale himſelf poſſeſſed not any part of Painting in the perfection as is to be ſeen in thoſe from whom his manner is compoſed, though to make amends he poſſeſſed more parts than perhaps any other maſter, and in a very high degree. The works of thoſe of the German ſchool have a dryneſs, and ungraceful ſtiffneſs, not like what is ſeen amongſt the old Florentines, that has ſomething in it pleaſing however, but this is odious, and as remote from the antique as gothiciſm could carry it. The Flemings have been good colouriſts, and imitated nature as they conceived it, that is, inſtead of raiſing nature, they fell below it, though not ſo much as the Germans, nor in the ſame manner; Rubens himſelf lived, and died a Fleming, though he would fain have been an Italian; but his imitators have caricatured his manner, that is they have been more Rubens in his defects than he himſelf was, but without his excellencies. The French (excepting ſome few of them, N. Pouſſin, Le Seur, Sebaſtien Bourdon, &c.) as they have not the German ſtiffneſs, nor the Flemiſh ungracefulneſs, neither have they the Italian ſolidity; and in their airs of heads, and manners, they are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the antique, how much ſoever they may have endeavoured to imitate them.

Which have been the moſt excellent painters the ancients, or the moderns is a queſtion often propoſed, and which I will try to reſolve. That the painters of thoſe times were equal to the ſculptors in invention, expreſſion, drawing, grace, and greatneſs is ſo exceeding probable that I think it may be taken for granted. If ſo, that in drawing, grace, and greatneſs the ancients have the advantage is

 certain;

certain; and little leſs than certain that in colouring, and compoſition the moderns have it more. But though that be true, thoſe parts of Painting being not ſo conſiderable as the other in which the moderns are outdone, it will hardly reduce the matter to an equality, the advantage will remain to the ancients ſo far as we have gone. It remains that we conſider the other parts of Painting, the invention, and expreſſion: the manner of thinking of the ancients is ſuch as is not to be mentioned without the utmoſt veneration allowed to be given to mortal men; but when I ſee what ſome of the moderns have done in theſe parts of Painting I profeſs I dare not determine which has the preference. It would be a fine amuſement, or rather a noble, and a uſeful employment for a gentleman to collect, and compare the many fine thoughts, and expreſſions, on one ſide, and the other: for me to do it here would be too tedious, and too great a taſk, having already undertaken what will coſt me more pains, and time than I intended, or perhaps is fit for me to beſtow this way. Whether even this would end the diſpute is uncertain; but as the matter ſtands at preſent, allowing an equality in theſe laſt mentioned parts of Painting, and an advantage to the modern in ſome others, the ſuperiority of the ancients in drawing, grace, and greatneſs determines in favour of them.

Another part of hiſtory no leſs worthy a gentleman's conſideration than neceſſary to a connoiſſeur, is that of the lives of the particular maſters. When we reflect upon the vigorous ſallies which ſome of the ſpecies have made, whereby they have as it were connected ours with that of the next order of beings above us, we muſt naturally deſire to have a more exact account of every ſtep they made towards that glorious diſtinction: this alſo will be of uſe to ourſelves, and help to excite us to do ſomething, whereby we alſo may be diſtinguiſhed with honour, and our memories be ſweet to poſterity.

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As in reading the lives of the great captains, and ſtateſmen we are inſtructed in the hiſtory of their times, and their own, and neighbouring nations; in thoſe of philoſophers, and divines we ſee the ſtate of learning, and religion, ſo in the lives of the painters we ſee the hiſtory of the art; and I believe there has been as many accounts of theſe great men who have done ſo much honour to human nature, and many of them as well written, as of any claſs of men whatſoever.*

The general idea I have of thoſe excellent men, I mean of the principal of them, ſuch as thoſe of whom I have given an hiſtorical, and chronological liſt at the end of my former book is this, they

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* Le vite dei pittori e de ſcultori co' Ritratti, deſcritte in tre tomi da Giorgio Vaſari pittore Aretino. Firenze 1586. Bolog. 1647. 4to.

Le Maraviglie dell' arte, overo delle vite de pittori Veneti, e dello ſtato, in due parti dal Cav. Carlo Ridolfi. Venezia, 1648. 4to.

Felſina Pittrice: vite de 'pittori Bologneſi compoſte dal conte Carlo Ceſare Malvaſia. lib. 4. in 2 tomi, co' Ritratti de pittori Bolog. 1678. 4to.

Le vite de 'pittori, & architetti, dal 1572 ſino al 1640, fioriti in Roma, dal Cav. Gio. Baglioni Roma, 1642, & 1649.

Le vite de 'pittori, de 'ſcultori, & de gli architetti moderni ſcritte da Gio. Pietro Bellorio. Parte prima Roma, 1672. 4to.

Notitia de profeſſori del diſegno da Cimabue in qua dal Filippo Baldinucci. In ſeveral volumes printed at Florence at ſeveral times, the firſt anno 1681.

Abcedario Pittorico nel quale compendioſamente ſono deſcritte le patrie, i maeſtri, ed i tempi ne quali fiorirono circa 4000 profeſſori di pittura, di ſcultura, e di architettura da Fr. Pel. Ant. Orlandi. Bolog. 1704. 4to.

Entretiens ſur les vies, & ſur les ouvrages de plus excellens peintres anciens & moderns, par Filibien. tom. 1. Paris 1666. tom. 2. 1672. 4to. Reprime Paris 1685. Amſt. 8vo.

Academia nobiliſſimæ artis pictoriæ Joachimi Sandrart. a Stockau Nornub. 1683. fol.

Abrege de les vies de pientres, par M. de Piles. Paris 1715.

In the Engliſh tranſlation of the Art of Painting by C. A. du Freſnoy, the lives of the painters are abridged by Mr. Grahme. Lond. 1716.

were moſt of them men of fine, natural parts, and ſome of them went very far into learning, and other ſciences, particularly muſic, and poetry; many of them have received the honour of knighthood, and ſome have entailed nobility on their poſterity; moſt of them advanced their fortunes very conſiderably, they have generally been in great favour with their ſovereigns, or at leaſt were much eſteemed, and honoured by men of the firſt quality; lived in great reputation, and died much lamented: ſeveral of them were remarkably fine gentlemen, and if any of them were not ſo, they were not ſordid, low, vicious creatures. Correggio was an obſcure man whilſt he lived, but is one of the greateſt inſtances of a genius that the world ever ſaw; he was obſcure, not vicious. Annibale Caracci took more pleaſure in his Painting than in the gaieties of a court, or the converſation, or friendſhip of the great, which with a ſort of ſtoical, and perhaps a mixture of a cynical pride he deſpiſed, but he had a greatneſs of mind that pleads effectually in his behalf, and compels us to overlook his faults, which were much owing to his natural melancholy. The hiſtories of Rafaelle, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Titiano, Giulio Romano, Guido, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Sir Peter Lely, (to name no more,) are well known, they lived in great honour, and made a very conſiderable figure in their ſeveral times, and countries.

That the generality of good painters have been idle, and ſots, is a vulgar error, on the contrary I know not even one inſtance of this among thoſe great maſters who I have all along been ſpeaking of, and who alone are conſiderable in their profeſſion; though indeed thoſe that have given occaſion for this ſcandal may poſſibly have been the beſt whoſe works thoſe people who have thus thought have been acquainted with.

Another miſtake of this kind is, that the painters how excellent ſoever they may have been in their art, have been inconſiderable creatures otherwiſe: but (as I have obſerved heretofore) a valuable man

man will remain though a good painter is deprived of his eyes, and hands.

When after a brouillerie between Pope Julius, and Michelangelo, upon account of ſlight the artiſt conceived the pontiff had put upon him, (the ſtory is at large in Vaſari) Michelangelo was introduced by a biſhop (who was a ſtranger to him, but was deputed by Cardinal Soderini, who being ſick could not do it himſelf as was intended) this biſhop thinking to ſerve Michelangelo by it made it an argument that the Pope ſhould be reconciled to him becauſe men of his profeſſion were commonly ignorant, and of no conſequence otherwiſe; his holineſs enraged at the biſhop ſtruck him with his ſtaff, and told him it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himſelf would not offend: the prelate was driven out of the chamber, and Michelangelo had the Pope's benediction accompanied with preſents. This biſhop had fallen into this vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly.

What I have been ſaying, puts me in mind of a ſtory which paſſes very currently of this great maſter, and that is, that he had a porter fixed as to a croſs, and then ſtabbed him, that he might the better expreſs the dying agonies of our Lord in a crucifix he was Painting: I find no good ground for this ſlander. Perhaps it is a copy of a like ſtory of Parrhaſius, the truth of which is alſo much doubted of; it is ſaid he faſtened a ſlave he had bought to a machine, and then tormented him to death, and whilſt he was dying, painted the Prometheus he made for the temple of Minerva at Athens.

Now that I am upon particulars, there is one of a different ſort relating to Titian, which I will take this occaſion to make more public than has yet been done: it is a letter written by him to the Emperor Charles V. I find it in a collection of Italian letters printed at Venice 1574. Ridolphi, nor any other writer that I know of has this, though he has another written to the Emperor,

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and one to Philip II. King of Spain, as he has alſo one or two letters from that king to Titian.

Invittiſſimo Principe, ſe dolſe alla ſacra maeſtà uoſtra la falſa nuoua della morte mia, a me è ſtato di conſolatione d'eſſere percio fatto più certo che l' altezza uoſtra della mia ſeruitù ſi ricordi onde la uita m' è doppiamenta cara. Et humilmente prego N. S. Dio a conſeruarmi (ſe non più) tanto che finiſca l' opera della Ceſarea maeſtà uoſtra, la qualc ſi truoua in termine che a Settembre proſſimino potra comparire dinanzi l' altezza uoſtra, alla quale fra queſto mezzo con ogni humilta m'inchino, & riuerentemente in ſua gratia mi raccommando.

TITIANO VECELLIO.

Lomazzo, in his Idea del Tempio della Pittura, pag. 57, prettily characterizes ſeveral of thoſe great maſters I have been ſpeaking of by animals, and famous men, chiefly philoſophers. To Michelangelo he aſſigns a dragon, and Socrates; to Gaudentio an eagle, and Plato; to Polidoro a horſe, and Alcides; to Leonardo da Vinci a lion, and Prometheus; to Andrea Mantegna a ſerpent, and Archimedes; to Titiano an ox, and Ariſtotle; to Rafaelle a man, and Solomon. For the reſt I refer you to the books.

But what completes the hiſtory of theſe great painters is their works; of which a great number, eſpecially of drawings, is preſerved to our times. Here we ſee their beginning, progreſs, and completion; their ſeveral various ways of thinking; their different manners of expreſſing their thoughts; the ideas they have of beauty in viſible objects; and what accuracy, and readineſs of hand they had in expreſſing what they conceived. Here we ſee the ſteps they made in ſome of their works, their diligence, careleſſneſs, or other inequalities, the variation of their ſtyles, and abundance of other circumſtances relating to them. If therefore hiſtory, if the hiſtory of the arts; if the hiſtory of the particular artiſts, if theſe are worthy

worthy of a gentleman; this part of the hiſtory, thus written, where almoſt every page, every character is an inſtance of the beauty, and excellency of the art, and of the admirable qualities of the men of whom it treats is alſo well worthy his peruſal, and ſtudy.

I will conclude this branch of my argument relating to the dignity of Painting, and connoiſſance, with obſerving that thoſe of the greateſt quality have not thought it unworthy of them to practiſe, not the latter only, but the other. And that if it is not yet a diminution of ſuch a one's character not to be a connoiſſeur, it is an addition to it if he is; and is judged to be ſo by every body. And ſome ſuch we have of our own nation, who are diſtinguiſhed not only by their births and fortunes, but by other the moſt amiable qualities, that juſtly endear them to all that have the honour and happineſs of knowing them, and being known to them, if withal they have any ſenſe of virtue, integrity, honour, love of one's country, and other noble qualities, which thoſe illuſtrious connoiſſeurs poſſeſs in ſo eminent a degree.

SECT. II.

All nature is in perpetual motion; as time never ſtands ſtill, neither do our bodies continue the ſame, but are ever changing; and the tenderneſs of infancy is transformed to whithered old age by inſenſible ſteps; but we are always ſtepping on: ſo it is with our minds, ideas are continually ariſing; whether (as ſeems) ſpontaneouſly, or ſuggeſted to us by our ſenſes, or by what means ſoever; theſe paſs away to give place to others, ſo that the ſcene within is eternally ſhifting from what it was. That great ſet of ideas which is compoſed of all thoſe now poſſeſſed by all mankind is already changed, and whilſt I am writing this line is almoſt entirely different from what it was when the thought firſt came into my own mind; even this thought, though it appears ſtill to be right, and perhaps

perhaps always will do ſo whenever it returns, if it ever does, yet there is a change whilſt I am forming every letter; it is ſtronger, it is weaker, it diſappears, others ariſe, it returns; things have a different view every moment.

Now as when one would compoſe a certain tint of colour (to illuſtrate what I am ſaying by ſomething in my own way) the ſame colours, and exactly the ſame quantities of each muſt be employed; the leaſt particle more or leſs, makes it impoſſible it ſhould be the ſame: ſo to produce exactly the ſame idea as I have had heretofore: or the ſame in my mind as you are poſſeſſed of, the very ſame circumſtances muſt concur, which being impoſſible, there muſt be a difference, though (as in the former caſe) it is ſometimes ſo little as to be imperceptible; but ſtill that there is ſuch difference in reality, is evident to a demonſtration.

Whether that incomprehenſible mind that preſides over every the ſmalleſt particle of matter throughout the univerſe, does alike produce, direct, and govern every one of that great, and eternally changing ſet of ideas, from time to time, poſſeſſed by every intelligent being; and conſequently their cauſes *ad infinitum:* whether we have any greater power over our minds than over our bodies and can add to, or alter our ideas any more than we can raiſe ourſelves a cubit higher, or change the colour of a ſingle hair; in ſhort, whether our wills are free is a noble enquiry, becauſe the effect of it may be a moſt beautiful, ſimple, and unexceptionable ſyſtem of things. But as this would be to go out of that train of thought I am upon, and which is my preſent affair, I chuſe rather to go on to obſerve, that

However different we are from ourſelves; or one man is from another, every man is an epitome of the whole ſpecies: the wiſeſt amongſt us is a fool in ſome things, as the loweſt amongſt men has ſome juſt notions, and therein is as wiſe as Socrates; ſo that every man reſembles a ſtatue made to ſtand againſt a wall, or in a nich, on

on one ſide it is a Plato, an Apollo, a Demoſthenes; on the other it is a rough, unformed piece of ſtone.

And notwithſtanding this vaſt variety of ſentiments amongſt men; nothwithſtanding truth is always the ſame, and is a ſingle point, though error is infinite; every man (as he muſt neceſſarily) thinks himſelf in the right, and that all that differ from him are miſtaken; and accordingly every man is contented with himſelf, and laughs at, or pities all the reſt. I know not who has ſaid it, but he has given a fine image of mankind in this light.

So one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Thus (to ſum up what I have been ſaying) our knowledge ariſing from imperfect evidence, imperfectly conveyed, muſt be imperfect, and mixed with doubt, and error, and that in all degrees; and every man differs from himſelf in theſe particulars, and from every other man; and the ſcene is eternally changing: but every man is partly a wiſe man, and partly a fool; however we all ſee the fool's cap on every body's head but our own.

The reflection we ſhall naturally make upon the view of the ſtate of human underſtanding hitherto is but a melancholy one; eſpecially when it is remembered that (being ſuppoſed free, and therefore accountable for all our thoughts and actions) among the other uncertainties we are in, it is made a queſtion whether, and how far an erroneous judgment will excuſe our deviations from what is good abſolutely conſidered; it is not my buſineſs to decide in this nice caſe, only for myſelf, which I do as well as I can; but inſtead of that, I will take leave to ſet down a paſſage in my beloved Milton, applicable to my preſent purpoſe. Eve upon a certain occaſion ſays,

Frail is our happineſs if this be ſo,
An Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd;
O woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfect, or deficient left
Of all that he created, much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force, within himſelf
The danger lies———

A very little reflection on what has been ſaid, and on what is ſeen abroad in the world, will give us an idea of other ſciences as to the particular we are at preſent upon.

I will now ſhew how that matter ſtands with relation to connoiſance in its ſeveral branches, the knowledge of the goodneſs of a picture, drawing, &c. the diſtinguiſhing of hands, and originals, and copies.

Rules may be eſtabliſhed ſo clearly derived from reaſon as to be inconteſtible. If the deſign of the picture be (as in general it is) to pleaſe, and improve the mind (as in poetry) the ſtory muſt have all poſſible advantages given to it, and the actors muſt have the utmoſt grace, and dignity their ſeveral characters will admit of: if hiſtorical, and natural truth only be intended, that muſt be followed; though the beſt choice of theſe muſt be made; in both caſes unity of time, place, and action ought to be obſerved: the compoſition muſt be ſuch as to make the thoughts appear at firſt ſight, and the principal of them the moſt conſpicuouſly; and the whole muſt be ſo contrived as to be a grateful object to the eye, both as to the colours, and the maſſes of light and ſhadow. Theſe things are ſo evident as not to admit of any diſpute or contradiction;

tion; as it alſo is that the expreſſion muſt be ſtrong, the drawing juſt, the colouring clean and beautiful, the handling eaſy, and light, and all theſe proper to the ſubject. Nor will it be difficult to know aſſuredly what is ſo, unleſs with relation to the juſtneſs of the drawing; but to know in the main whether any thing is lame, diſtorted, mis-ſhapen, ill proportioned, or flat, or on the contrary round, and beautiful is what any eye that is tolerably curious can judge of.

The rules being fixed, and certain; whether a picture, or drawing has the properties required is eaſily ſeen, and when they are diſcovered, a man is as certain he ſees what he thinks he ſees, as in any other caſe where his own ſenſes convey the evidence to his underſtanding.

And by being accuſtomed to ſee, and obſerve the beſt pictures, a man may judge in what degree theſe excellencies are in that under conſideration; for all things muſt be judged of by compariſon, that will be thought the beſt that is the beſt we know of.

If a picture has any of the good properties I have been ſpeaking of (as none has all) we can ſee which, or how many they have, and what they are, and can tell what rank they ought to hold in our eſtimation, and whether the excellencies they have will atone for thoſe they want, as the moſt delicate pencil, the fineſt colouring, the greateſt force (though theſe are valuable) will not make amends for a lewd, or profane ſubject, a poor and inſipid way of thinking, lameneſs, or ſtiffneſs, want of harmony, and tameneſs, meanneſs, and ungracefulneſs throughout; for this would be like good language, and muſical numbers in a poem without ſenſe, invention, elevation, propriety, and the other requiſites in poetry.

Without principles a man is in the dark, and fluctuates in uncertainty, but having theſe one may be ſteady and clear; if care be taken to keep to them, and that we do not judge by ſomething elſe beſides, or inſtead of them; and moreover that they be ſolid and juſt.

Here now is a very great degree of certainty to be had in by much the moſt material branch of the ſcience. And that being ſecured, it is comparatively of little conſequence of what hand a work is, or whether it is an original, or not.

But here too there are many caſes wherein we can have an equal degree of aſſurance as in the former. Thus it is with reſpect to the beſt works of the beſt maſters, eſpecially when if it is a picture, hiſtory, or tradition confirms our opinion; and if a drawing, it is known for what picture it was made: or when we have an opportunity (which frequently happens) of comparing one of the ſame maſter, and manner with another. In the beſt works of the beſt maſters not only their characters are evidently ſeen, but here they are exalted above the poſſibility of being copied, or imitated ſo as not to be diſcovered. And beſides, Providence has preſerved to us a ſufficient number of the works of theſe excellent men whereon ſecurely to form our ideas concerning them.

A like degree of evidence we have for the works of thoſe who have been great manneriſts; and of whom we have many pictures, or drawings. It is true, a tolerable copy of one of theſe maſters may, at firſt ſight, be taken for an original, as an imitation may be thought to be genuine; but it is very rarely found that the difference is not plainly diſcovered with a little attention; generally it is ſeen immediately, and inconteſtably.

There are many ſketches, or other free-works, whether pictures, or drawings of whoſe originality we are alſo abſolutely certain.

I pretend not to go through all the caſes wherein this aſſurance, or high degree of perſuaſion is to be had, it would be too tedious: We may be reaſonably well perſuaded in many others; as where we have conſiderable numbers of genuine works of maſters not ſo excellent, nor whoſe manners are more particularly remarkable. We may alſo be thus perſuaded of thoſe that are not the beſt of the greateſt hands, or manners which they ſeldom uſed; and that by comparing

comparing theſe works with thoſe which are indiſputable; for there is in all the maſters, though not in all equally, a certain character, and peculiarity that runs through all their works in ſome meaſure, and which a good connoiſſeur knows, though he cannot deſcribe it to another.

This way of compariſon too helps us to a higher degree of perſuation than otherwiſe we ſhould have had with relation to the works of maſters of whom we have but a ſmall number; as for example of Dominichino; we know his general character, that is eſtabliſhed by thoſe few of his works that are in Rome, Naples, and elſewhere, and by the writers; as we alſo know the character of Annibale Caracci by the ſame means, but in a greater degree. If then we cannot confront a work thought to be of the former, with another already judged to be of him, it may be of conſiderable uſe to compare it with one of Annibale, and to ſee what degree, and kind of goodneſs it has in that compariſon, and whether that anſwers to the character of Dominichino as compared with the other: if it does it is an additional evidence over and above what we had before.

From theſe we deſcend to more doubtful caſes, which it is troubleſome, and of no great uſe to enumerate; only in general this is certain, that theſe caſes are ſuch as are of the leaſt conſequence, as being for the moſt part with relation to ſome of the worſt works of the better maſters, or thoſe of inconſiderable ones. If it is doubtful whether a picture, or a drawing is a copy, or an original, it is of little conſequence which it is; and more, or leſs in proportion as it is doubtful: if the caſe be exceeding difficult, or impoſſible to be determined it is no matter whether it is determined or no; the picture ſuppoſing it to be a copy muſt be in a manner as good as the original, and ſuppoſing that to be one of the beſt of the maſter it is the greater curioſity that he could be ſo well imitated: if the queſtion be whether it is a copy, or an original, one of the moſt indifferent

ferent ones of the maſter; ſuch an original is of no great conſequence to be known, it is no matter whether it is ſo, or a copy.

After all it muſt be acknowledged that as in other ſciences there are certain branches of them wherein one man excels, and another in others, but knows little of the reſt; ſo in connoiſſance, no one man can be acquainted with the hands of all, even of the moſt conſiderable maſters; nor with all the manners perhaps of any one of thoſe who have had great variety of them; nor to be very expert in more than a few of theſe: he muſt be contented with a moderate ſkill in many, and to be utterly ignorant in ſome of them: ſuch is the narrowneſs of our faculties, the extent of the ſcience, or the want of helps, and materials for the ſtudy.

However let it be remembered too that every connoiſſeur may judge concerning the goodneſs of a picture, or drawing as to all the parts of it except the invention, and expreſſion in hiſtory, and the reſemblance in portraits; and theſe no one man can judge accurately of in all caſes, becauſe no one man can be acquainted with all the ſtories, or fables, or other ſubjects of the picture; as no one man can know every body.

Thus (I think) I have given the true ſtate of the caſe with relation to our knowledge in general, and that which is to be had in the ſcience I am treating of; by which it will appear that in this reſpect we are upon an equality (at leaſt) with moſt other ſciences, if we have not the advantage of them.

The variety of opinions of connoiſſeurs, or ſuch as pretend to be ſo, will be made an objection to what I have advanced. And it may ſeem to be a very conſiderable one. I will therefore beſides what has been already diſcourſed in general of the impoſſibility of men's agreeing in their ſentiments from the nature of things, the appearance of evidence being neceſſarily ſo various to every one of us, and we as neceſſarily judging according to that, whatever it be. I ſay beſides this I will give a particular anſwer to this objection, and therein ſhew how it comes to paſs that men have theſe different views,

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and conſequently different opinions; and that this does not always happen from the obſcurity of the ſcience, but frequently from ſome defect in the men, or in their management on theſe occaſions; ſo as to render theſe their opinions utterly inſignificant. And having done this I will proceed to ſhew that there is not altogether ſo great a variety of opinions as there ſeems to be.

There are ſome people who never had any opinions of their own properly ſpeaking, but have taken up their notions upon truſt; they talk from whim, or fancy, or as they have heard others talk, without fixing upon, or eſtabliſhing any certain principles, whereby to conduct themſelves in this affair.

Others may have conſidered more, but to as little purpoſe, having gone upon principles falſe, or precarious; to which they are bigotted, and reſolve to adhere; never impartially enquiring whether they were in the right or no, or perhaps ſo much as ſuſpecting they were not, or imagining ſuch a thing was poſſible.

As the former never ſtudied at all, theſe have done ſo but in part; they have not dug down to the foundation, but taken that as they found it: and as truth lies in one ſingle point, and error is infinite, ſuch people as theſe may ſtudy, diſpute, and wrangle eternally, and always find plauſible arguments on both ſides, but never get out of the labyrinth.

Some people if they have had the opportunity of ſeeing good things, eſpecially if they have been abroad, and above all in Italy: or if they have the names of ſome of the maſters, and a little of their hiſtory, ſet up for connoiſſeurs without taking the requiſite pains to be really what they affect to be thought to be; juſt like a young pert divine who if he has been a certain time at the univerſity, and read Ariſtotle, and the fathers thinks himſelf a match for Hobbs, or Bellarmine.

Again, ſome there are who are incapable of being good connoiſſeurs, let them take what pains they will, thoſe that want genius,

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and a competent meaſure of underſtanding can never penetrate into the beauties, or defects of a picture: they can never be judges of the degrees of its goodneſs. And thoſe that know not how to form clear, and diſtinct ideas, and have not a memory to retain, and ſkill to manage them, can never be good judges of hands, or know copies from originals.

A man may be a good connoiſſeur in general, and an ingenious man, and yet his judgment in many caſes is not to be regarded; he may be exactly upon the level with thoſe that are neither one, nor the other: there is a certain circle, beyond which the wiſeſt men are fools; every man's capacity has its bounds; and it is not every one's talent to know the utmoſt extent of theſe, or to keep themſelves from making excurſions. One connoiſſeur is well acquainted with the hands of ſome of the maſters, or with ſome of their manners but not with others; if he pretends to give his judgment in thoſe caſes wherein he is ignorant it is an equal chance but he is wrong; and if he is ſo, another that may not be a better connoiſſeur in the main, though he is ſo in this particular, will probably differ from him. The diſpute then will lie between a wiſe man, and a fool *quoad hoc*, but that there is a diſpute at all is not from the obſcurity of the ſcience, but the indiſcretion of one of the diſputants. I have obſerved frequent inſtances of this inequality in ingenious men with ſome ſurprize; I have known the ſame man talk like a very able connoiſſeur at one time, and at another like one that had never conſidered theſe things at all: whether it was that he was at ſuch times careleſs, or abſent from himſelf; or that he was really out of his depth in thoſe particulars I know not.

To conclude: there is not ſo great a difference in opinions in ſome caſes, nor ſo great a conformity in others as there ſeems to be amongſt men.

When one ſays a picture is good and the other the contrary, either may fix upon certain properties wherein both may be in the right; the

the only fault may be in denominating the whole from a part, and not underſtanding one another.

Some men, and indeed all men at ſome times will give their judgments in haſte, and before they have enough conſidered, and recollected themſelves; whether from a natural vivacity of temper, an affectation of appearing to be ready at theſe things, or from whatever other cauſe; ſuch ſudden opinions are commonly different from what the ſame perſon's more deliberate judgment is: but ſuch is the pride, and folly of ſome people that what they have once ſaid, the opinion they have once eſpouſed they will adhere to, how much in the wrong ſoever they may find themſelves to have been; and this rather than own it was poſſible for them to have been miſtaken; though that is common to the wiſeſt of men, and the perſiſting in a known error none but a fool (in that reſpect at leaſt) is capable of: that has no diſhonour in it, and oftentimes the contrary; the other is ſhameful, and ridiculous.

Some are exorbitant in the praiſes of what themſelves poſſeſs, and as much depreciate every thing elſe; and that from partiality on the one hand, and pure malice, and ill nature on the other; but however it be, an account is thus given of pictures, or drawings very different from what will be had from other connoiſſeurs. Juſt as I have ſeen party men in civil, or religious matters repreſent the cauſe they eſpouſe as without ſpot, or blemiſh, and that of their opponents as utterly abſurd, and miſchievous; whereas the great difference is in their intereſts, and inclinations, not in their judgments.

Men frequently diſſemble their real ſentiments in connoiſſance; and that either with an ill intention, or very juſtifiably. The firſt of theſe caſes many a gentleman has known to have happened to his coſt in ſome inſtances; and in more they never have been, nor ever will be undeceived. There are picture jockeys who will make what

advantage they can of the credulity of others, and their own ſuperior underſtandings in that particular and to that end aſſert what themſelves believe to be falſe.

Others again put on the maſk for their own ſakes in part, and partly for the ſakes of other people. We frequently meet with pictures, or drawings which we know are not what the owners of them take them to be: what can we do in this caſe? what, but the ſame as every wiſe man muſt, and will do in like circumſtances; and many caſes there are in the world where wiſe men are thought to think otherwiſe than they do, becauſe they are too wiſe to tell their real thoughts; the maxim which Sir Henry Wootton recommended to Mr. Milton when he was entering upon his travels, *i penſieri ſtretti, & il viſo ſciolto.* Cloſe thoughts, and an open countenance is as neceſſary to be obſerved by connoiſſeurs, as travellers, or any other ſort of men whatſoever. Some years ſince a very honeſt gentleman, a (rough man) came to me, and amongſt other diſcourſe with abundance of civility invited me to his houſe. I have (ſays he) a picture of Rubens, it is a rare good one; Mr. ——— was the other day to ſee it, and ſays it is a copy; G—— d—— him, if any one ſays that picture is a copy, I'll break his head. Pray, Mr. Richardſon, will you do me the favour to come, and give me your opinion of it? Mankind is generally diſpoſed to believe thoſe who tell them what they would have to be true; not becauſe their aſſent is regulated by the paſſions, and differently from the evidence as it appears to them; but they really conceive a better opinion of theſe people, and think their judgment is better than the others; and theſe kind of arguments being what they rely upon in this caſe, they appear ſtronger on that ſide than on the other; their minds being alſo more applied to the conſideration of theſe, than thoſe other.

And theſe people have a degree of happineſs by error in this caſe which truth would deprive them of, and conſequently they would ſuffer by it; and truth and error are indifferent to us, but

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as either tends to our good, that is to our happineſs; or in other words, the degree of our enjoyments, the whole duration of our exiſtence being taken into the account. In this world we probably enjoy as much from our ignorance, and miſtakes, as from our knowledge, and true judgments; and we are many times in ſuch circumſtances that truth would make us extremely wretched; ſo that he is miſchievous to us who opens our eyes. A good connoiſſeur therefore, who is withal a plain, ſincere man, has great difficulties many times when he ſees a collection, or a ſingle picture, or two; chiefly when gentlemen will urge him to give his opinion of ſomething they have lately acquired, and the honey-moon is not yet over. On theſe occaſions one cannot avoid applying the words of our Saviour to his diſciples; *I have many things to ſay to you, but you cannot bear them now.*

I ſhould be very loath to be an advocate for inſincerity of any kind, and indeed I am very unfit for it: if the ſtate of things would admit of it I ſhould be glad to come into a general agreement never to conceal the leaſt thought of the heart by any word, look, or action whatſoever; but as the caſe now ſtands the diſguiſes I have been pleading for are ſo neceſſary; and they are ſo much the ſame with thoſe compliments, and civilities univerſally practiſed, that he that is deceived by them if he ſhould diſcover it would acquit, and approve the deceiver; or they will not deceive at all.

I will however take the liberty to put gentlemen in mind of the great injury they do themſelves by their being ſo *entêté* of their own things, as not to permit every one to ſpeak their minds freely, and without reſerve; not only their judgments by this means are kept low, but they are ſufferers in their purſes; they lie open to be impoſed on, and in fact too often fling away their money upon traſh: they have pleaſure indeed, but they might have that too, and greater, and more durable without thoſe diſadvantages; nay with the con-

trary circumſtances; they might become good connoiſſeurs, and be good œconomiſts at the ſame time.

Another inſtance of an apparent, but no real difference in the opinions of connoiſſeurs is this, (and it is the laſt I ſhall mention) it is very common for other people (not the owners) to aſk our opinions of pictures, or collections when there may be good reaſons why we ſhould not be very exact, and particular in our anſwers; eſpecially if the things are to be diſpoſed of, and the queſtion is aſked in a large, and mixed company; in that caſe the uſual way is to avoid the mention of any faults, and to ſay what good we can in general terms: which kind of character is indeed no other than a tub flung out for the whale to play with, that the ſhip might get rid of him; for it gives no idea, or none ſhould be taken from thence; the man that has got it is certainly not one jot the wiſer for it, how well ſatisfied ſoever he may be with it.

At other times we may have as good reaſons to be clear, and explicit in our characters: if theſe two accounts happen to be compared (as they often are) there will appear a difference in judgment, or inſincerity; when thoſe who gave them were of the ſame mind all along, and ſpake nothing but the truth, thought not all the truth.

Some caſuiſts have ſaid no man is bound to deliver truth to him who has no right to demand it. Of what uſe ſoever this rule may be towards the diſentangling us from the perplexities we find in the definition of a criminal lie, thus far is plain, and certain, that we are not obliged to give our opinions to thoſe who are not entitled to them, whether by promiſe, gratitude, common juſtice, or prudence.

Underſtanding in a ſcience, as all other natural, or acquired advantages is the poſſeſſor's property, which every man Sells at as good a rate as he can for value received, or expected. This is common to all orders of men; why connoiſſeurs ſhould be expected to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their generoſity, or prodigality is unaccountable.

countable. But it would be altogether abſurd for them to do it, when they ſhall be ſure to create to themſelves enemies by that means, and that only to ſatisfy an inſignificant curioſity, or even to ſerve thoſe who probably will never think themſelves obliged, or remember it afterwards.

Becauſe therefore we cannot otherwiſe avoid ſome people's importunity, we are forced to be provided, as with gold, and ſilver to pay our debts, or purchaſe neceſſaries, or conveniencies, ſo with half-pence for beggars.

SECT. III.

I am now come to the third branch of argument, whereby I would recommend the love of Painting, and ſtudy of connoiſance, upon account of the pleaſure it is capable of affording.

I flatter myſelf it has been obſerved, that I have endeavoured hitherto to go to the bottom of my ſubject, and to treat it with all the dignity I was able, and ſo as it might be acceptable to gentlemen who are not yet lovers, and connoiſſeurs, to whom, as well as to thoſe that are, I have throughout addreſſed myſelf, though more particularly in the preſent treatiſe. In proſecution of the ſame deſign I ſhall here be engaged in a ſhort diſcourſe to ſhew what improvements may be made in our pleaſures, in order to introduce that in particular which I am to recommed as ſuch: ſo that I will not only ſhew that there is pleaſure to be had in connoiſance, but endeavour to facilitate the enjoyment of it.

I ſaid it would be a ſhort diſcourſe; for though (as I took the liberty to ſay) I have laboured to finiſh my main ſubject as highly as I could, it will not be expected the incidental ones ſhould be other than ſketches. Such as it is, I offer it to the reader as a plan for a happy life.

——— *Whether*

——— ——— ——— *Whether thou*
Viſit'ſt my lonely, chearful, ev'ning haunts,
Or thoſe more chearful yet when dewy morn
Purples the Eaſt, ſtill govern thou my ſong
Urania, and fit audience find, though few:
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods, and rocks had ears
To rapture 'till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp, and voice; nor could the Muſe defend her ſon.

MILTON.

The deſire of happineſs is the ſpring that puts us all in motion; we receive it together with the breath of life; we are touched by this magnet upon our very entrance into being, and ever after tend thitherwards with all the powers of our ſouls: this is the end in which we all agree, though as to the way there is infinite variety, and error. Pleaſure is but another name for happineſs, we are happy in proportion as we are pleaſed; the ſum total of our enjoyments, and the degree of them during our exiſtence, being compared with that of our ſufferings, the ſurpluſage on the ſide of enjoyment is the account of the degree of happineſs to which we arrive; the ſhare which was allotted us of the Divine bounty.—Pleaſure is our *ſummum bonum;* and whatſoever ſome men may pretend, or fancy, God himſelf is conſidered by us as ſuch, no otherwiſe than as it is conceived he is the fountain of good to us.

In our deliberations, and determinations concerning actions to be done, it is the ſingle principle of pleaſure on which all turns ultimately; whatever other principle ſeems to govern us; whether duty, love of virtue, intereſt, ambition, ſenſuality, &c. all terminates

nates in this one great principle ſelf-love; that firſt motive to all our actions, pleaſure: though as a river being divided into ſeveral ſtreams loſes its name, and each rivulet has one of its own, this principle being turned into various channels, we ſeem to act by different motives, when it is only the ſame differently turned; we all act by the ſame firſt principle, though by different ſubordinate ones.

In the ſtruggles betwixt virtue and vice, the queſtion is only where moſt pleaſure is to be had: when we reject ſenſual criminal pleaſures, it is only that we may enjoy others that we conceive greater; it is only rejecting a pleaſure we find we cannot enjoy but with fear, ſhame, remorſe, and ſuch like alloys, for what upon the foot of the account we conceive will afford us moſt pleaſure; a conſciouſneſs of having done well, of having acted like a man, not like a brute; together with the hopes of future recompence, and the perſuaſion of having avoided future miſery. When theſe ideas are not in the mind, or not to a degree ſufficient to weigh down what appears on the ſide of preſent enjoyment, we evermore give way to ſenſuality, the tempter prevails.

So if we chuſe preſent miſery, when in competition with eaſe, and poſitive enjoyment, it is becauſe we perceive the one will be accompanied with mental pleaſures, the other with pains of that ſort, ſo as upon the whole the bodily ſufferings, together with the mental enjoyment, will afford us moſt pleaſure. Thus Cato is as great an epicure as Apicius, though the men are very different with reſpect to the eſteem they ought to have as members of ſociety, as well as on other accounts.

Notwithſtanding the perpetual complaints of men, I am verily perſuaded every man enjoys more in this world than he ſuffers; but whether this be ſo or not, this is certain, that moſt men might enjoy more than they do, if they took the right courſe; as it is, they have all the pleaſure they can get. The whole world is engaged in one great chace after pleaſure, but as there is great difference in the

the ſportſmen, ſome are more ſucceſsful than others; ſome in rough and dangerous ways find lean, wretched game; others what is excellent in a fine country.

The foundation of a happy life muſt be laid in the idea we have of God.

" Thou haſt beſet me behind, and before, and laid thine hand upon " me.—Whither ſhall I go from thy ſpirit? or whither ſhall I flee " from thy preſence? If I aſcend up into Heaven thou art there.— " If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermoſt parts " of the ſea, even there ſhall thy hand lead me, and thy right-hand " ſhall hold me: if I ſay ſurely the darkneſs ſhall cover me; even the " night ſhall be light about me: yea, the darkneſs hideth not from " thee: but the night ſhineth as the day: the darkneſs and the light " are both alike to thee." Being thus under the eye, and power of God, from whence it is impoſſible to withdraw ourſelves for one moment, as moſt men know as well as this divine ſacred Hebrew poet (though perhaps none ever ſaid it ſo finely) but none can poſſibly be aſſured of the contrary, the idea we happen to have of this incomprehenſible being is of the utmoſt importance to our happineſs; if that be black, and terrible, let us divert the thought as well as we can, it will obtrude itſelf, and like the hand writing upon the wall, turn away the current of our pleaſures in their ſtrongeſt tides. If our ideas of God be confuſed, unſettled, and doubtful, it will be a proportionable abatement to our happineſs; but on the contrary, if we have noble, and worthy conceptions of the Supreme Being, the mind is enriched thereby, and we have advanced far towards a happy life.

And if moreover we have ſuch a perception of the nature of mankind, and ſuch a ſelf-conſciouſneſs as from thence, in conjunction with the notions we have of God, we can form, and eſtabliſh a clear, and firm perſuaſion of our being entitled to his protection, and favour, this will be itſelf a tranſcendent delight; it will heghten,

and

and give a delicious flavour to all our other enjoyments; we may be intrepid under all the calamities of life,

And fear of death deliver to the winds.

MILTON.

Whatever point I fix my thoughts upon
Throughout all ſpace I find thee there, and thou
Art ever preſent, and with humble joy
I praiſe the univerſal Sovereign
Not of this little ſpot of earth, and ſea,
And its attendant luminaries bright,
His ſole dominion, heaven, and hell except,
(His court, and priſon-houſe) but of more worlds
Than there are ſands upon the ocean ſhores,
Where goodneſs infinite for ever reigns.
All things ſubſiſt in thee, in thee rejoice,
Not terrible, but as a father mild,
Beneficent, indulgent, bountiful:
Thou doſt not hate, or cruelly correct
Imperfect beings for imperfect acts;
Or for miſtakes thoſe not infallible;
Or thoſe whoſe actions, words, or thoughts (amiſs
Altho' they be) involuntary are,
Or otherwiſe conſtrain'd, and not their own.
No paſſions turbulent can diſcompoſe
Thy holy mind eternally ſerene,
But joy divine, and wiſe paternal love,
Uninterrupted dwells for ever there.
O thou ſupremely amiable Being!
Pure, uncompounded eſſence! happineſs,
And goodneſs flows from thee as from their ſpring
To all things elſe; ſpring inexhauſtible!
Completely good, and happy in thyſelf!

If it were proper, as upon ſeveral accounts it is not, I ſhould here diſcourſe largely on this great, delightful, and uſeful ſubject: I ſhould then explain particularly what I meant, and ſupport that meaning by arguments: inſtead of all that, I muſt leave the reader to take ſome pains for himſelf, as I have done; and it is well worth all he can take. And he would do well to remember that by much the greateſt part of the difficulties, and perplexities we meet withal, in reaſoning upon whatever ſubject are owing to our not going deep enough, but taking that for truth which ourſelves do not ſee is ſo; whereas nothing ſhould be borrowed, nothing ſuppoſed, or taken for granted; all ſhould be our own; that is, it ſhould become ſo by our ſeeing the reaſons upon which it is bottomed, as clearly as we preſume others have done.

This main point being ſecured, and the mind thereby in repoſe, and joyous, an improvement in pleaſure may be made if one part of our idea of God is, that he takes not delight in our miſeries, and ſufferings.

Men are generally apt to imagine God to be ſuch a one as themſelves; and when ſour, melancholy, worn-out people undertake to inſtruct others in theſe matters, as they often do, they repreſent things accordingly. Hence (I conceive) it is, that it has been almoſt univerſally thought, that God takes pleaſure in our pains and afflictions. For my own part, my idea of him is juſt the reverſe of this. It ſeems to me much more reaſonable (I am ſpeaking on the ſuppoſition of liberty of the will, according to the common received opinion) I ſay it is much more reaſonable in my apprehenſion, to believe that he approves of the wiſdom of thoſe that thankfully enjoy the good before them: and that to do otherwiſe, he eſteems to be as offering the ſacrifice of fools; and will ſay, *Who hath required this at your hands?* What a fine image does the angel in Milton give us of the ſupremely good Being, preſiding over the enjoyments of the bleſſed in Heaven!

On

On flowers repos'd, and with freſh flowrets crown'd
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality, and joy; ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all bounteous king who ſhower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.

If we conſidered God as the common father of all his creatures, theſe on earth, as well as thoſe above, we might have the ſame pleaſure in the conſciouſneſs of having done well when we accepted an enjoyment offered by his providence, as when we refuſed it; when we taſted pleaſure, as when we felt pain; we might then enjoy the religious pleaſure, and the natural one too: thus he that has burnt incenſe in a golden cenſer, might go away with an opinion of his being as acceptable to the Deity, as he that has offered his children to Moloch.

Being thus at liberty to purſue pleaſure (as much a paradox as it may ſeem) the way to improve this liberty to the greateſt advantage is to confine ourſelves within the bounds of innocence, and virtue.

And that not only becauſe we are thereby entitled to the favour of God, and have peace of conſcience; ſuch theological conſiderations I leave to divines as being their province; I only inſiſt upon the bare natural reaſon of the thing. Nor am I about to deny that a libertine voluptuary has many pleaſures which a man of virtue has not; but let it not be forgotten on the other ſide, that he has ſufferings too which the other avoids; and has not pleaſures peculiar to virtuous men: weigh one thing with another, and then ſee how the account ſtands.

Such is the goodneſs of God, that he has provided abundance of pleaſure for us; eſpecially all thoſe actions which are neceſſary to the preſervation of the ſpecies, and that of every individual, by a

conſtant ſupply of aliment have pleaſure annexed to the performance of them. But as our appetites are apt to be inordinate through our exceſſive love of pleaſure, and our bodies are ſo conſtituted, and human laws have ſo well provided for the common good, that the pleaſure may continue after the good ends are ſerved, and then thoſe things in which we find delight become hurtful; a reſtraint muſt be put upon theſe appetites, and this is called virtue.—Thus chaſtity, and temperance; and temperance not only in meats and drinks, but in ſtudy, application to buſineſs, exerciſe, or whatever other the moſt commendable actions; theſe are virtues, becauſe by them we are reſtrained from impairing our health, or our fortunes, and ſhortening our days, by which means we ſhould be deprived of many pleaſures. Juſtice is a virtue; the ardent deſire we have of pleaſure being apt to carry us on to obtain it, or the means of procuring it in ſuch a manner as probably may expoſe us to greater miſchief than will be countervailed by the advantages which we may hope to reap from ſuch unreaſonable, and illegal methods. Fortitude, and patience are alſo virtues, as whereby we are enabled bravely to ſupport ourſelves under the preſſures to which our human ſtate is conſtantly liable, and even to fling off the burthen; whereas a feeble mind gives way to ſloth, and ſinks, and is cruſhed under it; in ſhort, prudence alſo is therefore a virtue, becauſe it is a wiſe management with regard to time, place, perſons, and the occaſion, whereby we receive many advantages, and avoid as many inconveniencies. I muſt not enlarge; but by what has been ſaid, it appears that in reality virtue is the œconomy of pleaſure; it is a reſtraint, that God, and nature, and wiſe lawgivers have put upon our appetites: to what end? ſpitefully to retrench our enjoyments? No, but to enlarge, and improve them. So that were I to paint the fable of Prodicus, as Annibale Caracci has done, I would not make the way of virtue rough, and ſtony, that of vice ſhould be ſo: he, and other moraliſts have been injurious to virtue, when they have given

given us ſuch harſh repreſentations of her. *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.*

It is in every man's power to feed as deliciouſly as Lucullus: nature is not only contented with a little, but ſhe has the greateſt abundance when ſhe has but what ſhe wants; all the reſt is an enemy to pleaſure.

By temperance, and ſobriety a common meal is a feaſt for an epicure. True rational appetite turns water into wine, and every glaſs is tokay. He that ſatisfies the true demands of well regulated nature though never ſo cheaply,

Bleſſes his ſtars, and calls it luxury.

As temperance gives us the higheſt pleaſure at a very eaſy rate, a virtuous man in that ſenſe has no temptation to injuſtice. But what a dignity of mind does an honeſt man retain! How eaſily and ſecurely does he walk in his plain, and open way! with the approbation, and applauſe not only of his own mind (an ineſtimable treaſure!) but of all the world. And he that has true magnanimity (like Job's Leviathan) laugheth at the ſhaking of the ſpear. He is as it were exempt from the common miſeries of life, and in the midſt of dangers and misfortunes

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

(I take leave to profit myſelf of the words of a great man, admirably uſed by him to another purpoſe.) And as to the advantages of prudence they are well known, and the more conſiderable as being perpetual; there is not a day, nor an hour in which we have not occaſion for the exerciſe of this virtue, and as often taſte the fruits of it.

I have

I have only touched on the poſitive advantages of virtue. By this means we moreover eſcape innumerable inconveniencies, and miſchiefs, which I muſt not, and which I need not here enumerate.

To conclude this head. Good nature, forgiveneſs of injuries, pity, charity, and the like ſocial virtues, as they are never practiſed but when ſelf-love is at the bottom, however diſguiſed it may happen to be; ſo being guided by prudence (without which they loſe their properties, and become vices) they always have a natural tendency to our happineſs; as hatred, malice, averſion, rage, and ſuch like turbulent, and uneaſy diſtempers of the mind; and even the abovementioned virtues themſelves not conducted by prudence, are enemies; and as ſuch are to be avoided: and thus the view of the follies, impertinencies, ill nature, or wickedneſs of others, ſhould not be permitted to interrupt our tranquility; ſuch is the advice of the Pſalmiſt, *Fret not thyſelf becauſe of evil doers;* and which his royal ſon, renowned for his wiſdom, as well as his being inſpired has repeated.

The next ſtep towards a happy life is to know how to enjoy our own.

Every man is a diſtinct being, an iſland in the vaſt ocean of the univerſe; and among other peculiarities he has his own enjoyments; which it is his buſineſs not only to be contented with as being what is allotted him by providence, and not to be mended by his miſlikes; but to improve as much as poſſible. If another man has enjoyments which I have not, I have thoſe he is a ſtranger to; but whether I have or no, it is my own, not his I am to be concerned about: thoſe I have are neither more, nor leſs; they are not otherwiſe than they are, be his what they will. I would gladly be as great a painter as Rafaelle, but providence did not appoint me to be Rafaelle, nor Rafaelle me, I muſt acquieſce in its appointment; *by the grace of God I am what I am;* and will endeavour to enjoy, and improve

improve my own lot; ſo endeavour to improve it as all the while to enjoy, and ſo enjoy as not neglecting to improve.

We have another kind of property, and that is the preſent time. We poſſeſs but one ſingle point, the whole circumference of eternity belongs to others. We talk of years, we are creatures but of a day, a moment! the man I was yeſterday is now no more; if I live till to-morrow, that man is not yet born: what that ſelf ſhall be is utterly unknown; what ideas, what opinions, what joys, what griefs, nay what body, all is yet hid in the womb of time; but this we are ſure of, I ſhall not be the ſame, the preſent fabric will be demoliſhed for ever. What is paſt we know, but it is vaniſhed as a morning dream; we are moving on; and every ſtep we take is a ſtep in the dark.

As when a comet from the ſun is thrown
An immenſe diſtance amongſt worlds unknown
After it flows a ſtream of glaring light;
'Tis day behind, but all before is night.

This is our condition; we have nothing left, nothing in ſtore; we live (as they ſay) from hand to mouth, the preſent is the ſubſtance, paſt, and to come are mere ſhadows. If an enjoyment is gone, it has had its duration, which was as much a property of it as any other: a picture I was very much delighted with for about twenty years was defaced by an accident; I conſidered I had enjoyed it ſo many years, and was thankful for that, it was all (it ſeems) that providence deſigned when it was beſtowed on me, and it was a noble gift, it would have been an inſtance of goodneſs if it had been but for a month. If the enjoyments of to-day are not equal to thoſe of yeſterday, thoſe of to-day are not the leſs, nor leſs to be enjoyed; muſt I leſſen the account ſtill by teazing myſelf with the remembrance

brance of God's extraordinary goodneſs to me then; inſtead of being thankful for that, and for what I ſtill enjoy?

There is a perpetual change, and ſucceſſion of our enjoyments; ſo that we have a new ſet every day; ſome indeed continue ſeveral years, others have a much ſhorter duration, and many there are which ſpring up, and wither immediately. And if (as it often happens) inſtead of thoſe that are expired, and vaniſhed; others more, and greater have ſucceeded, this will add to the folly, and ingratitude of him who repines at what is gone, and overlooks what he has.

To imbitter preſent enjoyments with the fears of what may be is another piece of miſmanagement, and very commonly practiſed: perhaps ſomething I am now delighted with may be ſnatched from me, or ſome new evil may arrive; but the date of the enjoyment is not yet expired, nor the unwelcome gueſt come: the preſent is what it is, and ſhould not be altered by what may, or may not be hereafter.

Of all the fears that are enemies to our happineſs that of death is the moſt terrible, and with good reaſon, the loſs we fear being greater than any other loſs can be: but the caſe is the ſame with the great comprehenſive bleſſing life as with any particular enjoyments, it has its duration; and we may as well regret it was not one thouſand years inſtead of threeſcore and ten, as that it was but fifty, forty, thirty, or whatever leſſer number of years, and not the full age of ſome men: he that dies at what age ſoever had the duration allotted to that individual being, which it was as impoſſible to alter as for a fly to live as long as an elephant. What the angel in Milton ſays to Adam with a little variation of the ſenſe, (as being ſpoken on another occaſion) is applicable to my preſent purpoſe.

Nor

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heaven.

Be not ſo fond of life, nor ſo uneaſy under the inconveniencies of it as to diminiſh the pleaſure to be had in it; but live well; enjoy whilſt you do live, be the time more, or leſs: if we are to die to-morrow, at leaſt let us live to-day.

Cowards die many times before their death:
The valiant never taſte of death but once.

——— *Death a neceſſary end*
Will come when it will come.

SHAKES. JUL. CAES.

Not only fear, but even hope is many times an abatement to our happineſs; as when we overlook the preſent good by having our eyes too longingly fixed on ſomething at a diſtance. When hope helps to make us eaſy under what we ſuffer; or when we enjoy the preſent to the full, and with an addition rather than otherwiſe from our hopes all is well; hope is then wiſely managed; but elſe it is abſurd and injurious to us.

The earth's foundations can'ſt thou move, or ſtay
The ocean's waves, or rapid wheels of day?
Then try to alter, or to know thy fate:
'Tis fix'd, 'tis hid.
Nor thy determin'd ſtate, O man, deplore;
'Tis good, not beſt; with thanks the gods adore
Their gifts are wiſely given; expect no more.
Regret not what is paſt; the preſent good enjoy;
Nor let vain hopes, or fears the ſweets of life deſtroy.

And now nothing more remains towards obtaining a happy life but that we learn to be pleaſed. This is a noble, and a uſeful ſcience; it not only makes ourſelves happy, but communicates happineſs to all about us.

——— *Like Maia's ſon he ſtood*
And ſhook his plumes that heavenly fragance fill'd
The circuit wide.

MILTON.

It is a wretched turn many people's heads have taken; they are perpetually depreciating every thing in this world; and ſeem to fancy there is a ſort of merit in ſo doing; as if the way to expreſs the eſteem we had for what we hope God has provided for us in another ſtate was by railing at this; or as if the preſent was not alſo the effect of his goodneſs, and bounty. It has been the practice of all polite people in all ages, and countries to diſguiſe, or hide thoſe *faletès*, and defects which though common to all animals are a ſort of reproach to our nature; and to endeavour to exalt our ſpecies as much as poſſible to what we conceive of the angelic ſtate: this alſo is one end of Painting, and poetry; they are to impregnate our minds with the moſt ſublime, and beautiful images of things; and thus in our imaginations do raiſe all nature ſome degrees above what is commonly, or ever ſeen: why ſhould we not do thus with reſpect to our condition in the particular now under conſideration? why ſhould we not repreſent it to one another, and to ourſelves in the beſt manner the thing will bear? and if we muſt be in one extreme, why not on the right ſide, and to our advantage?

It muſt be owned our enjoyments are ſhort, uncertain, and have their alloy. But this is not an abatement to our happineſs proportionable to the clamour that is raiſed concerning it. If our pleaſures are ſhort,

ſhort, and uncertain we have a ſucceſſion of them; ſo that pleaſure in general is not ſo, though particular ones are. Aye, but life itſelf is ſhort! not if compared with that of moſt other animals. And though we have many ſufferings, and our pleaſures are never pure, and unmixt, whether from our own miſmanagement (which is often the caſe) or otherwiſe; we, even theſe murmurers themſelves are fed with quails, and manna: there is not a day, not an hour wherein the moſt wretched has not ſome taſtes of pleaſure, but the generality of men (as much a wilderneſs as this world is) have a flow of enjoyments: not perfect indeed, but ſuch as are ſuited to our imperfect ſtate; happy, though to a certain degree; ſuch as unerring wiſdom has appointed.

What is done with reſpect to our condition in the main is alſo commonly practiſed in particular caſes; one croſs circumſtance puts us ſo out of humour as to make us incapable of pleaſure from the many advantageous ones that are in our hands.

We ſhould therefore learn to conſider things as they are, and to expect no other, but to enjoy what advantages we have nothwithſtanding their imperfection; to wait to be pleaſed till this, and that and every thing we miſlike is removed like the country-man in Horace.

——— ——— *who near ſome river's ſide*
Expecting ſtands in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long, be paſt; fool, not to know
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

Mr. John Hughes, MS.

There is another untoward humour very prevalent with moſt people, and that is rejecting all advices by ſaying it is eaſy for one that is happy himſelf to give ſuch to the wretched which themſelves in that condition could not profit by. If the advice is good, it is no

matter what the giver could, or would do; let him to whom it is given try whether he has wiſdom, and virtue enough to make his own advantage of it.

There are indeed certain ſeaſons when the mind is incapable of pleaſure in any remarkable degree: whether from the too great preſſure of calamity; or a melancholy cloud ſpreading itſelf over all: in this caſe the patient muſt do as in a fit of the head-ach, the gout, or the like diſtemper; bear it as patiently as he can; things will brighten again. And in the mean time he muſt not indolently ſink under, but reſolutely bear up againſt it, and endeavour as ſoon as poſſible to get rid of the miſchief; but by no means muſt he encourage its continuance; nor regard any reflections he may then make to his diſadvantage; as being probably the voice of his diſtemper, not his reaſon. Thus in time the evil may be remedied: and a contrary habit gained: or if this will not do, the philoſopher, and divine muſt deliver up the patient into the hands of the phyſician, or rather call him in to their aſſiſtance.

This deplorable caſe excepted; and the mind being ſound, and vigorous vaſt improvements may be made in our pleaſures, by endeavouring and ſtudying to be pleaſed.

Inſtead of obſerving what we do not like, and magnifying that; ſuppoſe we ſhould on the contrary apply ourſelves to diſcover the advantageous circumſtances in every moment of our lives, and fix upon, and profit ourſelves of them as much as poſſible: would not this be more commendable; and more for our intereſt? there are a thouſand inſtances of things which are inſipid, or even nauſeous to us, but which might become pleaſant; and a thouſand, and ten thouſand which ſeem adapted to pleaſe which we ſuffer to paſs by unregarded. As imperfect, and deſpicable as our preſent condition may appear to be to ſome diſcontented people there is not a glance of the eye, a morſel we taſte, or a breath we draw but is capable of affording us pleaſure. Every ſeaſon of the year, every hour of the day,

every

every circumſtance of life, has ſome, proper, and peculiar to it. We ſhould like bees ſuck ſweetneſs out of every flower, not only thoſe in fine gardens, but thoſe which grow wild in every common field: nay if poſſible from every weed: even pain, and diſappointment may be the occaſions of adminiſtering ſome pleaſure, by a conſciouſneſs of bearing them well, the improvement of our philoſophical ſtrength, and giving a ſtronger guſt to the pleaſure to be had elſewhere by the oppoſition.

If I were to make a finiſhed work from this ſketch (which I verily believe I never ſhall) there is room enough for plentiful enlargements everywhere, and here particularly by giving variety of inſtances, to illuſtrate, and prove what I have been ſaying; and I believe it very rarely happens, that any one circumſtance of life is ſo well conſidered as it might be with the deſign of extracting all poſſible pleaſures from it. However (beſides that of connoiſſance which is my main buſineſs, and which I ſhall fully proſecute anon) I will not omit one which every body finds the benefit of in ſome meaſure, but which might be improved to a vaſt degree, and that is the getting a fine collection of mental pictures; what I mean is furniſhing the mind with pleaſing images: whether of things real, or imaginary; whether of our own forming, or borrowed from others. This is a collection which every one may have, and which will finely employ every vacant moment of one's times. I will give a ſpecimen or two of theſe in the delicae, and in the great kind, or to ſpeak more like a connoiſſeur, in the Parmeggiano, and in the Rafaelle taſte; and both out of Milton who alone is able to ſupply us abundantly; or as he himſelf ſays ſpeaking of the ſun,

Hither as to their fountain other ſtars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light.

What

What a croud of pleaſing images fill the two following lines! they are the beginning of a ſonnet in his juvenile poems.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at even when all the woods are ſtill.

Again, in his Paradiſe loſt.

——————— *In ſhady bower*
More ſacred, and ſequeſtered, though but feign'd,
Pan, or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cool receſs
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet ſmelling herbs,
Eſpouſed Eve deckt firſt her nuptial bed,
And heavenly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial angel to our ſire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts.

The other is as great as ever entered into the heart of man not ſupernaturally inſpired, if at leaſt this poet was not ſo.

On heavenly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves as mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns heigth, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific word, your diſcord end.

Nor

Nor ſtaid, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.

I will venture to give one inſtance more, becauſe it is a very material one, and a circumſtance that is univerſal, and which will greatly heighten, and improve all our enjoyments; and this is a ſenſe of the divine preſence. A man muſt have groſs conceptions of God if he imagines he can be ſeen in a future, better ſtate in any corporeal form: incorporeally we ſee him here, his wiſdom, goodneſs, power, and providence; and this beatific viſion brightens more, and more to pure minds, and that apply themſelves to the conſideration of it; and thus it is heaven here on earth.

Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain
*God is as * here and will be found alike*
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal love, his face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track divine.

MILTON.

Thus

* Eden.

Thus I in contemplation ſweet enjoy
Thy heav'nly preſence, gaze on, and adore
Thy infinite perfections when I walk,
Or ſit, or on my bed lie down, diſcharg'd
Of other various, neceſſary thoughts:
In bleſt communion I am ſtill with thee,
Tho' lowly rev'rent as before my God;
But fill'd with joy, and breathing ceaſeleſs praiſe
For this ineſtimable gift, beſtow'd
After long ſeeking, with a heart upright,
Yet oft oppreſs'd, and oft thro' gloomy paths
Conducted, perturbations, griefs, doubts, fears,
Innumerable conflicts, agonies,
Watchings, laborious ſtudies, and diſputes.

This is the ſketch I promiſed, and which I will leave as it is.—Happy are they who having been ſet right at firſt, have nothing to unlearn; and next to thoſe, happy are they who at length know how to find pleaſure in all that is innocent and good, and uſeful to ſociety: ſuch enjoy, and that with ſafety and honour:

——————————————no veil
She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek.

MILTON.

If others enjoy too, it is not to that degree; and with hazard, and infamy. Would to God I could be inſtrumental in perſuading gentlemen to exchange thoſe trifling, unmanly, and criminal pleaſures to which too many are accuſtomed, for thoſe of the other, and better kind: would to God I could perſuade them to manage life well; to get noble ideas of the Supreme Being; to apply themſelves

to

to the knowledge and improvement of uſeful and excellent arts; to impregnate their minds with pure and beautiful images, and with the ſayings, and actions of men capable of reconciling us to human nature, after we have been obſerving what is commonly done in the world; together with a ſelf-conſciouſneſs of not having diſhonoured the ſpecies themſelves.

I have no where ſaid that none but a philoſopher and a good Chriſtian can take pleaſure in connoiſſance; but that ſuch a one has a mind at eaſe, and moſt apt to receive virtuous pleaſure is inconteſtable: it is then a proper diſpoſition to receive that I am about to recommend: which juſtifies what I have been doing as to the attempt, whatever the performance may be judged to be.

That the pleaſure of connoiſſance is a virtuous, and a uſeful one, and ſuch a one therefore as is worthy the purſuit of a wiſe, and good man, appears by what has been ſaid heretofore. Wherein this pleaſure conſiſts is what I am now about to ſhew: which will alſo ſerve as a ſpecimen of what may be done in other inſtances, a vaſt many of which I have obſerved are overlooked and neglected as well as this.

What is beautiful and excellent, is naturally adapted to pleaſe; but all beauties and excellencies are not naturally ſeen. Moſt gentlemen ſee pictures and drawings, as the generality of people ſee the Heavens in a clear ſtarry night, they perceive a ſort of beauty there, but ſuch a one as produces no great pleaſure in the mind: but when one conſiders the heavenly bodies as other worlds, and that there are an infinite number of theſe in the empire of God, immenſity; and worlds which our eyes, aſſiſted by the beſt glaſſes, can never reach, and ſo far remote from the moſt diſtant of what we ſee (which yet are ſo far removed from us, that when we conſider it, our minds are filled with aſtoniſhment) that theſe viſible ones are as it were our neighbours, as the continent of France is to Great Britain. When one conſiders farther, that as there are inhabitants

on this continent, though we ſee them not when we ſee that, it is altogether unreaſonable, to imagine that thoſe innumerable worlds are uninhabited and deſert; there muſt be beings there, ſome perhaps more, others leſs noble, and excellent than man: when one thus views this vaſt proſpect, the mind is otherwiſe affected than before, and feels a delight which common notions never can adminiſter. So thoſe who at preſent cannot comprehend there can be ſuch pleaſure in a good picture, or drawing as connoiſſeurs pretend to find, may learn to ſee the ſame thing themſelves, their eyes being once opened, it is like a new ſenſe, and new pleaſures flow in as often as the objects of that ſuperinduced ſight preſent themſelves, which (to people of condition eſpecially) very frequently happens, or may be procured, whether here at home, or in their travels abroad. When a gentleman has learned to ſee the beauties and excellencies that are really in good pictures and drawings, and which may be learnt by converſing with ſuch, and applying himſelf to the conſideration of them, he will look upon that with joy, which he now paſſes over with very little pleaſure, if not with indifference; nay, a ſketch, a ſcrabble of the hand of a great maſter, will be capable of adminiſtering to him a greater degree of pleaſure than thoſe who know it not by experience will eaſily believe. Beſides the graceful, and noble attitudes, the beauty of colours and forms, and the fine effects of light and ſhadow, which none ſees as a connoiſſeur does, ſuch a one enters farther than any other can into the beauties of the invention, expreſſion, and other parts of the work he is conſidering: he ſees ſtrokes of art, contrivances, expedients, a delicacy, and ſpirit that others ſee not, or very imperfectly.

He ſees what a force of mind the great maſters had to conceive ideas; what judgment to ſee things beautifully, or to imagine beauty from what they ſaw; and what a power their hands were endued withal in a few ſtrokes, and with eaſe to ſhew to another what themſelves conceived.

What

What is it that gives us pleaſure in reading a hiſtory, or poem, but that the mind is thereby furniſhed with variety of images? and what diſtinguiſhes ſome authors, and ſets them above the common level but their knowing how to raiſe their ſubject? The Trojan, or Peloponeſian wars would never have been thought of by us, if a Homer, or a Thucydides had not told the ſtories of them, who knew how to do it, ſo as to fill the mind of their readers with great and delightful ideas. He who converſes with the works of the beſt maſters is always reading ſuch like admirable authors; and his mind conſequently proportionally entertained, and delighed with fine hiſtories, fables, characters, the ideas of magnificent buildings, fine proſpects, &c.

And he ſees theſe things in thoſe different lights, which the various manners of thinking of the ſeveral maſters ſets them; he ſees them as they are repreſented by the capricious, but vaſt genius of Leonardo da Vinci; the fierce and gygantic one of Michelangelo; the divine, and polite Rafaelle; the poetical fancy of Giulio; the angelical mind of Correggio, or Parmeggiano; the haughty ſullen, but accompliſhed Annibale, the learned Agoſtino Caracci, &c.

A connoiſſeur has this farther advantage, he not only ſees beautics in pictures and drawings, which to common eyes are inviſible; he learns by theſe to ſee ſuch in nature, in the exquiſite forms and colours, the fine effects of lights, ſhadows, and reflections, which in her is always to be found, and from whence he has a pleaſure, which otherwiſe he could never have had, and which none with untaught eyes can poſſibly diſcern: he has a conſtant pleaſure of this kind, even in the moſt common things, and the moſt familiar to us, ſo that what people uſually look upon with the utmoſt indifference creates great delight in his mind. The nobleſt works of Rafaelle, the moſt raviſhing muſic of Handel, the moſt maſterly ſtrokes of Milton, touch not people without diſcernment: ſo the beauties of the works of the great author of nature are not ſeen but by en-

lightened eyes, and to theſe they appear far otherwiſe than before they were ſo; as we hope to ſee every thing ſtill nearer to its true beauty and perfection in a better ſtate, when we ſhall ſee what our eyes have not yet ſeen, nor our hearts conceived.

By converſing with the works of the beſt maſters, our imaginations are impregnated with great and beautiful images, which preſent themſelves on all occaſions in reading an author, or ruminating upon ſome great action, ancient or modern: every thing is raiſed, every thing improved from what it would have been otherwiſe.—Nay, thoſe lovely images with which our minds are thus ſtored, riſe there continually, and give us pleaſure with, or without any particular application.

What is rare and curious, without any other conſideration, we naturally take pleaſure in; becauſe as variable as our circumſtances are, there is ſo much of repetition in life, that more variety is ſtill deſirable. The works of the great maſters would thus recommend themſelves to us, though they had not that tranſcendent excellency as they have; they are ſuch as are rarely ſeen; they are the works of a ſmall number of the ſpecies in one little country of the world, and in a ſhort ſpace of time. But their excellency being put into the ſcale, makes the rarity of them juſtly conſiderable. They are the works of men, like whom none are now to be found, and when there will be God only knows!

Art, & Guides tout eſt dans les Champs Elyſées.

La Fontaine.

What the old poet Melanthius ſays of Polygnotus (as he is cited by Plutarch in the Life of Cimon) may with a little alteration be applied to theſe men in general; it is thus already tranſlated:

This famous painter at his own expence
Gave Athens beauty, and magnificence;

New

New life to all the heroes did impart;
Embelliſhed all the temples with his art;
The ſplendor of the ſtate reſtor'd again:
And ſo he did oblige both gods and men.

And what ſtill adds to the rarity of the excellent works we are ſpeaking of is, their number muſt neceſſarily diminiſh by ſudden accidents, or the ſlow, but certain injuries of time.

Another pleaſure belonging to connoiſſance is, when we find any thing particular and curious; as the firſt thoughts of a maſter for ſome remarkable picture. The original of a work of a great maſter, the copy of which we have already by ſome other conſiderable hand. A drawing of a picture, or after an antique very famous; or which is now loſt; or when we make ſome new acquiſition upon reaſonable terms; chiefly when we get for ourſelves ſomething we much deſired, but could not hope to be maſters of: when we make ſome new diſcovery, ſomething that improves our knowledge in connoiſſance, or Painting, or otherwiſe; and abundance of ſuch like incidents, and which very frequently happens to a diligent connoiſſeur.

The pleaſure that ariſes from the knowledge of hands is not like, or equal to that of the other parts of the buſineſs of a connoiſſeur; but neither is that deſtitute of it. When one ſees an admirable piece of art, it is part of the entertainment to know to whom to attribute it, and then to know his hiſtory; whence elſe is the cuſtom of putting the author's picture, or life at the beginning of a book?

When one is conſidering a picture, or a drawing, and at the ſame time thinks this was done by * him who had many extraordinary endowments of body and mind, but was withal very capricious; who was honoured in life, and death, expiring in the arms of one of the greateſt princes of that age, Francis I. King of France, who

* Leonardo da Vinci.

who loved him as a friend. Another is of * him who lived a long, and happy life, beloved of Charles V. emperor; and many others of the firſt princes of Europe. When one has another in his hand, and thinks this was done by † one who ſo excelled in three arts, as that any of them in that degree had rendered him worthy of immortality; and one that moreover durſt contend with his ſovereign (one of the haughtieſt popes that ever was) upon a ſlight offered to him, and extricated himſelf with honour. Another is the work of ‡ him who, without any one exterior advantage by mere ſtrength of genius, had the moſt ſublime imaginations, and executed them accordingly, yet lived and died obſcurely. Another we ſhall conſider as the work of § him who reſtored Painting when it was almoſt ſunk; of him whoſe art made honourable; but neglecting, and deſpiſing greatneſs with a ſort of cynical pride, was treated ſuitably to the figure he gave himſelf; not his intrinſic merit; which not having philoſophy enough to bear it, broke his heart. Another is done by || one who (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and lived in great magnificence, and was much honoured by his own, and foreign princes; who was a courtier, a ſtateſman, and a painter; and ſo much all theſe that when he acted in either character that ſeemed to be his buſineſs, and the others his diverſion: I ſay when one thus reflects, beſides the pleaſure ariſing from the beauties and excellencies of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking one finds in it, and the pleaſing thoughts it may ſuggeſt to us, an additional pleaſure reſults from theſe reflections.

But oh the pleaſure! when a connoiſſeur, and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can ſay this is the hand, theſe are the thoughts of ** him who was one of the politeſt, beſt natured gentlemen that ever was; and beloved, and aſſiſted by the greateſt wits, and the greateſt men then at Rome: of him who lived

* Titian. † Michelangelo. ‡ Correggio. § Annibale Caracci. || Rubens. ** Rafaelle.

lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; and miſt a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too ſoon; but was particularly eſteemed, and favoured by two popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and as great men as ever ſat there ſince that apoſtle, if at leaſt he ever did. One (in ſhort) who could have been a Leonardo, a Michelangelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmeggiano, an Annibale, a Rubens, or any other when he pleaſed, but none of them could ever have been a Rafaelle.

Such as Diana when ſhe ſprightly leads
The dance on cool Eurota's ſlow'ry meads;
Or when the goddeſs is delighted more
To chace the ſtag, or ſkipping goat, ſhe o'er
Huge Tagetus, or Erymanthus flies,
Whilſt hunter's muſic echoes in the ſkies:
A thouſand wood-nymphs evermore are ſeen
Surrounding, and exulting in their queen,
But ſhe diſtinguiſhable is from far,
She taller, and more lovely does appear,
Supremely bright where ev'ry one is fair.
Her daugter chaſte Latona ſaw, ſhe ſmil'd,
And with tranſcendent joy her heart was fill'd.

When we compare the hands, and manners of one maſter with another, and thoſe of the ſame man in different times: when we ſee the various turns of mind, and excellencies; and above all when we obſerve what is well, or ill in their works, as it is a worthy, ſo it is alſo a very delightful exerciſe of our rational faculties.

And there is one circumſtance in it which ought not to be forgotten, and with which I will cloſe this part of my argument. In law we are tied down to precedents; in phyſic it is dangerous treading untrodden paths; in divinity, reaſon though flying before the

the wind with all her ſails ſpread muſt ſtop if an article of faith appears: but in this ſtudy ſhe has her full courſe; the mind finds itſelf entirely at liberty, and with her plumes winnows the buxom air (to uſe Milton's ſtyle.)

——————————— *Sometimes*
She ſcours the right-hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the empyræan tow'ring high.

This is a pleaſure which none but thinking men can be ſenſible of, and ſuch know it to be one of the greateſt, and moſt excellent they can enjoy.

SECT. IV.

I fancy an author, and a reader are as two people travelling together; if the book be in manuſcript, the writer takes the other into his own calaſh; if it be printed, it is a common voiture. We have thus been in company longer than I expected, but are now entering upon the laſt day's journey. How my fellow-traveller is affected I know not, but I confeſs I am pleaſed I am ſo near home.

It was formerly a trite ſaying among the Florentines (and may be ſo ſtill for ought I know) *coſa fatta, capo hà;* a thing done has a head; that is, until then it has no life, the main circumſtance is wanting, it is good for little. I am always glad when I clap on the head to any thing I undertake, becauſe then that affair is brought to the perfection I can give it; it is ſomething: and then moreover I am at liberty for a new enterprize. When I am got to the end of the preſent work (and I am now come to the laſt general diviſion of it) I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of having done what I could for my own improvement; for he that endeavours to give light to another in any matter ſtrikes up ſome in his own mind, which

which probably would never otherwiſe have kindled there; and I ſhall enjoy a conſciouſneſs of having tried to be as uſeful to the public as my circumſtances would enable me to be: I ſaw ſomething of this kind was wanting, and did not perceive that it was very likely any one elſe would take the trouble of it. I have therefore offered my preſent thoughts on this new ſubject, and in as good a method as I could contrive. I am too ſenſible of the fallibility of human underſtanding; and of my own in particular to be too well aſſured that I am right throughout: and ſhall be glad to be better informed if it appears that I am miſtaken in any thing material: and I have ſome pretence to ſuch a favour having ſo freely communicated thoſe lights I believed I had acquired, and that with no ſmall labour, and application, in a matter which I conceived might be of uſe to the world. To be miſtaken is a ſin of infirmity which I pretend not to be exempt from: to perſiſt in the profeſſion of an error after conviction is the deadly ſin, and which I hope I never ſhall commit.

We will now go on; and ſee what advantages connoiſſance brings along with it.

When I was repreſenting the benefits that might accrue to the public by means of the art of Painting, and connoiſſance, I proved it had a natural tendency to reform our manners, refine our pleaſures, and increaſe our wealth, power, and reputation. All theſe advantages every particular connoiſſeur will have if prudence accompanies that character. As to the two former no queſtion can be made concerning them: nor of the two latter, ſuppoſing we have thoſe other and that which alone remains to be conſidered, the improvement of our fortunes. Now though it is true a man may employ ſo much money this way, and in ſuch a manner as may not be proportionable to his circumſtances, nor proper whatever thoſe are; yet if (as I ſaid) prudence is mixed with connoiſſance not only this inconvenience will be avoided, but the contrary advantage obtained; for

money may be as well laid out this way as in any other purchaſe whatſoever, it will be as improveable an eſtate. There is moreover another conſideration on this head, and that is, the pleaſure of connoiſſance will probably come in inſtead of others not only leſs virtuous, but more expenſive.

I promiſed when I entered upon this argument that I would treat it not as an advocate, or an orator, but as a ſtrict reaſoner; and have no where deviated from this rule that I know of: that I have not done ſo here when I ſaid that connoiſſance had a natural tendency to promote our intereſt, power, reputation, politeneſs, and even our virtue, I refer you to what I have ſaid when I aſſerted that the public might reap all theſe advantages by the ſame means; and elſewhere in this diſcourſe. But as I would not exaggerate any thing, neither muſt I forbear to do right to the cauſe I have undertaken, which I ſhould not have done if I had ſlightly paſſed over this important article, and had not taken care to give it theſe ſtrong touches ſo as to make it conſpicuous, that it may have a due effect upon the mind of the reader.

As my diſcourſe is addreſſed to gentlemen in general I am not to inſiſt upon thoſe advantages which are peculiar to painters, and ſculptors, and ſuch other artiſts as have relation to theſe; which advantages are very conſiderable; not ſo much from the knowledge of hands, and how to diſtinguiſh copies from originals; (though that is ſomething) but to know accurately to diſcover the beauties, and defects of a picture, or drawing they muſt readily acknowledge will not a little contribute to their own improvement in their art: this however not being proper to be inſiſted on here I proſecute it no farther; but leave it to be ſeriouſly conſidered by thoſe concerned.

To be a connoiſſeur is to have an accompliſhment which though it is not yet reckoned amongſt thoſe abſolutely neceſſary to a gentleman, he that poſſeſſes it is always reſpected, and eſteemed upon that account.

And

And if it be conſidered what qualifications a good connoiſſeur muſt neceſſarily have it will be found it cannot be otherwiſe. What beautiful ideas! clearly conceived, ſtrongly retained, and artfully managed! what a ſolid, and unbiaſſed judgment! what a fund of hiſtorical, poetical, and theological ſcience muſt he have; and cannot fail by perpetually converſing with good pictures, and drawings always to improve, and increaſe! I will not go on to multiply particulars: he that has theſe in any tolerable degree will be allowed to have an acompliſhment which all gentlemen ought to have; and will be eſteemed accordingly.

When the Roman power was broken, and diſſipated; and arts, empire, and common honeſty were ſucceeded by ignorance, ſuperſtition, and prieſtcraft, the diſhonour of human nature was completed; for it was begun long before in Greece, and Aſia. In theſe miſerable times, and for ages afterwards, God knows there was no connoiſſeurs! To write, and read was then an accompliſhment for a prince to value himſelf upon. As the ſpecies began to recover themſelves, and to gain more ſtrength, literature, and Painting alſo lifted up their heads; but however not equally; that degree of vigour that ſerved to produce a Dante in writing, could riſe no higher than a Giotto in Painting.

Arts went on in this proportion until the happy age of Raſaelle, which was productive of ſeveral very great men in all kinds; and theſe parts of the world began to be re-civilized.

Our own country

An old, and haughty nation, proud in arms,

MILTON.

Shook off its gothic ruſt, and began early to imitate its neighbours in politeneſs; in which it has already (for this revolution was but about two hundred years ago) equalled if not gone beyond the reſt

in a great many inſtances: if we go on the time will come when it ſhall be as diſhonourable for a gentleman not to be a connoiſſeur, as now it is not to be able to read any other than his own language; or not to ſee the beauties of a good author.

Painting is but another ſort of writing, but like the hieroglyphics anciently it is a character not for the vulgar: to read it, is not only to know that it is ſuch a ſtory, or ſuch a man, but to ſee the beauties of the thought, and pencil; of the colouring, and compoſition; the expreſſion, grace, and greatneſs that is to be found in it: and not to be able to do this is a ſort of illiterature, and unpoliteneſs.

And accordingly in converſation when (as it frequently does) it turns upon Painting, a gentleman that is a connoiſſeur is diſtinguiſhed, as one that has wit, and learning is; that being the ſubject of diſcourſe.

On the contrary, not to be a connoiſſeur on ſuch occaſions either ſilences a gentleman, and hurts his character; or he makes a much worſe figure in pretending to be what he is not to thoſe who ſee his ignorance. See you not (ſaid Apelles to Megabyſes prieſt of Diana) that the boys that grind my colours, who whilſt you are ſilent look upon you with reſpect becauſe of the gold, and purple of your garments, no ſooner hear you talk of what you underſtand not but they laugh at you.

Thoſe who are connoiſſeurs have this farther advantage; they will have no occaſion to aſk, or rely upon the judgment of others; they can judge for themſelves.

Thoſe who are connoiſſeurs: I repeat it becauſe there are ſome who fancy they are ſo, and are thought to be ſo by others, who nevertheleſs have no better pretence to that character than a ſuperſtitious bigot, or a hypocrite has to true piety. It is an obſervation (as I remember) of my Lord Bacon, though it is no matter who has ſaid it, if it be true, that a little philoſophy makes a man an atheiſt; a great deal a good chriſtian: ſo a little connoiſſance ſets a man at a greater

greater diſtance from the advantages of a true connoiſſeur than if he had none; if by his too good opinion of his own abilities, or the prejudices of his friends, or flattery of his dependents he is perſuaded to ſtop there, imagining that little is all. For ſuch a one not only is very apt to make himſelf the ſubject of ridicule to the knowing, whatever he may appear to the ignorant; but beſides he lies open to thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to find out, and profit themſelves of ſuch ſelf-ſufficient, abortive connoiſſeurs; who will be ſure to believe themſelves a match for them who are their ſuperiors in this caſe; and conſequently be overpowered by them; whereas one that has no opinion at all of his own ſtrength will keep himſelf out of danger. Gentlemen muſt take care therefore that they do not ſuppoſe themſelves to be connoiſſeurs too ſoon, and without principles, and experience; eſpecially if they undertake to collect; and pique themſelves of hands, and originals. Though if I may have the honour to adviſe in this caſe they ſhould begin with no other view than to have the beſt things; the reſt will fall in in time, and with obſervation, and care if they reſolve to be complete connoiſſeurs in all reſpects.

At our firſt coming into the world we are but in a low degree even of animal life, growing up however to a more perfect one; and in a ſort of probationary ſtate towards rational being; as when we arrive to that we are (as our holy religion teaches us) candidates for a glorious immortality.

With time our ſtrength increaſes naturally, and we become more conſiderable animals; and by obſervation, and inſtruction every one acquires a certain ſhare of art, and ſcience, partly inſenſibly, and partly by direct application in proportion to which we are advanced in the rational ſtate.

To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Caeſar, and the great Naſſau!

GARTH.

Homer, and Milton once were not divine,
The hand of Rafaelle could not draw a line,
And Lock, and Newton once had thoughts like mine.

But to what height ſoever it is poſſible for human nature to arrive, and howſoever extenſive their capacity may be, every individual is a ſort of centaur, a mixt creature; in ſome reſpects a rational being, in others a mere animal; like the whimſical picture Vaſari ſpeaks of at the end of the life of Taddeo Zuccaro, and which he ſays was then in the collection of the Cardinal de Monte; in ſome views you might ſee the portrait of Hen. II. of France; in others the ſame face, but reverſed, and in others a moon, and an anagrammatical copy of verſes. Every man thus may be conſidered in various lights; in one, where he has ſprung out the fartheſt length from the animal, into the rational ſtate; in another, where he has made leſs advances; and ſome where he remains juſt where he was in his infancy.

For we have not abilities of body, and mind, nor time ſufficient allotted to any one of us to make any conſiderable progreſs in many paths, and by much the greater number ſtop ſhort without being excellent in any one art, or ſcience how mean ſoever it be.

Upon this account it is that we are excuſed if in many inſtances we are intirely ignorant; it is no reflection upon us if we are mere animals in ſome views, and depend upon other people; who alſo are low creatures in ſome reſpects, but noble beings in regard to ſuch attainments in which we are defective; herein they are our ſuperiors, our guides, our lords; they are rational beings, and we not, or but in an inferior degree. Thus we are all dependent upon each

each other to ſupply our ſingle imperfection: but this is no otherwiſe an excuſe than from the neceſſity of things; for it is unworthy a rational being to retain any of the brute which he can poſſibly diveſt himſelf of.

As it is diſhonourable, ſo it is inconvenient to be in a ſtate of dependence and pupillage: our condition approaches towards perfection in proportion as we have the neceſſaries, and ornaments of life within ourſelves, and need not to have recourſe to foreign aſſiſtance; which cannot be had without parting with ſomething of our own judged to be equivalent: beſides another man will rarely apply himſelf ſo diligently to my concerns as to his own, nor can I be aſſured of his integrity in any caſe; in ſome there is great reaſon to ſuſpect it; and in ſome others, it is even unreaſonable to expect any man will open himſelf entirely to me.

It is true, a gentleman may be in ſuch circumſtances as permit him not (conſiſtent with the character of a wiſe man) to apply himſelf to become a very good connoiſſeur: it is not to ſuch as theſe, but to thoſe many who have leiſure and opportunity, I have been taking the liberty humbly to recommend that ſtudy: ſuch as theſe however may think fit to collect pictures or drawings; theſe things have their uſes and beauties, even to thoſe who ſee them but ſuperficially, and theſe circumſtances may juſtify ſuch a one in ſubmitting to the direction, and advice of another upon the beſt terms, and with as much prudence as he can; as in law, phyſic, or any other caſe: but it muſt be owned, that it is better, it is more for our honour and intereſt, if as in all other caſes, ſo in this we are ſufficiently qualified to judge for ourſelves.

It is the glory of the Proteſtant church, and eſpecially of the church of England, as being indubitably the head of the reformed churches; and ſo upon that account, as well as the purity and excellency of its doctrines, and the piety, and learning of its clergy (ſo far as I am able to judge) the beſt national church in the world: I ſay

I ſay it is the glory of the reformation, that thereby men are ſet at liberty to judge for themſelves: we are thus a body of free men; not the major part in ſubjection to the reſt. Here we are all connoiſſeurs as we are Proteſtants; though (as it muſt needs happen) ſome are abler connoiſſeurs than others. And we have abundantly experienced the advantages of this, ſince we have thus reſumed our natural rights as rational creatures. May the like reformation be made, in a matter of much leſs importance indeed, but conſiderable enough to juſtify my wiſhes and endeavours; I mean in relation to connoiſſance: may every one of us in this caſe alſo be able to judge for ourſelves without implicitly, and tamely reſigning our underſtandings to thoſe who are naturally our equals, and the advantages will be proportionable.

A man that thinks boldly, freely, and thoroughly; that ſtands upon his own legs, and ſees with his own eyes, has a firmneſs, and ſerenity of mind, which he that is dependent upon others has not, or cannot reaſonably have. Nor is he ſo liable to be impoſed upon: whereas others are ſubject to be driven about by the breath of men, which is always blowing ſtrongly from every point of the compaſs.

If any one tells a true connoiſſeur that ſuch a picture or drawing of his is a copy, or not ſo good, or of ſo good a hand as he judges it to be: or if ſome ſay one thing, and ſome another, though in times paſt this might have given him much uneaſineſs: now, if he ſees the inconteſtible marks of an original; the unqueſtionable characteriſtics of the hand; and judges of its goodneſs upon principles which he ſees to be ſuch as may be relied on; what is ſaid to the contrary diſturbs not him. So if a drawing or picture be offered him, as being of the hand of the divine Rafaelle; if he is told there is undoubted, or infallible tradition for its having been in the Arundell collection, and bought by my Lord in Italy, but not till he had had it conſidered by the beſt judges there; and even examined in the academy of painters at Rome, in which there might probably have

have been ſome at that time old enough to have ſeen thoſe that had ſeen Rafaelle; or as an Italian writer in the hyperbolical ſtyle of that nation ſays, had ſeen the Lord. Yet if this judicious connoiſſeur ſees in it no fine thought, no juſt, nor ſtrong expreſſion, no truth of drawing, no good compoſition, colouring, or handling; in ſhort, neither grace, nor greatneſs; but that on the contrary it is evidently the work of ſome bungler, the confident pretences concerning it impoſe not on him; he knows it is not, it cannot poſſibly be of Rafaelle.

AN

ESSAY ON PRINTS.

CONTAINING

Remarks on the moſt Noted Maſters,

WITH

CAUTIONS TO COLLECTORS,

AND

CRITICISMS ON PARTICULAR PIECES,

WITH

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

THE moſt celebrated engravers in hiſtory were *Albert Durer, Goltzius, Muller, Abraham Bloemart, Andrea Mantegna, Parmiggiano, Palma, Francis Paria, Andrea Andreani,* of Mantua, *Marc Antonio, Frederick Barocchi, Anthony Tempeſta, Auguſtini Carrachi, Giudo, Cantarine, Callot,* Count *Gaude, Salvator Roſa, Rembrandt, Peter Teſta, Michael Dorigny,* or *Old Dorigny, Villamena, Stephen de la Bella, La Fage, Bolſwert, Pontius, Sciaminoſſi, Roman le Hooghe, Luiken, Gerrard Laireſſe, Caſtiglione, Vander Muilen, Otho Venius, Galeſtruzi, Mellan, Oſtade, Cornelius Bega, Van Tulden, Joſeph Parrocelle, Le Febre, Bellange, Claude Gillot, Watteau, Cornelius Schut, William Bauer, Coypel, Picart, Arthur Pond.* Our countryman ſucceeded admirably in

in imitations, in which he hath etched ſeveral valuable prints, particularly two oval landſcapes, after Salvator; a monkey in red chalk, after Carrachi; two or three views, after Panini, and ſome others equally excellent; but this practice has been ſo ſucceſsfully practiſed by Count *Caylus*, an ingenious French Nobleman, that he has given excellent prints from all the maſters of note. *Le Cierc* was an excellent engraver, in the little ſtyle. *Peter Bartolli* etched with freedom, his capital work is Lanfrank's Gallery. *John Freii* was an excellent engraver, and unites ſoftneſs with ſtrength. *R. B. Auden Aerd* copied many things from *Carlo Maratti*. *S. Gribelin* was a careful, laborious engraver, of no extenſive genius, but painfully exact. *Le Bas* etches in a clear, diſtinct, free manner, and has done great honour to the works of Teniers, Woverman, and Berghem, from whom he chiefly copied: the beſt are after Berghem. *Biſchop's* etching has ſomething pleaſing in it, it is looſe and free, and yet poſſeſſes ſtrength and richneſs, many of his ſtatues are good figures; the drawing is not always correct, but the execution beautiful; many of the plates of his drawing book are very well, his greateſt ſingle work is Joſeph in Egypt, which is not without faults. *Francis Perrier*, his ſtatues are very ſpiritedly etched, with great marks of genius. *Marot* etched ſome ſtatues in a capital manner. *Roettier's* etchings are in a ſpirited bold manner, but not without an harſhneſs in his outline, but his drawings are generally good; few artiſts manage a crowd better, or give it more effect, by a judicious diſtribution of light: his moſt capital works are the crucifixion, and aſſumption of the croſs. *N. Dorigny*, his moſt capital work is the transfiguration, which *Addiſon* calls the nobleſt print in the world; but Dorigny ſo exhauſted his genius on it, that he did nothing after worth preſerving; his cartons are very poor, he engraved them with aſſiſtance in his old age.

MASTERS IN PORTRAITS.

REMBRANDT, in this claſs, certainly takes the lead, his heads are wonderful copies from nature, and perhaps the beſt of his works; there is great character and expreſſion in them. *Vanuliet* followed Rembrandt's manner, which he often excelled; ſome of his heads are exceedingly beautiful, the force in every feature, the roundneſs of the muſcle, the ſpirit of execution and character are all admirable. *J. Lievens* etches in the ſame ſtyle, his heads are executed with great ſpirit, and deſerve place in all collections of prints. The two laſt artiſts etched ſome hiſtorical prints, particularly the latter, whoſe Lazarus, after Rembrandt, is a noble work. *Worlidge*, has very ingeniouſly followed Rembrandt, and ſometimes improved upon him; no man underſtood the drawing of an head better; his portraits of painters are admirable; his portraits of Squires, the gipſey woman, and of Betty Canning, are done with great freedom, ſpirit, and character; his portrait of the young Lord Pembroke, after Van Dyck, is the prettieſt portrait perhaps in the world; his gems are neat and maſterly, but there is a woeful defect in the drawing, his only aim in theſe ſeems neatneſs, and to make them look pretty; they are by no means equal to the Devonſhire, Marlborough, Stoſh, or Gorleus's collection. *Van Dyck's* etchings do him great credit, they are chiefly to be found in a collection of portraits of eminent artiſts. *Luke Voſterman* is one of the beſt; a very finiſhed etching of *ecce homo* paſſes under his name. We have a few prints of Sir *Peter Lely's* etching, but there is nothing in them extraordinary. *R. White* was the chief engraver of portraits in Charles II.'s time, but his works are miſerable, they are good likeneſſes, but wretched prints. *White*, the mezzotinto ſcraper, ſon of the engraver, was an artiſt of great merit,

merit, he copied after Sir Godfrey Kneller, whom he teazed ſo much with his proofs, that it is ſaid, Sir Godfrey forbid him his houſe. Baptiſt, Wing, Sturgeſs, and Hooper, are all admirable prints, he himſelf ſaid, Old and Young Parr were the beſt portraits he ever ſcraped; his manner at that time was peculiar, he firſt etched his plate, and afterwards ſcraped it, hence his prints preſerve a ſpirit to the laſt. *Smith* was the pupil of Becket, but ſoon excelled his maſter; he was eſteemed the beſt mezzotinto ſcraper of his time, though perhaps inferior to White; he hath left a numerous collection of portraits, often bound in two large folios: he copied chiefly from Sir Godfrey. Lord Sommers was ſo fond of his works, that he generally carried them in his coach; ſome of his beſt prints are two holy families, Anthony Leigh, Mary Magdalen, Scalken, a half length of Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, the Duke of Schomberg on horſeback, the Counteſs of Saliſbury, Gibbon, the ſtatuary, and a very fine hawking piece from Wyke. *Millan's* portraits are indifferent, they want ſpirit, ſtrength, and effect. *Pittori* publiſhed a ſet of heads, in the ſtyle of Millan, from Piazzetta, but in a much better taſte, force, and ſpirit. *J. Morin's* heads are engraved in a very peculiar manner, they are ſtippled with a graver, have good effect, force, and at the ſame time ſoftneſs; few portraits are better: Bentivoglio, after Van Dyck, is the beſt. *J. Lutma's* heads are executed in the ſame way, they are inferior to Morin's, but not without merit. *Marmion* etched a few portraits in the manner of Van Dyck, with great care and freedom. *Wolfang*, a German engraver, managed his tools with great ſoftneſs and delicacy, and at the ſame time preſerved a great deal of ſpirit: Biſhop Huet, the famous and accompliſhed French prelate, was done by him. *Drevet's* portraits are elegant, neat, but too much laboured, they are copied from Regnault, and other French maſters, and abound in ſtutter and licentious drapery, ſo oppoſite to true taſte. *Richardſon* etched ſeveral heads for Mr. Pope and others of his friends, they are

ſlight

ſlight, but ſpirited; Mr. Pope's profile is the beſt. *Vertue* copied with painful exactneſs, in a dry, diſagreeable manner, without force or freedom. Such an artiſt in mezzotinto was *Faber*, he has publiſhed nothing extremely bad, yet few things worth collecting: Mrs. Collier is one of his beſt prints, and a very good one. *Houbraken* was a genius, and has given us ſome pieces equal to any thing of the kind; ſuch are his head of Hampden, Schomberg, the Earl of Bedford, Duke of Richmond, and ſome others: a more elegant and flowing air no artiſt ever employed. Our countyrman *Fry* has left behind him ſome beautiful heads in mezzotinto, they are all copied from nature, of great ſoftneſs and ſpirit, but want ſtrength: mezzotinto is not adapted to works ſo large.

MASTERS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

BERGHEM has a genius truly paſtoral, and brings before us the moſt agreeable ſcenes of human rural life, the ſimplicity of Arcadean manners are no where better deſcribed than in his works; we have a large collection of prints from his deſigns, many etched by himſelf, and many by other maſters; thoſe by himſelf are ſlight, but maſterly, his execution is inimitable, his cattle are well drawn and admirably characterized, and generally well grouped: few painters excel more in compoſition. Amongſt his own etchings, a few ſmall plates of ſheep and goats are exceedingly valued. *J. Viſſcher* never appears to more advantage than when he copies Berghem, his excellent drawing and free execution gives great value to his prints; he is a maſter both in etching and engraving, his only failure was not a proper attendance to the diſtribution of light.

Danker Dankerts is another excellent copieſt from Berghem; every thing that has been ſaid of Viſſcher may be ſaidof him, and perhaps more.

more. *Hondius* painted animals chiefly in a free manner, was extravagant in his colouring, incorrect in his drawing, ignorant of the effect of light, but great and amazing in expreſſion; his prints are better than his pictures, they afford ſuch ſtrong inſtances of animal fury, that we meet no where but in nature itſelf; his hunted wolf is an admirable print. *Du Jardin* underſtood the anatomy of domeſtic animals perhaps better than any other maſter, his drawing is correct, and yet the freedom is preſerved, he copied nature ſtrictly, though not ſervilely ,and has given us the form and character of each animal with great ſpirit; his compoſition is beautiful, and his execution neat; his works, when bound, make fifty leaves, amongſt which are ſcarce one bad print. *Rubens's* huntings are undoubtedly ſuperior upon the whole to any thing of the kind, we have there his great invention, and a grand ſtyle in them: I claſs them under his name, becauſe they are engraved by ſeveral maſters, but are very poorly done. *Woverman's* compoſition is generally crowded with little ornaments, there is no ſimplicity in his works, he wanted a chaſte judgment to correct his exuberance. *Viſſcher* was the firſt to engrave prints from this artiſt, he choſe only a few good deſigns, and executed them maſterly. *Moyreau* undertook him next, and hath publiſhed a large collection, finiſhed highly and with more ſoftneſs and ſpirit; his prints exhibit a variety of pleaſing repreſentations, huntings, encampments, cavalcades, and marches. *Roſa of Tivoli*, etched in a very finiſhed manner, no one out-did him in compoſition and execution, he is very ſkilful in the management of light; his deſigns are all paſtoral, and yet there is often a mixture of the heroic in his compoſitions very pleaſing: his prints are ſcarce. *Stephen Della Bella* may be mentioned amongſt the maſters in animal life, though few of his works in this way deſerve any other praiſe than for elegance in execution; his animals are neither well drawn nor juſtly characterized; his beſt works in animal life are ſome heads of camels and dromedaries. *Anthony Tempeſta* hath etched ſeveral plates

plates of ſingle horſes, and of huntings; he hath given great expreſſion, but his compoſition in theſe prints is bad, nor is there in any of them the leaſt effect of light. *J. Fit* etched a few animals with inimitable ſtrength and ſpirit. *Cuyp's* etchings we meet with in curious collections, they are well compoſed, well drawn, and well expreſſed. *Peter de Laer* has left us ſeveral ſmall etchings of horſes and other animals well characterized, and executed in a bold maſterly ſtyle, ſome of them are ſingle figures, but when he compoſes he is generally good, and his diſtribution of light ſeldom much amiſs, often pleaſing, and his drawing good. *Peter Stoop* came from Portugal with Queen Catherine, was admired till Wyke's ſuperior excellence eclipſed him; he etched a book of horſes, much valued, as there is great accuracy in the drawing, nature in the characters, and ſpirit in the execution. *Rembrandt's* etchings of lions are worthy the notice of connoiſſeurs. *Bloteling's* lions are highly finiſhed, but with more neatneſs than ſpirit. *Paul Potter* etched ſeveral plates of cows and horſes in a maſterly manner, but his drawing is not juſt, eſpecially in his ſheep. *Barlow's* etchings are numerous, his illuſtrations of Æſop is his grand work, there is ſomething pleaſing in his manner and compoſition though not excellent, his drawing is indifferent, his birds in general are better than his beaſts. *Flamen* has etched ſeveral plates of birds and fiſhes; the former are bad, and the latter the beſt of the kind we have. *Hollar* has given us ſeveral plates of animal life, which ought rather to be taken notice of, as they perhaps are amongſt the beſt of his works; two or three ſmall plates of domeſtic fowls, ducks, woodcocks, and other game are very well, his ſhells and butterflies are beautiful. I ſhall cloſe this claſs with *Ridinger*, who perhaps was one of the greateſt maſters in animal life, he has marked the characters of animals with ſurpriſing expreſſion; his works may be conſidered as natural hiſtory, he carries us into the foreſt, amongſt bears, lions, and tygers, and with great exactneſs repreſents their haunts and manners of living; his

his compoſition is beautiful, and his diſtribution of light good; his landſcapes are picturesque, romantic, and well adapted to the ſubject; on the other hand, he ſeems laboured, and wants freedom; his human figures have little taſte, his horſes are ill characterized, and worſe drawn, and his drawing generally is but ſlovenly; his prints are often real hiſtory, and repreſent the portraits of particular animals taken in the chace: the ſtory often is in High Dutch underneath the print. The idea of hiſtorical truth adds a reliſh to the entertainment, and we ſurvey with pleaſure what has given entertainment to a German prince nine hours together. His productions are numerous; his huntings, and different manners of catching animals, are the leaſt picturesque of any of his works; many of his fables are beautiful, eſpecially the third, ſeventh, eighth, and tenth; his book of heads of wolves and foxes are admirable. His two moſt capital prints are two large uprights, one repreſenting a bear devouring a deer; the other wild boars repoſing in a foreſt.

MASTERS IN LANDSCAPE.

SADLER's landſcapes have merit in compoſition, they are picturesque and romantic, but the manner is dry and diſagreeable, the light ill diſtributed, the diſtances ill kept, and the figures bad. There are three engravers of this name, but none eminent. Ralph copied Baſſan's deſigns; John engraved a ſet of prints to the Bible; and Egedeus was the engraver of landſcape, and is the ſubject of our criticiſm. *Rembrandt's* landſcapes have little to recommend them beſides their effect, which is ſurpriſing; his moſt admired is the one known by collectors, by the name of the Three Trees. *Gaſper Pouſſin* etched in a very looſe, but maſterly manner. *A. Bloemart* underſtood compoſition, and its beauties in landſcape and hiſtory, but his prints have little force, owing to an improper diſpo-

ſition of light; he is without freedom in his execution, but wants neither elegance nor ſimplicity in his deſigns. *Hollar* copied with great truth without ornament; if we are ſatisfied with exact repreſentations, we ſhall find no maſter ſo true as him, but if we want pictures, we muſt ſeek them elſewhere. *Stephen Della Bella's* landſcapes have little to recommend them except their neatneſs and keeping; there is no great beauty in his compoſition, but great neatneſs. *Bolwert's* landſcapes often are executed in a very grand ſtyle, but with little variety of minute beauties, every thing is great and ſimple; the print that goes by the name of the Waggon is deſervedly admired. *Neulant* has etched a ſmall book of the ruins of Rome, in which there is great ſimplicity, and ſome ſkill in compoſition and diſtribution of light, but the execution is diſagreeable and harſh. We have a few landſcapes by an *Earl of Sunderland*, in an elegant looſe manner, in which a Spaniard, ſtanding on the foreground, is marked G. and J. ſculpſerunt—another J. G. *Waterloo* is beyond all others in landſcape, his ſubject is perfectly rural and ſimple, but no great variety of fancy; his compoſition is good, his light well arranged, and his execution ſhews him a conſummate maſter; every object he touches has the character of nature, but he particularly excells in the foliage of his trees; it is difficult to meet with his works in perfection, the plates are all retouched and greatly injured. *Swanevelt* painted landſcapes, and etched in the manner of Waterloo, but not with that freedom; his trees will bear no compariſon with thoſe of that maſter, but he excelled certainly in the dignity of deſign—Waterloo ſaw nature with a Dutchman's eye: if we except two or three of his pieces, he never went beyond Flemiſh plain ſimplicity—*Swanevelt's* ideas were of a nobler caſt, he had trodden claſſic ground, and had warmed his imagination with the grandeur and variety of Italian proſpects; his compoſition is good, and his lights judicious; in his execution are two manners. *James Rouſſeau*, a diſciple of Swanevelt, his paintings at Montague-

Houſe,

Houſe, now the Britiſh Muſeum, are good, his etchings are beautiful; he underſtood compoſition and diſtribution of light, and there is a fine taſte in his landſcape, but his perſpective is not always critically good, and often pedantically introduced; his figures are good, and generally well placed, but his manner dry and formal. *Ruyſdale* etched nothing but what was exceedingly ſlight. *Iſrael Sylveſtre* has given us ſmall ruins, ſome indeed of a large ſize of moſt of the capital ruins, churches, bridges, and caſtles in France and Italy; they are exceedingly neat, and touched with great ſpirit and reſemblance. The etchings of *Claude Lorraine* are below his character; there is often good compoſition in them, but nothing elſe; his execution is bad, and there is a dirtineſs in them diſguſting, his lights ſeldom well maſſed, and his diſtances only ſometimes obſerved; his talents lie upon his pallet, and he could do nothing without: Via Sacra is one of the beſt of his prints, the trees and ruins on the left are beautifully touched, and the whole would have been pleaſing, had the fore-ground been in ſhadow. *Perelle* has great merit, a fruitful fancy with great richneſs and variety, but often confounds the eye with too great a luxuriancy; his manner is his own, and is rich, elegant, ſtrong and free; his trees are beautiful, and the foliage looſe, and the ramification eaſy, but he is a manneriſt rather than a copier of nature; his views are all ideal, and his trees ſeem of one family, his light, though generally well diſtributed is often affected: theſe remarks are on *Old Perelle*, there were three engravers of this name; the grandfather, the father, and the ſon; they all engraved in the ſame ſtyle, but the old man is the beſt, as the others degenerated; the grandſon is the worſt. *Vander Cabel* was a ſlovenly artiſt generally, but where he has ſtudied there is great beauty; his manner is looſe and maſterly, wants effect, but abounds in freedom; his trees are often well managed; his ſmall pieces are generally the beſt of his performances. In *Weirotter* we ſee great neatneſs and high finiſhing, but often at the expence of ſpirit and

effect; he ſeems to have underſtood the management of trees well, to which he always gives a beautiful looſeneſs; there is great effect in a ſmall moonlight by this maſter, the whole is in dark ſhade except three figures on the fore-ground. *Overbeck* etched a book of Roman ruins, which are generally good, they are pretty large and highly finiſhed; his manner, and his light often well diſtributed, and his compoſition agreeable. *Genoel's* landſcapes are rather free ſketches than finiſhed prints; in that light they are beautiful, no effect is aimed at, but the freedom with which they are touched is pleaſing; in the compoſition he is commonly good, though often crowded. *Both's* taſte in landſcape is elagant and grand, his compoſition beautiful, and his execution rich and maſterly in the greateſt degree, but his light is not always well diſtributed, his figures are excellent; we lament we have not more of his works, as they are certainly the beſt landſcapes we have. *Marco Ricci's* works are numerous, and have little merit; his human figures are good, and his trees tolerable, but he produces no effect; his manner diſguſts, his cattle ill drawn, and his diſtances not well preſerved. *Le Veau's* landſcapes are highly finiſhed, they are graved with ſoftneſs, elegance and ſpirit; the keeping of this maſter is well obſerved; his ſubjects are well choſen, and his prints make beautiful furniture. *Zuingg* engraves like Le Veau, but not ſo elegantly. *Zeeman* was a Dutch painter, and excelled in ſea coaſts, beaches, and diſtant lands, which he commonly ornamented with ſkiffs and fiſhing-boats; his execution is neat, and his diſtances well kept, but his light ill diſtributed, his figures are good, and his ſkiffs admirable; in his ſea-pieces he introduces larger veſſels, but his prints in this ſtyle are aukward and diſagreeable. *Vandieſt* left behind him a few rough ſketches, which are free in the execution. *Goupy* happily caught the manner of Salvator, and in ſome things excelled him; there is a richneſs in his execution, and a ſpirit in his trees, which Salvator wants, but his figures are bad, not only many groſs inſtances of indelicacy

indelicacy of outline, but even of bad drawing may be found in his print of Porſenna, and in that of Diana: landſcape is his fort, and his beſt prints are thoſe which are known by the name of Latrones, the Augurs, Tobit, Agar and its companion. *Piraneſi* has given us a larger collection of Roman antiquities than any other maſter, and has added to his ruins a great variety of modern buildings. The critics ſay he has truſted too much to his eye, and that his proportions and perſpective are often faulty. He ſeems to be a rapid genius. We are told the drawings which he takes upon the ſpot are as ſlight and rough as poſſible; the reſt he made out by memory, and invention. From ſo voluminous an artiſt indeed we cannot expect great correctneſs: his works complete ſell at leaſt for fifty pounds unboud. But the great excellence of Piraneſi is his wonderful execution, of which he is a conſummate maſter; his ſtroke is firm, free, and bold beyond expreſſion, and his manner admirable, and grand, but in the diſtribution of light he has little knowledge. Our celebrated countryman *Hogarth*, cannot properly be omitted in a catalogue of engravers; and yet he ranks in none of the claſſes mentioned; ſo ſhall introduce him here. His works abound in true humour and ſatire, which is generally well directed. They are admirable moral leſſons, and a fund of entertainment, ſuited to every taſte, a circumſtance which ſhews them to be juſt copies of nature: we may conſider them as valuable repoſitories of the manners, cuſtoms, and dreſſes of the preſent age. How far the works of Hogarth will bear a critical examination, will be the ſubject of more enquiry. In deſign Hogarth was ſeldom at a loſs, his invention was fertile, his judgment accurate; an improper incident rarely introduced, a proper one rarely omitted: no one could tell a ſtory better, or make it in all its parts more intelligible. His genius however was ſuited only to low familiar ſubjects, it never ſoared above common life to ſubjects naturally ſublime; or which from antiquity or other accidents borrowed dignity;

dignity, he could not riſe. In compoſition we ſee little in him to admire. In many of his prints his deficiency is ſo great as plainly to imply a want of all principle, as makes us believe when we do meet with a beautiful group, it is the effect of chance. In one of his minor works, the Idle 'Prentice, we ſeldom ſee a crowd more beautifully managed than in the laſt print; if the ſheriff's officers had not been placed in a line, and had been brought a little lower in the picture, ſo as to have formed a pyramid with the cart, the compoſition would have been unexceptionable; and yet the firſt print of this work is ſuch a ſtriking inſtance of diſagreeable compoſition, that it is amazing how an artiſt who had any idea of beautiful forms could ſuffer ſo unmaſterly a performance to leave his hands. Of the proper diſtribution of light he had little knowledge: in ſome of his pieces we ſee a good effect, as in the execution I juſt mentioned. His figures on the whole are inſpired with ſo much life and meaning, that the eye is kept in good humour in ſpite of its inclination to find fault. The author of the Analyſis of Beauty it might be ſuppoſed would have given us more inſtances of grace than we find in the works of Hogarth; which ſhews that theory and practice are not always united. Many opportunities his ſubjects naturally afford of introducing graceful attitudes, and yet we have few examples of them. With inſtances of picturesque grace, his works abound. Of his expreſſion, in which the force of his genius lay, we cannot ſpeak in terms too high, in every mode of it he was truly excellent. The paſſions he thoroughly underſtood, and all the effects they produce in every part of the human frame; he had the happy art of conveying his ideas with the ſame exactneſs with which he conceived them. He was excellent in expreſſing any humorous oddity, which we often ſee ſtamped on the human face. His heads are caſt in the very mould of nature, hence that endleſs variety that is diſplayed through his works, and hence it is that the difference ariſes between his heads and the affected

caricaturas

caricaturas of thoſe maſters who have ſometimes amuſed themſelves with patching together an aſſemblage of features from their own ideas; ſuch are Spaniolet's, which, though admirably executed, appear plainly to have no architypes in nature. Hogarth's, on the other hand, are collections of natural curioſities, the Oxford heads, the phyſician's arms, and ſome of his other pieces, are expreſsly of this humorous kind; they are truly comic, though ill-natured effuſions of mirth more entertaining than Spaniolet's, as they are pure nature but leſs innocent, as they contain ill directed ridicule; but the ſpecies of expreſſion in which this maſter moſt excels is, that happy art of catching thoſe peculiarities of air and geſture, which the ridiculous part of every profeſſion contract, and which, for that reaſon, become characteriſtic; of the whole, his counſellors, his undertakers, his lawyers, his uſurers, are all conſpicuous at ſight; in a word, almoſt all profeſſions may ſee in his works that particular ſpecies of affectation which they ſhould endeavour to avoid; the execution of this maſter is well ſuited to his ſubjects and manner of treating them; he etches with great ſpirit, and never gives one unneceſſary ſtroke, there is great ſpirit in his little print of a corner of a play-houſe.

CAUTIONS in collecting PRINTS.

THE collector of prints may be firſt cautioned againſt indulging a deſire of becoming poſſeſſed of all the works of any maſter; there is no maſter whoſe works in the groſs deſerve notice; no man is equal to himſelf in all his compoſitions. I have known a collector of Rembrandt give two or three guineas for a print of that maſter to complete his collection, which would have been greatly to Rembrandt's credit if it had been left out: one third of the works of this maſter will not bear juſt criticiſm. Prince Eugene piqued himſelf

ſelf on having all the works of all the maſters; his collection was bulky, and coſt eighty thouſand pounds, and could not at that time if ſifted, be worth ſo many hundreds. The collector of prints may be cautioned againſt a ſuperſtitious veneration for names; a true connoiſſeur leaves the maſter out of the queſtion, and examines the work. With a dabbling little genius, nothing ſways like a name, it carries a wonderful force, covers glaring faults, and creates imaginary beauties; that criticiſm is certainly juſt, which examines the different manners of the various maſters with a view to diſcover how a good effect may be produced, but to be curious to find out the maſter, and there to reſt the judgment, is a kind of connoiſſeurſhip, very paultry and illiberal; inſtead of judging of the maſter by the work, it is judging the work by the maſter: hence it is thoſe vile prints the Woman in the Cauldron and Mount Parnaſſus obtain credit among connoiſſeurs; if you aſk where their beauties conſiſt, you are informed they are graved by Marc Antonio, and if that will not ſatisfy you, they tell you they are after Rafaelle. This abſurd taſte raiſed an honeſt indignation in Picart, who having ſhewn the world, by his excellent imitations, how ridiculous it is to pay a veneration to names, tells us, he had compared ſome of the gravings of the ancient maſters with the pictures, and found them very bad copies; he ſpeaks of the ſtiff manner that runs through them of the hair of children, which reſembles pot-hooks, and of their ignorance in anatomy, and the diſtribution of light: what folly is that, that makes the public faſhion the criterion of taſte; faſhion prevails in every thing, while it is confined to dreſs, or the idle ceremonies of a viſit, it is of little conſequence; but when it becomes the dictator in arts, the matter is ſerious, yet ſo it is, we ſeldom permit ourſelves to judge of beauty by the rules of art, but follow the catch-word of faſhion, and applaud and cenſure from the voice of others: ſometimes one maſter, ſometimes another maſter has the run. Rembrandt has long been a faſhionable maſter; if the prints

prints be good, it ſignifies little by whom. The date of Rembrandt is getting over, and other maſters are getting into faſhion; for the truth of theſe obſervations, I appeal to the dealers in old prints, who will inform you how uncertain is the value of the goods they vend; hence it is ſuch noble productions as the works of Peter Teſta are in ſuch little eſteem; the whole collection of this maſter, which conſiſts of thirty capital prints, may be bought for leſs than is often given for a ſingle print of Rembrandt; I ſpeak not of his capital print, the price of which is immoderate. The true man of taſte, leaves the voice of faſhion entirely out of the queſtion, he has a better ſtandard of beauty, which he will find frequently at variance with common opinion. A fourth caution in collecting prints may be not to rate their value by their ſcarceneſs. Scarceneſs will make a valuable print more valuable, but to make ſcarceneſs the ſtandard of a print's value, is to miſtake an accident for merit; this folly is founded in vanity, to poſſeſs what none elſe can poſſeſs; the want of real merit is made up by imaginary, and the object is intended to be kept, not looked at; yet abſurd, as this falſe taſte is, a trifling genius may be found, who will give ten guineas for Hollar's ſhells, which, valued according to real merit, and the ſcarcity added to the account, are not worth ten ſhillings. Le Clerc, in his print of Alexander's Triumph, had given a profile of that prince, the print was ſhewn to the Duke of Orleans, who was pleaſed with it on the whole, but juſtly objected to the ſide face; the obſequious artiſt erafed it and engraved a full one; a few impreſſions had been taken from the plate in its firſt ſtate, which fell amongſt the curious for ten times the price of the one ſince it has been altered. Callot, once pleaſed with a little plate of his own etching, made a hole in it, through which he drew a ribbon and wore it on his button: the impreſſions after the hole was made, are ſcarce and valuable. In a print of the Holy Family from Van Dyck, St. John was repreſented laying his hand on the Virgin's ſhoulder. Before the print was publiſhed, the artiſt ſhewed it

among his critical friends, ſome of whom thought the action of St. John too familiar; the painter was convinced, and removed the hand, but he was miſtaken when he thought he added value to the print by the alteration; the impreſſions that got out with the hand on the ſhoulder would buy up all the reſt three times over in any auction where it was properly pointed out: many of Rembrandt's prints receive a value from accidental alterations of this kind. A few impreſſions were taken from one plate before a ſign-poſt was inſerted at an alehouſe door; at a ſecond, before a dog was introduced; at a third, before a white horſe tail was turned into a black. Let the collectors of prints be cautious about buying copies for originals, many of the works of the copiers may be ſo well, that a perſon not verſed in prints may be eaſily deceived: were the copies really as good as the originals, they contract a ſtiffneſs from the fear of erring, that they are eaſily diſcerned when compared. The laſt caution I ſhall give to collectors is, to take care not to purchaſe bad impreſſions. There are three things which make an impreſſion bad: the firſt is, its being ill taken off, ſome prints ſeem to have received the force of the roller, at intervals the impreſſion is double, and gives that glimmering appearance that illudes the eye. A ſecond, which makes an impreſſion bad is a worn plate; there is often as much difference between the firſt and laſt impeſſions, as two different prints, the effect is wholly loſt in a faint impreſſion, and you have nothing left but a vapid deſign, without ſpirit, and without force; in mezzotinto eſpecially, a ſtrong impreſſion is deſirable, for its ſpirit quickly evaporates, without which, it is the moſt inſipid of all prints. In engraving or etching there will be always here and there a dark touch, which long preſerves an appearance of ſpirit, but mezzotinto is a flat ſurface, and when it begins to wear it wears all over; too many of the works of all the great maſters that are hawked about at auctions, or ſold in ſhops, are in this wretched ſtate; it is difficult to meet with a good impreſſion

preſſion of the Salvator's, Rembrandt's, and Waterloo's, except in ſome choice collections, they are ſeldom better than mere reverſes; you ſee the form of the print, but the elegant maſterly touches are gone; back grounds and fore grounds are jumbled together by the confuſſion of all diſtance, and you have rather the ſhadow than the print itſelf. The laſt thing which makes a bad impreſſion is, the retouching a worn plate; ſometimes indeed it is done by the maſter himſelf, there the ſpirit may be preſerved, but it is generally done by ſome bungler, into whoſe hands the plate has fallen, and then it isexecrable; in a worn plate you have the remains of ſomething excellent, but in a plate ſcratched over by a wretched bungler, the idea of the maſter is loſt: ſuch prints there are of Rembrandt and Waterloo, which thoſe great maſters would have ſhuddered to have owned; yet, as we are often obliged to take up with what we can get, let us rather chooſe faint impreſſions than retouched ones.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

COMPOSITION—Means a picture in general, in a large ſenſe. In a particular ſenſe the art of grouping figures, and combining the parts of a picture; in this latter ſenſe, it is ſynonimous with diſpoſition.

DESIGN—In its ſtrict ſenſe, applied chiefly to drawing in an enlarged one, the general conduct of the piece, and repreſentation of the ſtory.

A WHOLE—The idea of one object a picture muſt give in a comprehenſive view.

Expression—The force with which any object is repreſented.

Effect—Ariſes from the management of light, but the word is ſometimes applied to the general view of the picture.

Spirit—The general effect of a maſterly performance.

Manner—Synonimous with execution.

Picturesque—That peculiar kind of beauty agreeable in a picture.

Picturesque Grace—An agreeable form given in a picture to a clowniſh figure.

Repose, or Quietness—Applied to a picture when the whole is harmonious.

To take down, keep down, or bring down——Signify throwing a degree of ſhade on a glaring light.

A middle tint—A medium between a ſtrong light and a ſtrong ſhade: the phraſe not at all expreſſive of colour.

Catching lights—Strong lights which ſtrike on ſome particular parts of an object, the reſt of which is in ſhadow.

Studies—The ſketched ideas of a painter not wrought into a whole.

Freedom—

FREEDOM—The reſult of quick execution.

EXTREMITIES—Hands and feet.

AIR—Expreſſes chiefly the graceful action of the head, but often means a graceful attitude.

CONTRAST—The oppoſition of one part to another.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST, &c.

THE following hiſtorical and chronological liſt (as to the main of it) I took the pains to make ſome years ago for my own uſe. I have been pretty careful in it, ſo that I believe there are not many miſtakes. Where I could find no account of the time of a maſter's birth, his place in the liſt will ſhew whereabouts it probably was. The double dates are the different accounts of authors, the moſt conſiderable is that of Correggio; I have been determined to put him ſo low upon the authority of a manuſcript of Father Reſta, a late connoiſſeur at Rome, and who beſides his infinite diligence in theſe matters, and a particular regard, and even fondneſs for Correggio, hath had very great opportunities of being rightly informed, conſidering the diſtance of time. The account of the degrees in which ſome of the moſt eminent of theſe maſters excelled, is ſcattered up and down in the preceding diſcourſe; but of this you may ſee farther at the end of a ſmall book of Mr. de Piles, printed anno 1708. Cours de Peinture par Principes.

He

He has made a ſcale, the higheſt number of which is eighteen, and denotes the higheſt degree to which any one hath arrived that we know of; then he ſuppoſes the art to conſiſt of Compoſition, Deſign, Colouring, and Expreſſion, of each of which he makes a ſeparate column, and in theſe puts his number, according as he judges the maſter, whoſe name he applies them to has merited. The thing is curious and uſeful; but ſome conſiderable parts of Painting being omitted, it gives not a juſt idea of the maſters. For example; according to this ſcale, Rembrandt ſeems to be equal to Giulio Romano, and ſuperior to Michelangelo and Parmeggiano. Whereas had he brought Invention, Greatneſs, Grace, &c. into the account, it would have ſet the matter right, ſuppoſing he had allotted the juſt degrees, which neither he, nor any one elſe can do ſo as to pleaſe univerſally.

Hiſtorical and Chronological Series of the Principal Profeſſors of PAINTING.

Masters.	Disciple of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Giovanni Cimabue, the father of modern Painting.	Certain Greek painters, brought to Florence.	1240	Hiſtory.	Florence.	1300
Giotto.	Cimabue.	1276	Hiſt. ſculp. archit.	Florence.	1336
John van Eyck, or John of Bruges, inventor of painting in oil. Ann. 1410.	His brother Hubert.	1370	Hiſtory.		1441
Maſaccio	Maſolino.	1417	Hiſtory.	Florence.	1443
Giovanni Bellini.	His father Jacopo.	$14\frac{22}{20}$	Hiſt. port. archit.	Venice.	$15\frac{16}{12}$
Gentile Bellini.	His father.	1421	Hiſt. port. archit.	Venice, went to Conſtantinople.	1501
Luca Signorella da Cortona.	Pietro del Borgo.	1439	Hiſtory.	Several parts of Italy	1512
Leonardo da Vinci.	Andrea Verocchio.	1445	Hiſt. port. ſcul. architect.	Florence.	1520
Pietro Perugino.	Andrea Verocchio.	1446	Hiſtory.	Florence, Siena.	1524
Andrea Mantegna. Graving invented in his time, and by him firſt practiſed.	Jacopo Squarcione.	1451	Hiſtory, portraits.	Mantua, Rome.	1517
Fra. Bartolomeo di S. Marco.	Rafaelle for Perſpective.	1469	Hiſtory.	Florence.	1517
Timoteo Vete da Urbino.	Imitated Rafaelle.	1470	Hiſtory.	Urbin, Rome.	1524
Albert Durer.		1470	Hiſt. port. graving.	Nuremberg.	1528
Michael Angelo Buonaroti.	Domenico Grilandaio.	$14\frac{74}{75}$	Hiſt. ſculp. archit.	Florence, Rome.	$15\frac{63}{64}$
Giorgione da Caſtelfranco.	Gio. Bellino, imitated Leonardo da Vinci.	1477	Hiſtory, portraits.	Venice.	1511
Titiano Vicelli da Cadore.	Gio. Bellini, imitated Giorgione.	$14\frac{77}{80}$	Hiſt. port. landſ.	Venice:	1576
Andrea del Sarto.	Pietro di Coſimo.	1478	Hiſtory.	Florence.	1530
Pellegrino da Modena.	Rafaelle.		Hiſtory.	Rome, Modena.	
Baldaſſar Peruzzi da Siena.		1481	Hiſtory, Architect.	Rome.	1536
Rafaelle Sancio da Urbino.	Giovanni his father, Pietro Purugino; for colouring Fra. Bartolomeo; imitated Leonardo da Vinci, and after (as is probably aſſerted by ſome) improved by ſeeing the works of Michael Angelo.	1483	Hiſt. port. archit.	Florence, Rome.	1520
Mecherino da Sienna, called alſo Domenico Beccafumi.	Firſt imitated P. Perugino, then ſtudied Michael Angelo and Rafaelle.	1484	Hiſtory, ſculpture.	Rome, Siena.	1549
Sebaſtiano del Piombo.	Gio. Bellini, Giorgione	1485	Hiſtory, portraiture	Venice, Rome.	1547
Baccio Bandinelli.	Gio. Fran. Ruſtici.	1487	Hiſtory, ſculpture.	Florence.	1559
Gio. Antonio Regillo, called Licinio da Pordenone.	Studied Giorgione,	1484	Hiſtory.	Venice, Friuli	1540

Masters.	Disciple of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Biaggio Puppini Bolognese.			Hist.		
Francesco Primaticcio Bolognese Abbate di S. Martino.	Giulio Romano.	1490	History, architect.	Bolog. Mant. Fran.	1550
Giulio Romano.	Rafaelle.	1492	History, architect.	Rome, Mantua.	1546
Matturino.	Rafaelle.		History.	Rome.	1527
Antonio Allegri da Correggio died 1534, at 40. See Orlando.	Frari da Modena, Mantegna.	1474/3	History.	Lombardy.	1543
Lucas van Leyden.		1494	History, graving.	Low-Countries.	1533
Jacopo da Pontormo.	Leo da Vinci, Mariotto Albertinelli, P. Cosimo, Andr. del Sarto.	1494	History, portrait.	Florence.	1559
Polidoro da Caravagio.	Rafaelle.	1495	History.	Rome, Nap. Messin.	1543
Rosso Fiorentino.	Studied Michael Angelo.	1496	History.	Flor. Rome, France.	1541
Martin Hemskerck.	Jean Lucas and Schoorel.	1498	History.	Holland.	1574
Battista Franco Venetiano detto il Semoleo.	Studied Michael Angelo.		History.	Rome, Floren. Urbin, Venice.	1561
Hans Holbein.	His father.	1498	History, port.	Switzerland, Lond.	1554
Perino del Vaga.	Studied after Michael Angelo, then under Rafaelle.	1500	History.	Florence, Rome.	1547
Girolamo da Carpi.	Benvenuto Gorofalo,	1501	History, architect.	Bolog, Moden.	1556
Benvenuto Cellini.	studied Correggio.	1500	Sculptor.	Ferar, Rome, &c	1576
Ugo da Carpi, he first invented Printing with two plates of wood, then with three, in imitation of drawings.					
Franc. Muzzuoli Parmeggiano.	His two uncles.	1504	History, portrait.	Rome, Parma.	1540
Giacomo Palmail Vecchio.	Studied at Rome, and after instructed by Titian.	1508	History, portrait.	Rome, Venice.	1556
Daniele Ricciarelli da Volterra.	Il Sodomita, Bald. Peruzzi.	1509	History, Sculpture.	Rome, Florence.	1566
Francesco Saluiati, Francesco de Rossi.	His father, Baccio Bandinelli, Andr. del Sarto.	1510	History, portrait.	Floren. Rome, Venice.	1563
Jacopo Ponte da Bassano il Vecchio.	Studied after Gio. Bellino.	1510/5	Hist. animals, landscapes.	Bassano, Venice.	1592
Don Giulio Clouio.	Giulio Romano.	1549/16	Hist. in miniature.	Rome.	1578
Pirro Ligorio.	Giulio Romano.		History, architect.	Napl. Rome, about	1573
Giorgio Vasario.	Guglielmo da Marfiglia, Andr. del Sarto, Michael Angelo.	1511	History, portraits.	Pisga, Bologna, Florence, Ven. Naples, Rome.	1574
Paris Bordon.	Titian, imitated Giorgione	1512/5	History, portraits.	Venice, France.	
Giacomo Robusti Tintoretto.	Titian, studied Michael Angelo for design.	1512	History, portraits.	Venice.	1594
Giov. Porta, after Giuseppe Saluiati	Francesco Saluiati.	1513	History.	Venice.	1585
Sir Ant. More of Utrecht.	Schoorel.	1519	History, portraits,	Italy, Spain, Flanders, Engl.	1575
Francis Floris.	Lambert Lombard, studied Michael Angelo.	1520	History.	Antwerp.	1570
Paolo Farinato.	Ant. Badille, Nicolo Golfino.	1522/46	Hist. sculpt. archit.	Verona, Mantua.	1606

Masters.	Disciple of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Pellegrino Tebaldi.	Dan. da Volterra.	1527	Hiſtory, architect.	Bologn. Rome, Milan, Mod.	1592
Andrea Schiauone.	Imitated Parmeggiano.	1522	Hiſtory.	Venice.	1582
LuccaCangiaſi,orCambiaſo.	His father.	1527	Hiſtory.	Genoa, Spain.	1583
Federico Barocci.	BattiſtaVenetiano,ſtud. RaſaelleandCorreggio.	1528	Hiſto. religious ſubjects chiefly	Urbin, Rome.	1612
Girolomo Mutiano da Breſcia.	Romanino,ſtudiedMic. Angelo, Titian.	1528	Hiſt. port. landſcap.	Rome.	1590
Taddeo Zuccaro.	Ottauiano his father, Pompeo da Fano.	1529	Hiſtory.	Rome.	1566
Bartolomeo Paſſerotto.	Jacopo Vignuola, Tad. Zuccaro.		Hiſtory, portraits.	Rome.	
Paolo Calliari Veroneſe.	His father, Ant. Badille.	1533	Hiſtory, portraits.	Venice.	1588
Federico Zuccaro.	Taddeo Zuccaro.	1543	Hiſtory, portraits.	Rome, France, Spain, England	1609
Martin de Vos.	Studied in Italy.	1540	Hiſtory.	Antwerp	1604
Giacomo Palma Giouane.	His fatherAnt.Nephew of Old Palma, ſtudied Titian and Tintoret.	1544	Hiſtory.	Venice.	1628
Paul Bril.		1550	Landſcapes.	Antwerp, Rome.	1622
Raffaelino da Reggio di Modena.	Federico Zuccaro.	1552	Hiſtory.	Rome.	1580
Lodouico Carracci	Prof. Fon. Cami. Procaccino.	1555	Hiſtory.	Bologna, Rome.	1619
Antonio Tempeſta.	John Strada, a Fleming.	1555	Battles, huntings.	Rome.	1630
Agoſtino Carracci.	Proſp. Font. Lodouico. and Annib. Carracci.	1557	Hiſtory, graving.	Bologn. Rome, Parma.	1602
Lodouico Cigoli, or Ciuoli.	Studied And. del Sarto, and Correggio.	1559	Hiſtory.	Florence, Rome.	1613
Annibale Carracci.	Lod. Carracci, ſtudied Correggio,Titian,Raſaelle,and theantique.	1560	Hiſtory.	Bologna, Rome.	1609
Giuſeppe Ceſaraſeſe d'Arpino, Cau. Gioſeppino.	Raff. da Reggio, Lelio Nouellara, according to Father Reſta.	1560	Hiſtory.	Rome, Naples.	1640
Jean Rothamar, called Rottenhamer.	His father, Tintoret.	1564	Hiſtory.	Venice, Bavaria.	1604
Cau. Franceſco Vanni.	His father imitated Barocci.	1568	Hiſt. relig. ſubjects.	Siena.	1615
Michael Angelo Amerigi Caravaggio	Cau. Gioſeppino.	1569	Hiſtory, half fig.	Rome, Naples, Malt.	1609
Jan Brueghel, called Fluweelen, or Velvet Brueg.	Peter Goe-kindt, ſtudied in Italy.	1560	Wakes, fairs, landſcap cattle.		1625
Ventura Salinbene.	His father Arcangelo.		Hiſtory.	Rome, &c.	
Adam Elſheimer.	Philip Uffenbach, ſtudied in Rome.	1574	Hiſt. land. and night pieces.	Rome. about	1510
Guido Reni.	Dion. Calv. the Carracches,	1575	Hiſtory.	Bologna, Rome.	1642
Sir Peter Paul Rubens.	Adam van Noort, Otho Venius, ſtud. in Italy.	1577	Hiſtory, portraits.	Antwerp.	1640
Aleſ. Tiarini.	Proſ. Tontana.	1577	Hiſtory.	Bologna.	
Franceſco Albani.	DeCalv. Guido,the Carrach.	1578	Hiſtory.	Bologna, Rome.	1660
Gioſ. Ribera Spagnoletto.	Mich. Angelo Caravaggio.		Hiſtory.	Naples.	
Dominico Zampieri, called Dominichino.	D. Calvart, the Carracches.	1581	Hiſtory.	Bologn. Rome, Naples.	1641
Cau. Giov. Lanfranco.	Agoſt. An. Carracci ſtudied Raf. and Correg.	1581	Hiſtory.	Rome, Parma, Naples.	1647
Simon Voüet.	His father.	1582	Hiſtory, portraits.	Rome, Paris.	1641
Ant. Carracci, call'dilGobbo	Annibale.	1583	Hiſtory.	Rome.	1618
Giov. Franc. Barbieri, detto il Guercino da Cento,	Benedetto Gennari.	1590	Hiſtory.	Rome, Bologna.	1666

Masters.	Disciple of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Nicolas Pouſſin.	Had obſcure Maſters.	594	Hiſtory, ſmall fig.	Rome.	1665
Pietro Berettini da Cortona.	A Florentine painter at Rome.	596	Hiſtory.	Rome, Florence.	1669
Gio. Lorenzo Bernini.		1598			1680
Mario Nuzzi di Fiori.	Tomaſo Salini.	1599	Flowers.	Rome.	1672
Sir Anthony Vandyke.	Rubens.	1599	Hiſtory, portraits.	Antw. Italy, Lond.	1641
Goſpero Dughet, which he changed for Pouſſin.	His brother-in-law Nicolas Pouſſin.	1600	Landſcapes.	Rome.	1663
Mich. Angelo Cerquozzi delle Battaglie.	Ant. Saluatti Bologneſe.	1600	Battles, fruit.	Rome.	1660
Benedetto Caſtiglione Genoeſe.	Patt. Paggi, inſtructed by Vandyke, and ſtudied Pouſſin.		Hiſtory, landſc. animals.	Rambled in Italy.	
Claude Gille de Lorrain.	Agoſtino Taſſo.	1600	Landſcapes.	Rome.	1682
Andrea Cuche, alias Sacchi.	Albani	1601	Hiſtory.	Rome.	*1661
Rembrandt van Rheyn.	Leſman of Amſterdam.	1606	Hiſtory, portraits.	Holland.	1668
Adrien Brouwer.	Frans Hals.	1607	Boors, and drolls.	Antwerp.	1638
Giacomo Corteſi Jeſuita, detto il Borgognone.			Battles.		
Mr. Samuel Cooper.	Mr. Hoſkins, ſtud. Vandyke.	1609	Port. in miniature.	London.	1672
Mr. William Dobſon.		1610	Port.	London, Oxford.	1647
Mich. Angelo Pace, called di Campidoglio.	Fioravanti.	1610	Fruit, and ſtill life.	Rome.	1670
Abr. Diepenbec.	Rubens.		Hiſtory.		
Pietro Teſta.		1611	Hiſtory.	Rome.	1648
Salvator Roſa.	Daniele Falcone.	1614	Hiſtory, landſcape.	Rome.	1673
Filippo Laura.			Hiſtory, ſmall.		
Carlo Dolce.		1616	Hiſtory.		1694
Euſtache le Sueur.	Voüet.	1617	Hiſtory.	Paris.	1655
Sir Peter Lely.	De Grebber of Haerlem.	1617	Portraiture.	London.	1680
Sebattien Bourdon.	Studied in Rome.	1619	Hiſtory, landſcape.	Rome, Sweden, Pari.	1673
Charles Le Brun.	His father, Voüet.	1620	Hiſtory.	Paris.	1690
Carlo Maratti.	Andr. Sacchi.	16½	Hiſtory, portraiture.	Rome.	1713
Luca Giordano, called Luca fà Preſto.	P. da Cortona.	1626	Hiſtory.	Rome, Florence Naples, Madrid	1694
Carlo Cignani.	Albano.	1628	Hiſtory.	Bologna, Ferrol.	
Ciro Ferri.	P. da Cartona.		Hiſtory.		
Mr. John Riley.	Zouſt, Fuller.	1646	Portraiture.	London.	1691
Giuſeppe Paſſari.	Carlo Maratti.	1654	Hiſtory.	Rome.	1714

* Bellori, vit. but according to his epitaph, 1559—1661. Æt. 62.

Mandeville

The Fables of the Bees
London 1724

p. 374: Judges of
Painting will never
disagree in opinion
when a fine Picture
is compared to the
dawbings of a Novice.
But how strangely
have they differ'd as to
the works of eminent
Masters!
etc. (about prices!)
(first publ. 1723)

(Ib. p. 656). Leicht gebräunt.

485 RICHARDSON, JONATHAN (jun. & sen.). The works, containing I. The theory of painting. II. Essay on the art of criticism (so far as it relates to painting). III. The science of a connoisseur. – A new edition, corrected, with the Additions of an Essay on the knowledge of prints, and cautions to collectors etc. Printed at STRAWBERRY-HILL 1792. 4°. 2 (statt 3?) Bl. 287 S. *Mit schöner kleiner gestoch. Ansicht von Strawberry-Hill a. d. Titel und 9 (statt 12?) schönen Porträtstichen.* Ld. d. Z. m. Rv. u. Goldbordüre (berieben). (85.–)

H. C. Levis, Bibliogr. p. 47: «Pp. 262–281 relate to prints. This essay is copied from Gilpin...» Schlosser-Magn. 674; 539 etc. Enthält die theoret. Schriften beider R-, Vater und Sohn, bekannte Sammler und Kunsthändler (besond. für Zeichnungen). «Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of R's treatise» (Lowndes IV, 2088). – Die Anzahl der Illustrationen scheint zu variieren: hier sind 9 Malerporträts in Punktmanier (stipple engravings) vorhanden, auf Papier, das auf der Bildseite orangerot gefärbt ist. – Bemerkenswert auch als eines der letzten Bücher dieser von Horace Walpole gegründeten Privatpresse. – Wenige Flecken, 1 Riss ausgebessert (Rand). Vorne könnte evtl. ein Vortitel bzw. ein anderes Bl. fehlen, es sei denn, das als Frontisp. verwendete Porträt Reynolds gehöre zur 1. Lage.

[illegible] u. P. Schubring. Bde. I, III, IV. Lpz. Kröner, 1923. 4°. Mit vielen farb. u. schwarzen Taf. u. Abbild. OLn. (65.–)

Die gesuchte Neuauflage. Bd. I: Das Altertum. – III: Renaissance in Italien. – IV: Renaiss. im Norden, Barock & Rokoko.

499 TEPPICHE. – SCHMITZ, H. Bildteppiche. Geschichte der Gobelinwirkerei. 3. Aufl. Bln. 1922. Mit 158 meist ganzseit. Abb. u. 5 S. mit Markenbeispielen. Etwas ben. OHLn. (65.–)

500 – THOMSON, W. G. A History of Tapestry. London 1906. 4°. XVI, 506 S. Mit 4 farb. gefalt. Taf. u. 173 Taf. sowie 369 Webermarken. Rotes OLn. (65.–)

Beschreibt u. zeigt Tapisserien von den Kopten bis zu den Praeraffaeliten. Schnitt u. Ränder leicht fl.

– Siehe auch Nr. 430a.

501 TESTI, L., & N. RODOLICO. Le arti figurative nella storia d'Italia: Il medio evo. Flr. 1907. Mit

Schlosser-Magnino, p. 674. *First Edition.*

773 **Richardson** (J.) Two Discourses. I. An Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting . . . II. An Argument in behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur . . ., 8vo, 8 ff., 220+234 pp., 1 f. adverts., cont. calf gilt (hinges weak), London, W. Churchill, 1719 £18 10s.

Schlosser-Magnino, p. 674. *First Edition.*

Maison Goupil, folio, 14 pp., *frontis. and port., each in 2 states, and* 142 *facsimile drawings on* 129 *plates* (123 *col.*), orig. portfolio, *No.* 45 *of an edition limited to* 125 *copies only*, Paris, 1897 £150

Magnificent reproductions. *Extremely rare.*

785 **Romano** (G.) [L'Entrée de l'Empereur Sigismond à Mantoue], Cette frise a esté faicte de